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MARCH 1927 TEN CENTS

HOME JAMES!

The FUNNIEST STORY of the YEAR

IN WHICH A FLAPPER ELOPES WITH A CHAUFFEUR

FAMOUS FICTION HEROINES
—EVELINA—
The Second of the Series Being Painted by Neysa McMein

NOVELS By GENE STRATTON PORTER ✦✦✦✦ HAROLD BELL WRIGHT
✦✦✦✦✦ SIR GILBERT PARKER ✦✦✦✦✦

Any Room *will respond to the magic of color* ... and how easily and inexpensively it can be employed now!

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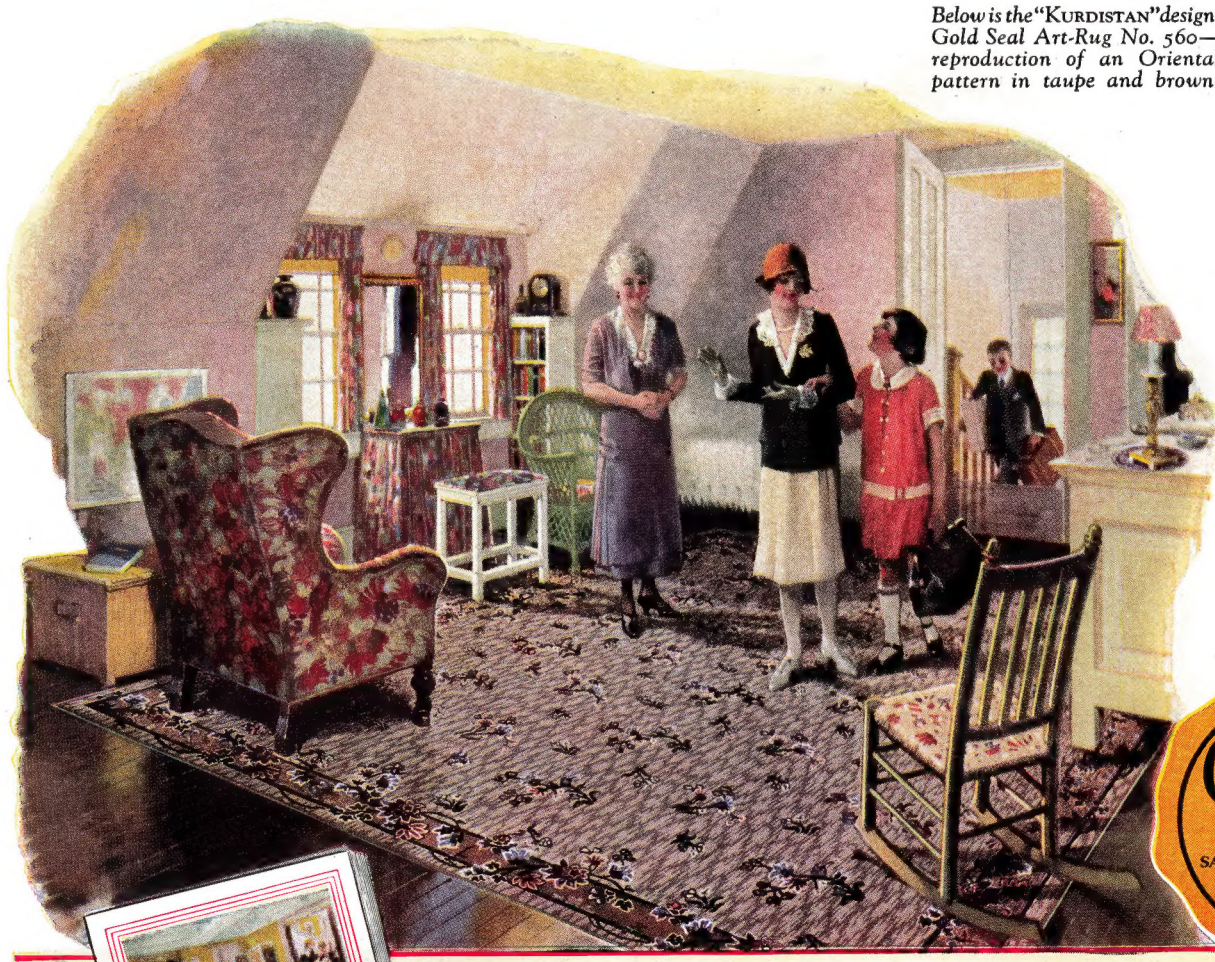

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ART-RUGS

Why some women look old before their time

THERE are women of forty who seem ten years younger. And there are girls of twenty-five who never fully enjoy the youth that should be theirs. In this fast moving era, with its ill-adjusted habits of health, many women suffer in looks from the poisons they themselves set up—the poisons of Auto-Intoxication.

✦ ✦ ✦

TRUE beauty comes from within. The contour of the face, the cast of a feature are things that you may not alter.

But a fine complexion every woman may have — though a complexion is something that cannot forever be patted on with a powder puff. For a clear skin, flashing eyes and radiant animation are results of a healthy physical condition — they come from within yourself.

Yet glance about you and see how few women enjoy perfect health. See the women who are old before their time. See how this quick-step existence, this round of duties, cares and pleasures have taken their toll from nine out of every ten women you know.

Nature rebels at our quick-step lives

These women exhaust themselves with things to do. They take too little care of their physical well-being. They trust to their nerves and their courage to pull them through.

Nature rebels when we violate the simple rules of health, when we lead nervous but physically inactive lives. Digestive disturbances develop — the food we eat fails to properly nourish the body and, frequently, stoppage of waste products in the intestines ensues—bringing a host of ills in its train.

For when food is allowed to remain within us for more than twenty-four hours it starts to ferment and to set up poisons which are spread through the body by the blood—causing the common American ailment, Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

Auto-Intoxication shows itself in dull headaches, fatigue, indigestion and in a hundred different ways. It makes women look tired and worn. It brings unhappiness—depression, irritability.

To keep physically fit—to meet the exacting demands of present day life, stoppage in the intestines must never be permitted to exist—the enervating poisons of waste must be swept away.

How to guard against Auto-Intoxication

The first step in combating Auto-Intoxication is to correct "stoppage" and to sweep away the poisons of waste. To do this Sal Hepatica, a palatable effervescent saline, is a safe and approved standby. It stimulates the release of the natural secretion of water in the intestines and brings about prompt elimination by flushing.

You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

Just off the press there is a new book on "Auto-Intoxication" which explains more fully the causes and effects of this self-poisoning and the many ills which follow in its train. It also explains how you may avoid this prevalent condition and clearly and logically it tells you how to keep physically fit.

Mail coupon today for Free Booklet

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

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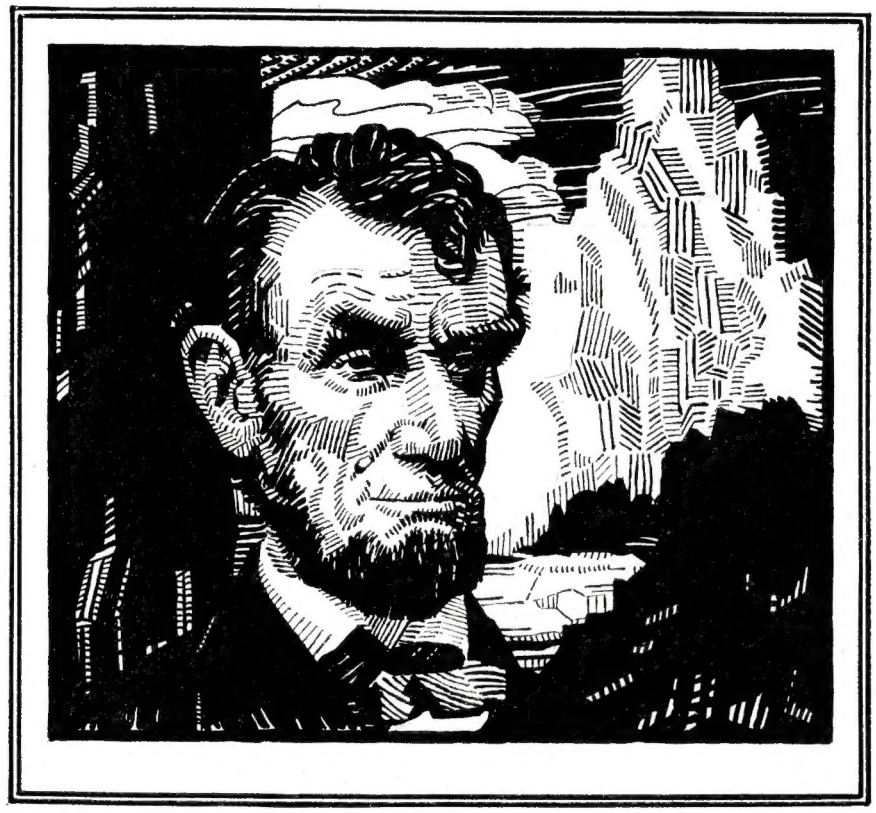

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Woodcut Made for McCall's by CECIL BULLER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN GENTLEMAN

BY IDA M. TARBELL

HOW do you know a gentleman? Where do you look for the evidences? There are those that look to pedigree and are willing to put the stamp on a snob or a blackguard if they find his ancestry sufficiently distinguished. Others look to linen, boots, the cut of the coat. And there are those who are satisfied with a bank account as a measuring yard. But those who fall back on these exterior marks are comparatively few, and they run to cover if confronted by proof that their man lacks both courage and courtesy, *those qualities that long ago the wise set down as the infallible marks of a gentleman*. This means that the world is quite universally agreed that you must look to the inside, not the outside for gentlemanhood, to a man's character and not to his genealogy, his clothes, his wealth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, we all know, could not pass muster as a gentleman before a board of judges that looked to the outside of a man. His pedigree at best was that of a yeoman, his clothes, whatever their quality, hung on him. He appeared in the White House in yarn socks, and in early days more than one "great man" turned his back on him because his umbrella was of green cotton and when he stalked down the street he carried it unrolled, grasped by the middle.

BUT what of the inner man? What ought we to look for there? A gentleman, I take it, must have courage to respect himself—respect himself too much to cringe or to fawn. He must respect himself too much to use his power to make others cringe and fawn. Measure Abraham Lincoln by his self-respect, and few men outstrip him. He was humble before the great—but it was with the humility of the learner. When he was not much more than a jack-of-all trades in Illinois, the well born Kentuckians and Virginians who led in the new country admitted him to their inner circle. Said to one another, "here is an unusual mind, a rare soul." [*turn to page 86*]

CONTENTS

FOR · MARCH · 1927

COVER DESIGN—FAMOUS HEROINES OF FICTION
EVELINA
PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

FICTION

HOME, JAMES! ..... ETHEL KELLY 5
TARBAU: A TRUE STORY . SIR GILBERT PARKER 9
ROSELEAVES AND MOONLIGHT 12
MARION POSCHMANN VALENSI
QUITS ..... ETHEL M. DELL 14
GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN 18
HAROLD BELL WRIGHT
LAMPS OF THE SPIRIT ..... VINGIE E. ROE 21
THE MAGIC GARDEN 22
GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ARTICLES

A QUEEN SHOPS FOR A PRINCESS 8
CONSTANCE DREXEL
I GET MY PARIS DIVORCE ..... ANONYMOUS 13
THE PROPHET OF THE FLAMING HEART 17
S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.
DISCOVERING A LOST CITY ... HARRY HERVEY 20
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD 24

A REVIEW OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES BY COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE, HELEN TAFT MANNING, DEEMS TAYLOR, STARK YOUNG, ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, LAURENCE STALLINGS, REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D.D.

FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION—
EVELINA ..... JOHN FARRAR 46
ADVICE FOR ASPIRING POETS 142
GENE STRATTON-PORTER
HERE ARE THE PRIZE WINNING DINNERS ... 30
SARAH FIELD SPLINT
A DAY TO BE GAY! ..... LILIAN M. GUNN 39
WELL-FED—YET UNDERNOURISHED 44
E. V. MCCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS
THE POST BOX ..... EMILY PRICE POST 52
CONTAGIOUS DISEASES—PART I 54
CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.
ARE YOU AFRAID OF BEAUTY? 56
HILDEGARDE FILLMORE
THE RADIO FAIRY TELLS THE STORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT ..... HELEN MORRIS 62
AS A CHILD THINKETH ..... MARCIA MEAD 64
DESIGN YOUR GARDEN TO MAKE IT NOTICED 69
DOROTHY GILES
THIS HOUSE WINS THIRD MENTION IN McCALL'S COMPETITION 70
WON BY JAMES W. MINICK
WHY I TOOK MY CHILDREN TO FRANCE 76
MARIE LANSDOWNE ROBINSON
LET'S TALK IT OVER ..... WINONA WILCOX 140

FASHIONS

FASHION TALKS BY ..... ANNE RITTENHOUSE 120
ORIGINAL PARIS IMPORTS 120
HORIZONTAL STRIPES ARE CHIC 121
FRENCH FROCKS FOR EVENING 123
FRONT FULNESS ON SPRING FROCKS 124
HIPS ARE SLIM 125
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS 132-133
AS THE MODERN HOME IS DECORATED 92
ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

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"Its performance is gorgeous—amazing."
—MARIA JERITZA.

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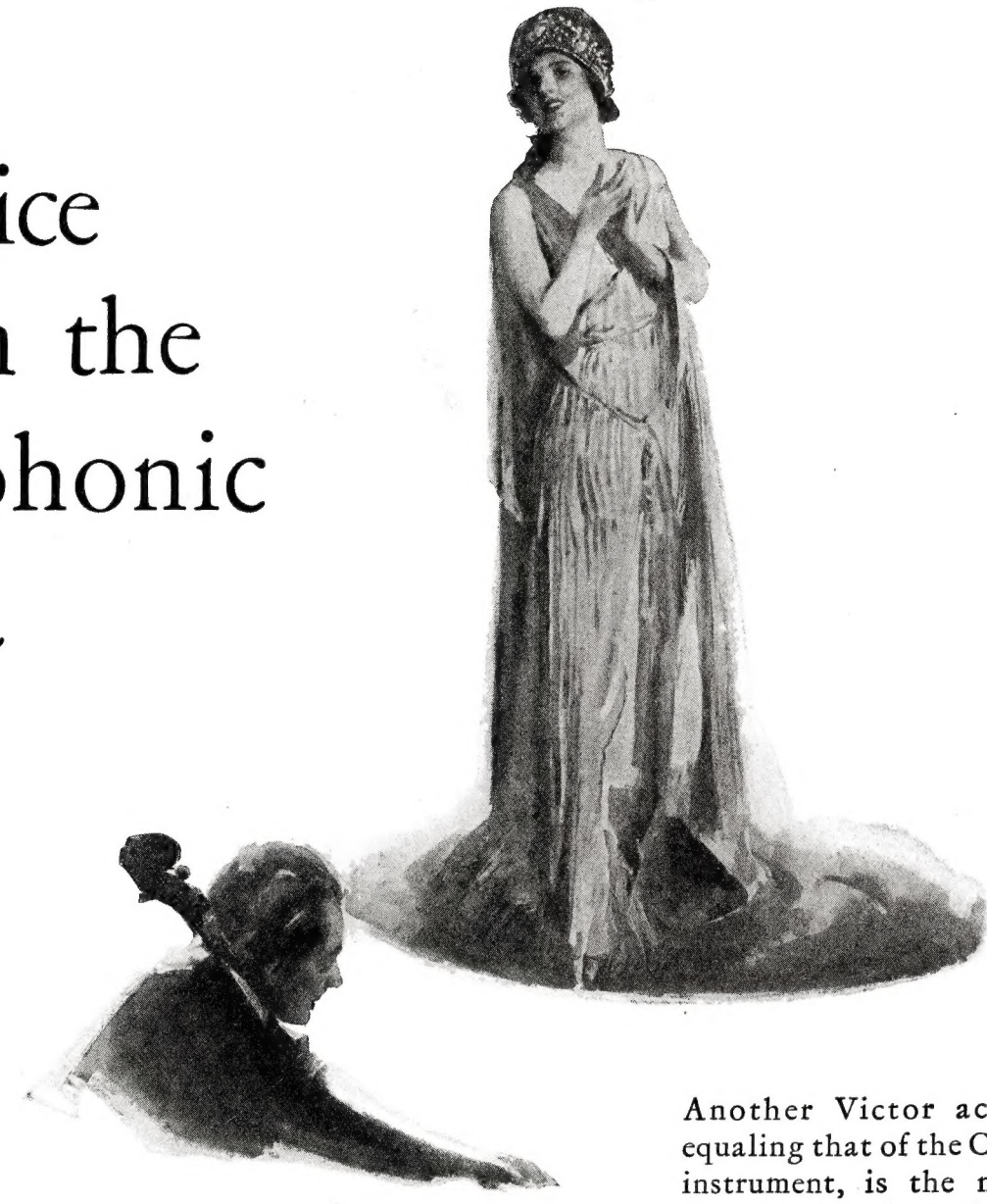


A GREAT artist sings in concert, and thousands press for admittance. Many wait in line for hours. Some are turned away, disappointed. Attend the concerts, by all means, but enjoy these same golden voices in your own home . . . whenever you wish . . . through the new Orthophonic Victrola.

This amazing instrument brings you vocal music in all its original purity and power. Tones of correct, natural volume. Tones neither too thin nor too loud, but full, round and mellow. The new Orthophonic Victrola catches the very personality of the artist. You can even hear the singer inhale for the next note, so realistic is Orthophonic reproduction!

The Orthophonic Victrola furnishes the finest music for the home. The Credenza (above) is $300.

The world's best music always at your finger-tips

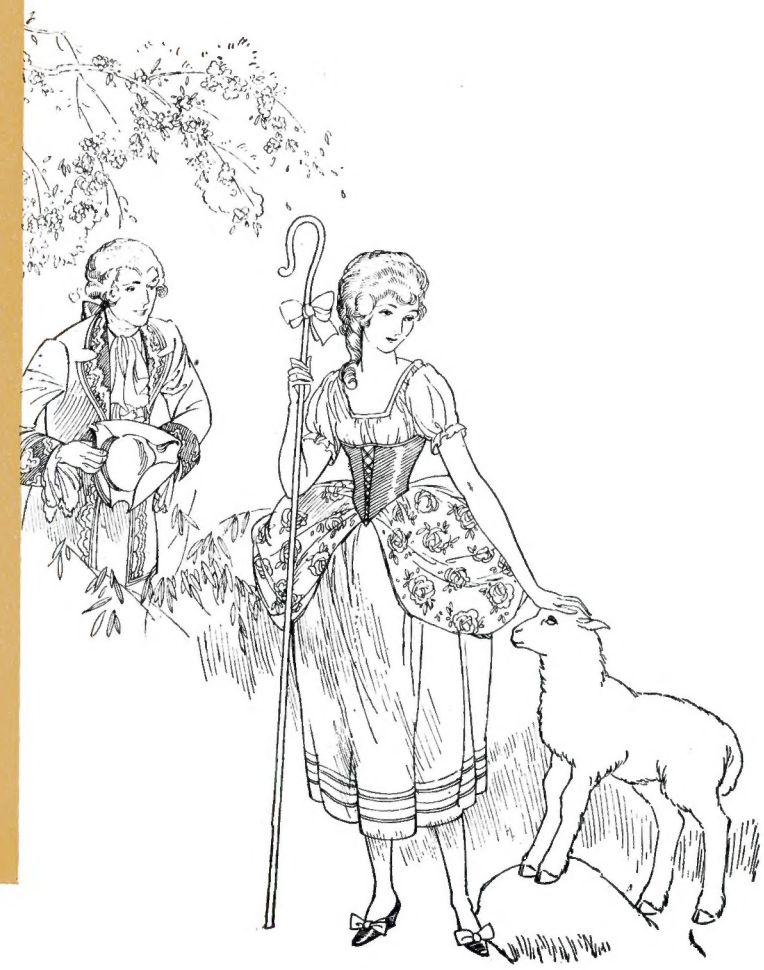
In no other way *can* you have such singing in your home, for the Orthophonic Victrola is based upon the new scientific principle—"matched impedance"—which makes possible the full, free flow of sound, undiminished and unmarred. This revolutionary principle is controlled exclusively by Victor!

Another Victor achievement equaling that of the Orthophonic instrument, is the new Orthophonic Victor Record. It has new beauty and depth, a richer resonance. Recorded by microphone, and made from an improved material, practically all foreign noises have been eliminated. The new Victor Records are living recreations of the artists themselves. They play on *any* instrument . . . and greatly *improve* its playing quality.

Words can give you but the faintest impression of the thrill in store for you at the nearest Victor dealer's. Have a demonstration today. Go . . . in your most skeptical mood! There are many beautiful models of the Orthophonic Victrola, from $300 down to $95. Silent electric motor ($35 extra) eliminates winding. You play . . . and relax.

The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.



A child who grew up and learned the safe way to loveliness

ONCE there was a quaint little girl who believed that if one only *could* get up early and catch enough dew to wash one's face, loveliness like a May morning would be the gratifying result.

As she grew older she collected several other strange ideas about beauty. To her skin, which was a very nice skin indeed—a little thin and sensitive, perhaps—she gave all sorts of elaborate treatments, instead of cleansing it with simple soap and water. Nothing spectacular happened, but her complexion began to lose its transparent freshness. She consulted her family physician and, at his suggestion, abandoned her involved cleansing methods.

"In fact," said she, telling us the story after she had grown to charming womanhood, "I returned to Ivory Soap and water, with a little cold cream now and then. And I'm sure that's all one needs."

For many years physicians have been urging simple care for the complexion. For a healthy skin, they say, soap-and-water is the *safest way to real cleanliness*, the only basis of skin beauty.

Of course, the soap must be pure. Only the purest soap can cleanse gently and safely enough to guard your delicate skin. Ivory *is* pure—so pure that for nearly fifty years doctors have recommended it for the sensitive skin of tiny babies. Daily thorough cleansing with Ivory, cold rinsings to heighten your skin's resistance, a little pure cold cream if your skin is dry—and you have found the safest way to your complexion's natural loveliness.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

SIR CHARLES FINDS BEAUTY IN ARCADY!

"Oh sir, have you seen a lamb with a pink bow at his left ear?"

"Lynette! You?" gasped Sir Charles. "Wait, don't run away. You must answer one question. Why did you desert me at the very moment of our wedding?"

"I—I just couldn't bear court life any longer. And when your sister, the Duchess, kept telling me and telling me that I really should spend an hour every day with lotions and magic soaps to keep myself beautiful, I—well, I just *had* to run!"

"Poor, misguided child. But you are more beautiful now than six months ago."

"That," smiled the lovely Lady Lynette, "is my secret. I met the nicest shepherd in the Forest of Arcady, and he promised me that I could wear adorable smocks and need never use any soap but Ivory. So, of course, I married him."

"Well, well," said Sir Charles. "Fancy that!"

IVORY SOAP

...kind to everything it touches

99 44/100% Pure ❦ It Floats

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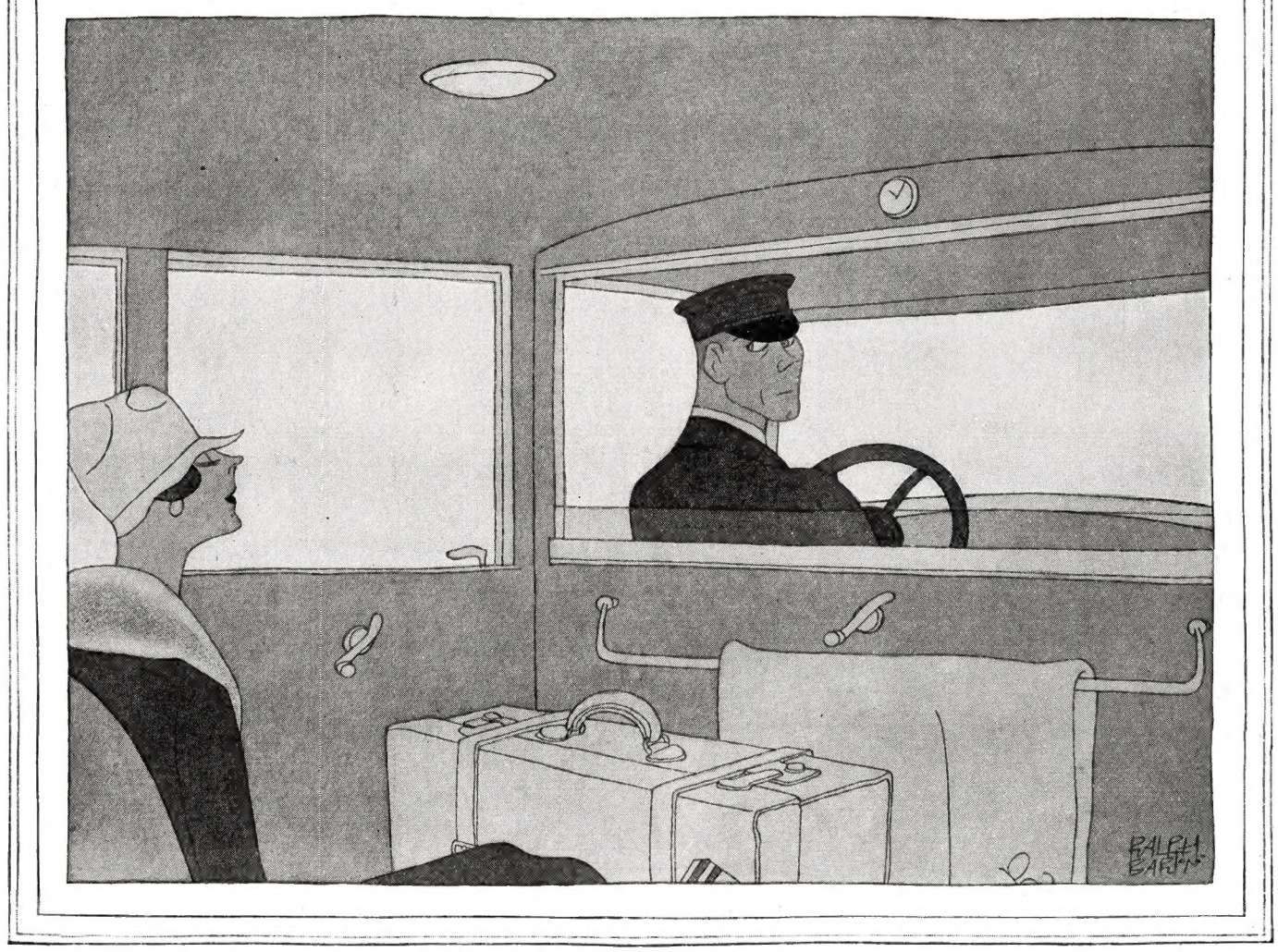


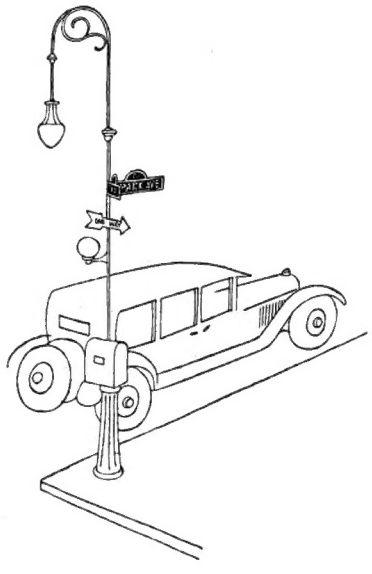
"Where To, Miss?" He Said. "Home, James"

HOME, JAMES!

BY ETHEL KELLY

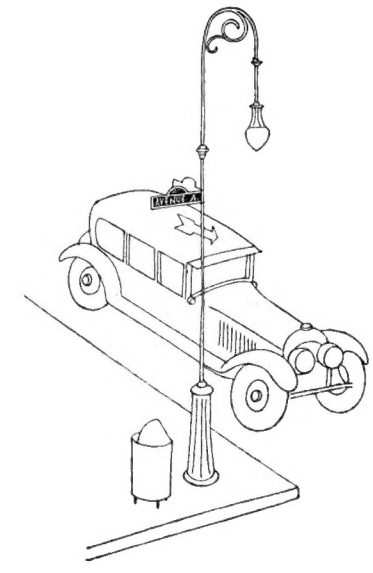
ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH BARTON

"An' she sez, sez she" . . . that's about the way Her Father's Chauffeur started his entry in his diary each night after he had driven The Flapper home from the Opera. ❦ ❦ ❦ "He is what I meant to say when I stopped talking!" is what The Poor Little Rich Flapper wrote in hers as she sat before her Louis Quatorze desk . . . referring directly to no other than Her Father's Chauffeur. ❦ ❦ ❦ And the real fun in comparing these parallel diaries of a strange romance is that The Chauffeur, writing in decrepit English, voices only the most approved of sentiments, while The Flapper, "finished" in all the Best Private Schools, turns many a wicked sentence and convention-blasting opinion. ❦ ❦ ❦ A story showing, in spite of its side-splitting lines, that glittering Park Avenue often has less of a corner on the good, old-fashioned virtues than Avenue A, dark beneath the tracks of the "L".



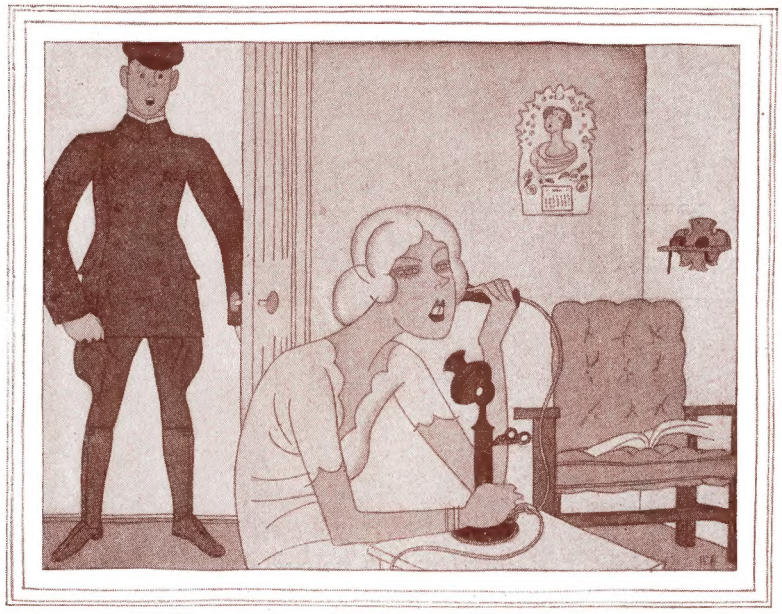
THE CHAUFFEUR writes in his diary: Well, I done it. And she's got only herself to blame. They think they can make a monkey out of you, with their soft tricks and innocent eyes. Innocent eyes with the winkers strung with brown wax, every once in so often. Well, I showed her—

I told her her pa would expect me to get the car in before twelve. I gave her to understand that I preferred to drive straight up the Avenue, but not for Baby. It was the Park for her and stop the car in the same place, and her snuggling half over into my seat. Well, I guess she knows now that a man's made of flesh and blood, whether he's her pa's chauffeur, or any other kind of a he-man. She-men cake scrapers are mostly what she's come into contact with, but she knows now.



"Miss Rich," I said, "your pa wants this car by nine o'clock in the morning. I got to take it pretty near apart and put it together again before that."

"And you'll have enough left over to build another car out of little pieces. You're so clever, Jimmie!" she purred, brushing a streak of powder into my uniform sleeve.



WHEN I CAME IN, THERE WAS ANGELICA

"MEET MISS JONES," SAYS JIMMIE

recourse to the delicatessen all the time, one that realized that a day-bed was for use nights, and ought to have its sofa pillows put back on the first thing in the morning—one, I mean to say, that made a man's home and surroundings look refined.

Well, I suppose we all got to find out that marriage hasn't got much to do with ideals. I'm used to having the women of the men I drive a car for practising on me in one way or another. I try not to forget that my mother was a woman, and to treat women with respect—until their behavior calls for contempt, which it generally does about the third week after I take a job. But what are you going to do when you can't get away with it? Carol, now. She kind of made a bet with herself that she'd make me like the taste of orange lip stick, and believe me, she won! If a girl makes up her mind to make you want to marry her and you do, the time comes when you either got to get her out of a scrape or get into it yourself, or both.

Carol, she made all the arrangements. We went to Cartier's and got the rings; and then we went to City Hall and had them put on ourselves, she saying, "I do," before the justice was more than half way through the ceremony.

"Miss Rich," I says, when we got back into the taxi—she wanted to take her pa's car, but I put my foot down—"I hope I'm going to be able to make you happy."

But she put her arms around my neck and kept me kissing her. Then she let go of me long enough to stick her head out of the window and say to the driver,

"Home, James."

What was I doing, I says to myself, taking that painted, brown baby home to where I lived in the model tenements, where she'd stumble over the garbage pail and the ash-can every time she went into the front door? But I done it.

The Flapper Writes in Her Diary: Once upon a time there was a little Christmas Carol, about knee-high to a grasshopper's thimble, and what dumb thing did she do, but to go and fall twice in rapid succession, once for the Prince of Wales, and once for James Valentino Jakes. The Prince wasn't unattainable enough to suit her requirements. He was so warm and fraternal that he left her cold. So little Carol cast her eye on little Jimmie Jakes, also a quaint boy in a uniform. There she stuck.

The trouble with little Carol was a pretty serious trouble. She was thrill proof. She was a nice, human little girl, that wanted to do her thrilling while the thrilling was good, but she just couldn't make the grade among the clams and cauliflowers of the stag brigade. Givin' was more blessed than receivin', for little Carol. That is, she liked to do a little worshipping herself instead of sitting in the niche with her eyes cast down and her hands folded palm upwards.

So, like the man that prayed for rain and got Noah's flood repeated on him, little Carol got a sight of Jimmie Jakes, standing in front of her father's car—Jimmie Jakes—the new chauffeur. Thrills?—she got an earthquake!

"Jimmie," she said, to herself, climbing quickly into the front seat, "you are what I meant to say when I stopped talking." Out loud, she merely remarked:

"Where did you come from, Baby Dear?" And he said, the darling dumb-bell:

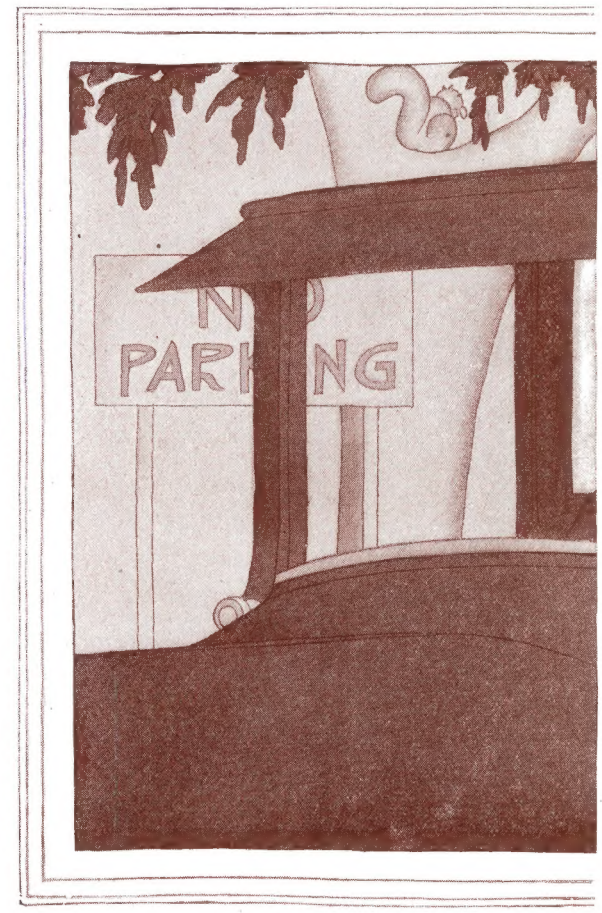
"Your pa sent me."

"But Pa's no picker," I said—for it was indeed I, and no other.

"Just lucky?" said Jimmie, looking me over—not such a dumb-bell, after all.

So that's how it all began, my dears, and the end, which is not yet, was consummated in City Hall by a dear old egg in a beard, who frantically bit the rings before assigning them to us. And this being late afternoon of my—excuse it—wedding day, I am sitting on a balcony on the top of the world, overlooking the East River, which gets my vote in the beauty contest, and looking back through the elegant, French windows to my private sweet. There is a large kitchen—about as big as a dress closet—a smaller living room, from which the day-bed and the Mawruss chair have to be ejected when me and Jimmy go in; a bedroom—who's afraid?—with a beautiful old antique brass bed in it; and, shall we say, the nursery, containing a secretary, the Windsor chairs, and Jimmie's books—sectional book cases in fumed oak.

Jimmie has gone out to buy the wedding supper and I'm supposed to set the table. I never set a table in my life, but several more waters have got to flow under the bridge be-



IT WAS THE PARK FOR HER AND STOP THE CAR IN THE SAME

"NO HAT AIN'T WORTH THAT MUCH"

"Sure I am," I said, looking as dirty as I could.

"Don't you like it here, Jimmie?" She done some writing on my sleeve with her little finger.

"I could die of it!" I says.

"Are you cold?" She lays her thumb and forefinger on my hand, that I intended to keep the glove on, and forgot it.

"I'm always cold," I says, hoping she'd get the point without any explaining.

"Is that why you are shivering?" she says, with her nerve right with her.

"I hate to be mauled," I says, giving her as good as she sends, and hoping to disgust her with my being so vulgar.

"Do you, Jimmie?" she says in the soft voice.

"Sure!"

"Look at me, Jimmie."

I puts my foot on the starter.

"I've seen you before," I says.

"Look now!" She grabbed me, and I looked.

"I thought perhaps I'd marry Reginald Sawyer—he asked me yesterday," she says later.

"You'll marry me," I says, and she's got to, too.

She could make hair grow on a hard boiled egg, that girl. Carol Rich—she'll carol rich, all right; and then Mrs. Jimmie Jakes will sing a different tune. I'm the world's biggest fool all right, but I'll learn her she can't start anything she can't finish. A man that is a man can only control himself up to a certain point. That's her first lesson.

My idea is that marriage is natural.

I didn't want to get married till I had looked around and found a girl that was my ideal, one that had been learned by her mother how to make a man comfortable without

fore I'll admit it! To my hus—hus—help—help—husband! I'm also supposed to compose a telegram to my widowed father, telling him he has lost a chauffeur and gained a son. He's gonna be so pleased that he'll have a cyst on the medulla, as we pathologists say; or rain in the brain, the phrase known to the proletariat.

What makes people marry each other? Love—and what, in the name of all that's preposterous, is love? Deep calling to deep—the Atlantic yelling to the Pacific, as the poet puts it. "I want my mate," says the tigress, with an Irish accent, walking up and down her gilded cage. And so they were married.

PLACE, AND HER SNUGGLING HALF OVER INTO MY SEAT

All I know is that this is mine, and nothing else ever has been—or might ever be. I'm young, but I'm talking. If I'd had a mother, instead of an expatriated hennaed Madonna, I should have consulted it about the Cosmic Urge. Or if Father was human. As it was, I just asked the man at the Wilkins' garage if he didn't think James was a swell chauffeur, and he said:

"White, clean to the gills."

So here I sit in a gown made by the Callot girls, waterwaved by Antoine, (The Ritz is the only place where they make a boyish bob look like a girlish halo), waiting for the ham sandwich and sauerkraut that is to consecrate the end of a perfect wedding-day. Soon I'll be pledging my groom (No joke intended. I'd have married him if he'd been a bus boy) in sparkling ginger ale.

I hear footsteps approaching. He is coming, my own, my sweet; be it ever so airy a tread. I think I shall say good-by to that one little boat in the East River; like me all quivering and rosy in the twilight. It doesn't know where it's going, but it's on its way."

The Chauffeur writes in his diary: Well, you could of knocked me over with a feather when I see how she took the whole business. I mean, coming home with me and all. I went through with it for two reasons—to keep her out of mischief and to help her out of the mischief she was in.

The whole thing was hurried up more than I meant it to be. If I'd of been told that I'd of married Carol while I was still working for her pa, I'd of fixed the one that told me to look like a omelette made of bad eggs—but what happened was this. Whitten was preparing to slip right into my place before the new car come. I had a right to my commission on it, especial if I had a wife to support, and—here was the point—Whitten's a yellow grafter. Charges up twice the gas and all the other tricks. He wasn't going to get a job with my wife's father if I could cramp him in any way. But you can see the position I was in. I said to Carol:

"I can do it," but it come to the point where I would have hurt her feelings too much. Carol is sensitive the way a little kid is sensitive. They climb all over you and get the candy out of your pockets and then they cry for fear you really don't want 'em to have it. Carol gets it in her mouth, as you might say, and then chokes on it. She would choke herself to death if you didn't say the right word at the right time. It took me a while to find out how delicate her feelings was.

That first night for instance—she was a brick, trying to help me out by slicing the bread and boiling the water, and not letting me know that boiling water was more work than she had ever been learned to do, to say nothing of using the dull edge of the knife and cutting the finger that had the ring on it. Annie Flaherty had cleaned up the house for me and I thought it looked pretty good till Carol come into it. Then I begun to see. Her pa wouldn't have had a Morris chair; and day-beds, I guess, is kind of going out.

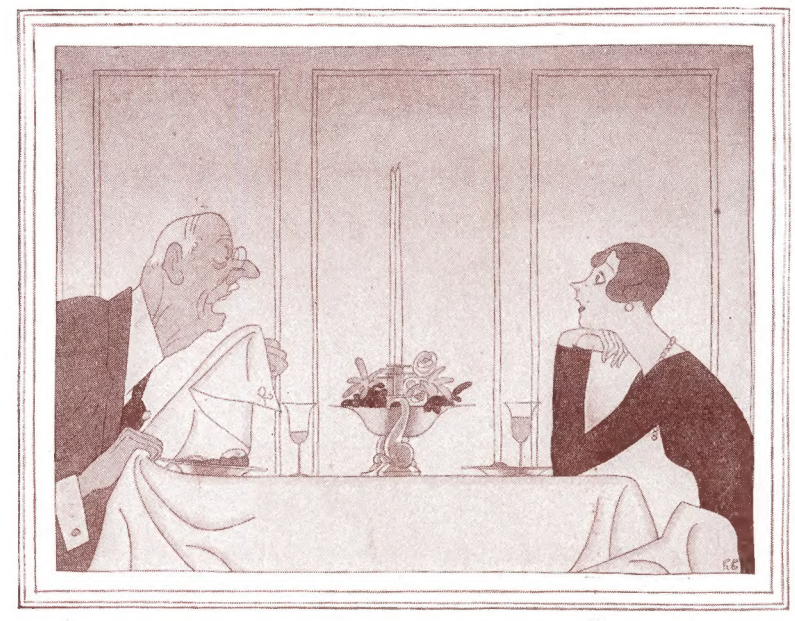
"You can fix up the place with curtains," I says. And all she says was:

"Jimmie! Jimmie! Jimmie! Jimmie! Jimmie! Jimmie!"

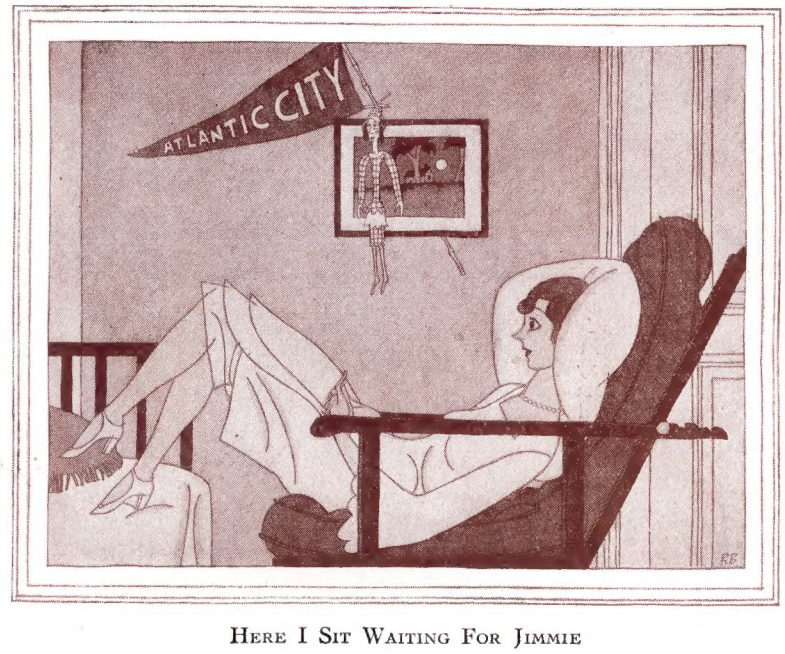
So we had our supper, and the boats went by on the river, and I sat with my arm around her, and then I took her in my lap and she went to sleep. You can see how tired she was. The moon come up like a little, silver boat itself; and we set under the stars, Carol breathing regular and sweet like a baby or a little, soft animal—a kitten.

And I thought of my mother and of what a man is. Not fit for a woman, and yet the only thing to stand between her and a lot worse things. What I mean to say is that a woman could naturally go to pieces quicker, just through ignorance and nervousness. Women, they don't care what they do until they are doing it and then they blame everybody in sight. Men do wrong or they do right and blame themselves according—when it comes to it.

"FANCY SEEING YOU HERE," HE SAID



"ARE YOU THINKING OF GETTING MARRIED?"



HERE I SIT WAITING FOR JIMMIE

The Flapper writes in her diary: It was the fourth day that I called on Father. I turned up at lunch.

"Say, Dad," I said, "if you lost Jimmie Jakes, would you take up with Whitten?"

"Probably. But I don't expect to lose Jimmie Jakes."

"I've got the low-down on Whitten," I said, "he'd charge you twice as much gas as you used."

"I'd better keep Jakes."

"If you can," I said.

"Isn't he satisfied?"

"He's the most satisfied chauffeur you ever had," I said.

"Did he say so?"

"Sure!"

"Speaking of cars," I said, "Do you want to give me the old Cad for a wedding present?"

"Are you thinking of getting married?"

"I was," I said, "and so I did. And as I was telling you, you've either got to fire Jimmie or raise his salary. I charged his wedding ring to you at Cartier's. Jimmie bought mine."

Oh, well, it was a beautiful scene. For five paragraphs he didn't understand. For two pages he was threatened with cerebral hemorrhage. For half a chapter he threw me out. Finally I secured for Jimmie the car, a third interest in the Wilkins' garage and an invitation to dinner. After which I signed off, till I began broad-casting a new program from Station L. O. V. E. Though as a matter of fact, when I got back to the scene of my nuptials, a quaint thing was occurring there.

A green-eyed creature, [*Turn to page 112*]

A QUEEN SHOPS *for* A PRINCESS

And Finds One

BY

CONSTANCE DREXEL

Guest at the Marriage of the Crown Prince of Belgium and Princess Astrid of Sweden

And so they were married! So all good fairy-tales end! So, also, does this one from real life. For here Prince Charming himself weds the glamorous Fairy Princess from the glittering North! And all told just as it happened by one who was there!

LEOPOLD, CROWN PRINCE OF BELGIUM, AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS ASTRID OF SWEDEN. (Copyrighted, Speaight Ltd., London)

IT is not often, either in ancient or modern times, that a royal marriage is a real love match yet pleasing to families and governments concerned as well. Indeed, such happy combinations are rare, and though they may be made in Heaven, it is very likely that a wise Guiding Angel on earth has been responsible.

In the case of the most recent royal wedding, that of the Crown Prince of Belgium, Prince Leopold (whose official title is Duke of Brabant until he becomes King of Belgium) and Princess Astrid of Sweden, it was the mother of the prince, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, who was personally and directly responsible for the match.

The story has not been hitherto disclosed but I obtained the details in Stockholm and in Brussels. They strike one as an impressive recital of what a mother can do for the happiness of her son and a striking example that, if followed by other mothers, would go far toward building more successful marriages in this age of unrest in family relations.

That the young couple were whole-heartedly in love and immersed in each other no one had to tell me for I saw it with my own eyes when I sat for an hour at a tea table next to theirs at a party in their honor in Stockholm. And again at the gala performance at the opera the night before the wedding. Four kings were in the royal box, three of them uncles of the bride, and one her future father-in-law, all of them well over six feet tall, resplendent in brilliant court uniforms and decorations; two queens and the entire wedding party of royal princes and princesses. It was a magnificent spectacle, and Astrid, girlish with a flush the color of her salmon-pink taffeta gown, tried to sit straight in the midst, shoulders back, head erect, the cynosure of all eyes, with a new little dignity in preparation for her rôle as Crown Princess of Belgium.

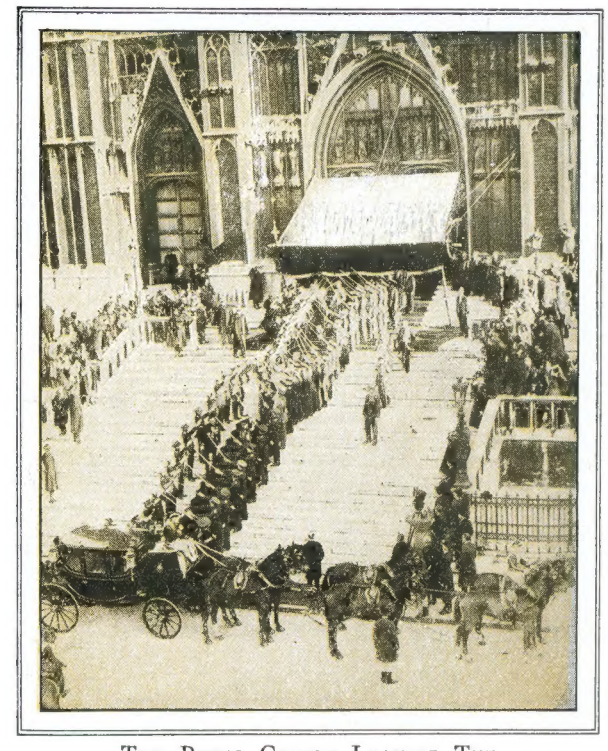
But when the lights were low, from my seat close to the royal box, I saw her furtively taking off one long glove and her hand seeking that of her fiancé to hold it tight between them. And at the civil ceremony the next day, in the medieval, tapestry-hung throne room of the King's palace, she held his hand, hidden under the officer's cap in his lap, while they sat, surrounded by the royal families of the Scandinavian countries, court officials in full dress uniform, the entire diplomatic corps and invited guests, while an organ played soft music for half an hour. Again, sitting in wedding dress for photographs after the ceremony, the same tight holding of hands carefully hidden under his cap. It was a sweet gesture of trust and possession. But on her arrival at Antwerp in the Swedish battleship which brought her to her future home, there was a public exhibition which captured the hearts of the tens of thousands of Belgians there to greet their Princess from the north. Her adoring expression and his evident response as she threw her arms around her fiancé told the world that it was a romance of two young hearts and minds and souls in unison and understanding.

But many of the facts which brought this about I learned from a member of the family, no other than the well beloved Prince Charles, father of the bride, brother of the King of Sweden and hard-working head of the Swedish Red Cross. Princess Ingeborg, the bride's mother, who is one of the most royal of royalties, being sister of King Christian of Denmark and of King Haakon of Norway (who are brothers) and, as niece of the late Queen Alexandra (a Danish Princess), first cousin of the King of England, was naturally too occupied these two or three days before the wedding to receive anyone but the visiting Belgian and Scandinavian royal families. Moreover, the bride's mother was official hostess for the King, owing to the absence from Stockholm of the Queen of Sweden (convalescing at a cure-resort abroad) and of the Crown Princess, who was in the Orient on a world tour with the Crown Prince.

So at the request of our Minister to Sweden, the Honorable Robert Woods Bliss, in order that I might have some authoritative facts about the meeting and wooing of the royal couple, Prince Charles was very gracious in receiving me in his offices at the headquarters of the Swedish Red Cross. Another source of information was an interview with the Belgian Minister to Sweden, Baron de Groote, who, as will be seen, was one of the most important factors in the successful development of this charming romance. Moreover, one heard many details from attachés of the Foreign Office and diplomats one met in Stockholm, Leopold and Astrid being the principal topic of conversation for days before the wedding.

But perhaps the main reason for being able to point to the real personage responsible for this romance was my rare privilege in having [*Turn to page 138*]

PRINCESS ASTRID WEARING THE CORONET OF EVERGREEN. (Wide World Photo)



THE ROYAL COUPLE LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL. (International Newsreel)

The Saga of a Good Bad Man

"She Took A Fancy To Me, Took Some Risks, Too"

TARBAU—*A True Story*

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Although this story is cast in the form of a novel, it is nevertheless a true story of a self-confessed "bad man" who commanded an uncanny power over the hearts of men—and women. For Tarbau was, in the true sense, a gentleman, and possessed a strange code of honor to which he was rigidly faithful. This is, as stated, an absolutely true story; and Sir Gilbert Parker, the author, knew "Tarbau" himself many years ago. How he found him after he had lost sight of this gay adventurer for a decade or two is not the least romantic part of the whole tale—this episode, too, is duly disclosed before the fascinating recital is completed.

RASH—rash, in his last fight! He was caught in a trap."

"That isn't what they said of him at Fort Leavenworth." He seemed needlessly disparaging.

"They think, but I know," he replied decisively. Then he held out a hand for the book. He swiftly turned the pages till he came to those about General Custer's last fight with Sitting Bull, Chief Gall, and Crazy Horse and his eyes became fascinated. For a quarter of an hour he read, and once or twice I could see his fingers twitch as though finding things that startled. When he put the book down he looked at me for a moment without speaking, then said:

"It's thrilling but not correct. There never was a braver or more reckless man."

"How do you know? Mrs. Custer surely had full knowledge."

"Say, I wouldn't swear to that," he replied with a shrug of the shoulder, but a friendly smile. From first to last his smile was taking. Yet there was about him a sense of mystery. He was not furtive or secretive in talk, rather frank and open, and yet in those first days I was always trying to "unravel" him. Somehow, for some reason, he gripped me from the start.

THIS was how I came to meet Frank Tarbau. On my way to the South Seas, crossing the American Continent, I stopped at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to stay with Chaplain Barry, who had been born under the British flag. General Nelson Miles was in command of the Fort and under him was General Ruger, and while I was there General Hancock died at Governor's Island. It was winter-time, but the air was balmy and bracing. I saw the military life of the United States at its best. There were rumors of an Indian rising headed by Geronimo, the Apache Chief, with which General Miles dealt later. This caused excitement at the Fort, where were officers who had fought with General Custer, though not in his last great fight on the Little Big Horn, when he and all his men had lost their lives. There was a tablet erected to General George Armstrong Custer on the walls of the Fort.

I had a pleasant time at Fort Leavenworth, met all the officers and talked to many soldiers, and was vastly impressed by the discipline and the spirit of the battalions. Fort Leavenworth was on level ground, but had a natural charm

of its own. None of the houses was large, but all were comfortable, and the Chapel was well decorated. The whole organization seemed like a smaller one in England, though the climate was brighter and drier, and more invigorating.

At the end of a happy month at Fort Leavenworth, I started on my journey to the South Seas. At the railway station at Leavenworth, Chaplain Barry introduced me to Fred Harvey, the owner of the best railway eating-houses I have ever known. We took an instant liking to each other. He asked me where I was going. I told him to Los Angeles, California, Hawaii, and so on round the world. He was a man of quick decisions. Taking an envelope from his pocket, he wrote on it:

"This is my friend, Gilbert Parker. There's nothing good enough for him in my eating-houses, but let him have what he wants without charge—he's all wool and two yards wide."

I need not say I was grateful, and the last faces I saw as the train left the station were those of Chaplain Barry and Fred Harvey.

In those days the journey was longer from Leavenworth to Los Angeles than it is now from New York to Los Angeles. There were no dining cars, only Harvey's eating-houses, but the weather was beautiful, and the journey was one long panorama of charm.

On the train was tall James Peck, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," subsequently to become Governor of Missouri, with his little charming wife; and among others a striking, clean-shaven, good-looking man whose years it would be impossible to say, for he had no grey hair, and yet there was a look, not of age, but of long experience in his face. He was always neatly dressed in grey cashmere or blue serge, read naught, but used to sit alone and stare out of the windows with interest. It was a figure and a face never to be forgotten. There was a touch of the foreigner in his looks and yet he did not speak with an accent, though I saw him watching me closely when I began to read Mrs. Custer's "Boots and Saddles." I talked much to Mr. and Mrs. James Peck, and we watched the scenery with delight and the tumbling Colorado River, while to me this first experience of a summer land in winter-time was fascinating.

Coming in one day from a Harvey-house lunch, I saw the young man looking at Mrs. Custer's "Boots and Saddles" in my seat. I asked him to sit down. Looking at the book in my hands he said: "Rash—rash in his last fight. He was caught in a trap. His brothers, Col. Tom Custer and Benton, his brother-in-law, Capt. Calhoun, and his nephew Artie Reed were killed too, and altogether 212!"

One day he said: "I'm going to the South Seas, and in Australia I'll buy a yacht and 'do' the Pacific. I've never been outside this continent in my life, and I've a skinful of curiosity. I'm a Southerner."

He looked a Southerner, though I could not make out his high cheek bones which were Indian. There was no sign of Negro blood in this man, and ordinarily speaking he would be thought a fine example of pure white blood. Yet I wondered. It was a face that never wrinkled with emotion. Its only life was in the eyes and at the mouth, and they were most expressive. He had the impassive look of a Jap and he was vigilant in a curious, quiet way.

"Though I've never been outside America, I've had a lot of experience," he continued. "It's a big place, this country. A whale of a place for sights, and yet we Americans go looking overseas for what we've got a-plenty at home!"

"You haven't got ruins and old castles and a long history," I said.

He smiled. "We have ruins and not old castles—ruins of men who couldn't get out of life what was there for them. You're not American—eh?"

"I'm British," was my reply. "This is a great country. It's full of beauty."

"So it is, so it is," he said whimsically, "but like Custer, it's rash."

He talked little to the other passengers, yet he drew attention, and presently it was known by all that he was a rich Southern gentleman travelling to see the world. He kept to himself, however, yet now and again he would talk to me. In little things—tiny things—it was to be seen he had not had complete social training, and yet he was well dressed and had dignity.

I can say truthfully I never met a man with greater social gifts, though it was clear he had had limited education, with no historical knowledge outside the American field. His charm lay in a keen intelligence, a rare natural philosophy, and in humor of an original kind. One day as we were standing at the counter of a Harvey eating-house, pointing to a ten-cent piece in my fingers, he said:

"Put your hat down, and blow that dime into it off the counter."

"It can't be done—I'm sure of that."

"Let me have it." I gave it to him.

"Now put down your hat."

I did so, and stooping with his lips horizontal to the piece of silver, he gave a burst of breath and the dime was blown into the hat. Three times he did it.

"Try it yourself," he added, and I tried, but could not lift it an inch or so. That was the kind of thing he could do easily, and one day James Peck said to me:

"His head is steady on his shoulders. He's a card in his way, that fellow. They say he's a millionaire. Lucky dog—single too, I hear, yet old enough to marry!"

One sweet morning we arrived at Los Angeles, which was fifteen thousand in population then, and the smell of the orange groves came happily to my nostrils, and I drank in, for the first time in my life, Southern air, flowers, flowers everywhere—fences of them. It was an unforgettable morning, and my senses answered quickly to a new experience. Tarbau came to me, and asked me where I was going to stay. I told him. It was a cheap hotel. He shook his head.

"I'm not going there, but we'll meet again, we'll meet again." His face clouded for an instant, and then he added, smiling: "We'll see a lot of each other before we've done up final in our long boxes and laid away. Gee whiz, yes."

I stayed in Los Angeles a week, but I did not see Tarbau in all that time. One day James Peck, who was staying at the same hotel as Tarbau, met me in the street and said: "Your young 'Southern gentleman' has taken ten thousand dollars from the citizens of this town at our hotel. He's no Southern gentleman. He's an accomplished gambler. I always doubted, and now I know."

By good luck I went to San Francisco with the Pecks. They stayed at the Palace Hotel, where I could not afford to stay, and I went through Chinatown with them—an interesting experience. One day Peck came to see me at my smaller hotel, and with a grim smile, said: "Your friend, Frank Tarbau, has distinguished himself in San Francisco. He's taken nineteen thousand dollars out of the Palace Hotel. He's gone to Honolulu and you'll probably meet him there. His whole story is a fake."

"How did you find it out?" I asked.

"One of my friends was nipped by him. They think he cheated, but they couldn't fasten him—he was too expert, but they said his name was Tarbau. *Now* what do you think of your friend?"

I laughed. "I think as much of him as I ever did, a man of mark whatever he does. I'd like to see him again, and I shall, if he's gone to Honolulu."

"Well, my simple son," said James Peck, "he's no sort of friend for you, and you'd better steer clear of him. You've a name to make and keep. There are your friends: for their sakes, you can't keep Tarbau's company!"

"Every man's fate and fortune is in his own hands, Mr. Peck," I said. "I must take care of myself—I'm not living for others."

"We all have to live for others. I hope you'll not meet Tarbau again. If you do, keep your eye skinned."

I've never seen James Peck since, but I have a memory of an able, sane, good-hearted man with a wonderful sense of

"Look Here, You're The Sharpest Player I've Ever Known, And You Made Us Think You Were A Mug. You've Got Away With Cards, And I've Seen Some Good Ones in My Time"

humor, and I recall happily pleasant days I spent with him and his wife.

I left San Francisco on the steamer *Mariposa,* carrying a letter from a prominent man in San Francisco to Governor Dominis of Honolulu, who had married a sister of the native King Kalakaua.

At Honolulu I went straight to the principal hotel where I was to remain until the next steamer, the *Mararoa,* should come on its way to New Zealand and Australia. It was my first taste of tropical life, and I enjoyed it. The next day I found Governor Dominis—a man of Spanish-American blood—in the hotel. He was tall, dark, thin, reserved but amiable and said:

"You want to meet King Kalakaua? Well, he's down at your steamer seeing a friend of his off to New Zealand. Come along. I'll make an informal presentation."

I went with him and at the *Mariposa* we were told that the King was in the Captain's cabin with his friend. As we stood at the door of the cabin we looked in and there was Kalakaua wearing a *lia-lia* of flowers, and opposite to him at the table was Tarbau, smiling. I heard the King say: "Tarbau, you've won four thousand dollars. You might give half of it back to a poor king!" and he laughed good-naturedly.

Tarbau, looking him in the eyes, said teasingly: "King, go back to your Palace and get down on your knees, and thank Heaven I haven't got a mortgage on half your kingdom."

Then the King stood up, and seeing Governor Dominis, said: "What is it, Dominis?"

With a suitable apology to his brother-in-law, Dominis presented me, and the King shook me warmly by the hand and wished me a pleasant stay in his islands. Then he turned as though to make me known to Tarbau, but I said:

"Sir, I have the honor of knowing Mr. Tarbau. We met in the United States."

On Tarbau's face was a quizzical smile, but he only said: "We travelled together, King, he's no good at cards, but he's all right—got a head on his shoulders."

Kalakaua smiled and asked me to a native feast with him three days later, and presently was gone. He had a good deal of dignity, though he was fat and fond of the table. He had vices such as playing cards, but he was honest, and he was a man in a real sense, and Tarbau had used him badly. The King had scarcely left the ship with his staff than the whistle blew to start, and in a few moments she would be gone, so I had no chance to talk with Tarbau, but I did say:

"You haven't bought your yacht yet, but you've got the cash to buy it from Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Honolulu. For a Southern gentleman you're pretty lucky!"

He shrugged a shoulder slightly as he said: "May your luck never be worse than mine. And I'll have you sail in my yacht, when I get it at Sydney, if you'll honor me!"

I laughed: "I'm honored to be so treated by a friend of kings. We'll meet again, no doubt."

"Sure. I'll look forward to the day. Take care of him, Governor," he added, with an air of *impressment,* turning to Dominis, who approached us, and then the whistle sounded again, and we were obliged to go. From the deck we saw her draw away, and Tarbau waved a smiling good-by.

"I don't understand the man," said Governor Dominis to me afterwards. "He looks all right, but I doubt him. The King plays cards well, but Tarbau was too much for him, and yet Kalakaua likes him, as you could see. Do you know about him?"

I told him I'd only met him on the train and liked him much, but that was all.

"But you said he's got cash enough from Los Angeles and San Francisco and Honolulu to buy his yacht."

"I did. He's very lucky at cards and he won much in those places."

The Governor shook his head. "Lucky—lucky!" he said. "Well, I watched him while he played, but I saw nothing suspicious. He's infernally lucky—if it's luck!"

My stay in the Islands was full of interest.

I look back upon it all now with a great longing, for it was a time of youth and hope and fancy. It was a lovely land. Even the waters of the harbor of Honolulu were exquisite, because of the many-colored sands and stones beneath the waves. I see them still, the natives with the *lia-lias* of flowers upon their heads, sprigs of pandanus in their ears and their brown bodies shining with the oil rubbed into them, and their white teeth shining with laughter.

"If I Told The Truth, You Wouldn't Believe It, Girl, And I Won't Lie To You"

I see them on their catamarans in the surf, the bright sun over all, the waves breaking and the joyous life going on in semi-torrid scenes—the silver moon among the tamarind trees and the natives singing and dancing, and I hear the music that once heard can never be forgotten.

As the steamer *Mararoa* went towards New Zealand, I thought of Tarbau and wondered when we should meet again. I had with me three letters of introduction to people in Sydney, one to an American called Charles Rahlo, one to the American Consul, Martin Griffin, uncle of Mary Anderson, the actress, and one to a big squatter who had a home in Sydney.

We arrived in New Zealand, spent the day there, and I boarded my steamer again. At lunch-time I saw Tarbau sitting between two ladies at the Captain's table. It was plain that the younger, a pretty, quaint, graceful, dark-eyed girl, was greatly impressed by Tarbau. Presently I discovered from my neighbor—the Purser—at table, that the two ladies were Mrs. and Miss Rahlo, wife and daughter of Charles Rahlo of Sydney. It startled me. Here was a professional gambler on social terms with two ladies of the better class, and I was told by the Purser that they were well acquainted when they came on board.

Tarbau and the ladies had travelled together in New Zealand and were now inseparable . . . What to do? Only one thing: to warn Tarbau. I did not see him again that day till dinner-time, and as he sat down to the table, he looked at me and nodded, and smiled his suggestive smile. After dinner he was with Miss Rahlo—Alice her Christian name was—on deck for over two hours. The next morning after breakfast I met Tarbau on deck. We shook hands, then I said:

"Tarbau, may I have a few moments in my cabin? Will you come?"

His eyes took on a cold, hard expression, then he presently said: "Yes, I'll come."

When we were inside my deck-cabin, I closed the door and offering a cigar, turned to him.

"Give it up, Tarbau," I said firmly.

"Give what up?" he replied, though he understood.

"Give up the girl, who doesn't know what you are."

"What business is it of yours?" There was a jar to his tone.

"It's the business of all decent folks not to let a professional gambler get into the society of respectable ladies."

"Oh, good Lord! You don't know the ladies. Why so excited?"

"I have a letter of introduction to Mr. Charles Rahlo the father of the girl, and I suggest you sheer off."

"You haven't spoken to Mrs. Rahlo yet?" he asked quietly, with malice in his eyes.

"No, I speak to you as man to man first. I like you, Tarbau, but it's an ugly game you're playing. I suppose she thinks you're a rich Southern gentleman."

"Well, and if she does!"

"Then, as I said, I want you to stop now, or I'll tell Mrs. Rahlo who you are and what you do. I suppose you didn't gamble in New Zealand?"

His manner changed. He grew softer. "No. I didn't gamble in New Zealand, I lived a respectable life for a month, and I've been with Mrs. and Miss Rahlo every day. It was bully. I felt like a Sunday School teacher—I didn't know life could be so sweet. A whole month of respectability and a whole fortnight with a lady. It makes a man sit up. I've felt good. I've had my hands on the Ark of the Covenant. I suppose if I asked the girl to marry me, she would, and I'm not sure she wouldn't, even if you told her all you know, and you don't know much. No, very little! But women are fools if they get a gush for a man: they don't care what he is, for they think they'll reform him. So, maybe, I might—I might say to you, go ahead and tell her. I dunno."

"No, you care too much for the girl."

It hit him between the eyes, and the dark look left them. A kind expression came, and presently he said:

"That's a wise thought. I said you didn't know much about me. You only know what you've seen, but look at this." He whipped off his coat, bared his arm and showed scars, up to the elbow and beyond. Then he bared his ankles and they were also scarred. "Do you know what these marks are?" I shook my head. "They're scars from chains. I was in a revolution in Mexico, and they nearly killed me when I was taken prisoner. I was then with Catanza, the rebel, more fool I. For President Diaz had been himself a bandit, and knows how to deal with men who fight him. I got out of prison by the help of a native girl—daughter of a warder. She took a fancy to me, and took some risks too. I offered her a thousand dollars later—I had buried it—but she wouldn't take it, so I left it with a man I could trust to give it to her—a beauty she was. She was as noble a piece of goods as ever was made by Heaven above! That's why I've got a soft spot for all women now. I can say this, I never got from a decent woman anything I oughtn't to have, and the rest don't matter. I've got no morals, but I can play fair. Yes, I'm going to play fair to Alice Rahlo. I'm in love with her right up to the eyes, but I ain't fit to be her husband. I'll gamble as long as I live. No, I'll do what you want. I'll leave her alone for the rest of the voyage. There!"

My relief was immense. I knew he'd keep his word. He was a man of intelligence, and had shown me the best part of him. I felt safe. I held out my hand to him. He took it and his eyes looked straight into mine.

"I don't know what to say, Tarbau, but down beneath all you're a Southern gentleman."

"No, I'm not a Southerner, and I'm not a gentleman, but I like a square deal, and I'm going to give it to you." He put on his coat again. "Some day I'll tell you all my story, but not now—not now."

[*Turn to page 72*]

If Cupid Were a Snob— What Would Become of Romance?

PERHAPS HE WOULD COME TODAY AND THEY WOULD GO OUT

ROSELEAVES *and* MOONLIGHT

BY MARION POSCHMANN VALENSI

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON

AT the time of Lizzie's birth she had been christened Elizabeth.

"My," said Aunt Mary, "ain't it the pretty baby!"

The capable looking woman in the blue checked apron shook her head. "It's too bad, ain't it? When they're white and pretty like that, they always grow up so homely. Mark my words!"

It seemed, as the years went on, that the prophecy would come true with a vengeance. When Elizabeth was ten she was not merely thin, but scrawny. Her one redeeming feature was a smiling mouth and that was exceedingly shy and wide. She had become—Lizzie, to the family and the neighbors.

Then when Mrs. Carson was expecting "her second," a neighbor brought her an Easter lily. It was set on a window sill where once a day, a spot of sunlight touched it. Then the baby was born. When, at last, the woman lay white, exhausted and at peace, she opened her tired eyes and saw the flower.

"I think," she said, "we ought to call her Lily." So the child had been christened, Lily.

"She don't look much like a lily," said the neighbor, "but that kind always grow up to beauty! Now if you remember Lizzie—"

And it seemed as if the prophecy came true again with a vengeance. When Lily was fifteen she had a skin as white as milk, eyes as blue as sapphires, and yellow hair that curled about her face. A little later she read a novel whose heroine was named Delilah. Lily became Delilah!

Lizzie at fifteen had come from her mother's funeral, and walked quietly into her mother's old place in the kitchen, to get "a bite of supper" for Delilah, her father, and old Aunt Mary. From that moment she had kept house, scrubbed and baked, cooked and cleaned.

Delilah was in high school; a place which existed in Lizzie's imagination as a sort of fairy land. Delilah had to have clothes and Lizzie saw to it that she got new ones.

When Delilah was sixteen she quit high school and took a job in a department store. She said she was sick of school and wanted a little *life!* Every day when she came home from the store she would lie down to rest for the evening. Meanwhile Lizzie washed her gloves, pressed her dress, and mended her stockings. When Delilah had gone for the evening Lizzie had time to sit for a little while in the kitchen window that faced the opening in the court.

At the end of the opening and over the roofs of two houses could be seen, in summer, the green tops of trees. The only other window in the court which shared the luxury of this view was the kitchen window of Mrs. Sparks' apartment.

If Lizzie and Mrs. Sparks had each sat in her window they might have talked across quite comfortably and with a reasonably good view of each other. But Mrs. Sparks perferred a cushion in the front window where she could watch the people. It was one of Mrs. Sparks' roomers who preferred this window and a pipe. This roomer had a long, thin neck, an Adam's apple, and a very large and aquiline nose. Each evening, he and Lizzie bore each other silent company and watched the green tree tops in the square darken from green to black in the falling dusk.

After about two weeks they advanced to making set remarks upon the state of the weather.

"Awful hot today."

"Terrible!" Lizzie would reply. Then, after a little silence, "A pipe always seems kind of restful to a man!"

"Yes," he would answer, "I enjoy a smoke."

One night they got quite friendly. "Say," he asked, "wasn't that you I heard singing a little while back?"

The merciful dusk and the narrow court hid Lizzie's blush. "Sometimes I hum a little when I'm working—"

He laughed—a nice, easy sort of chuckle. "Gee, you must be working a good part of your time then! Honest, though, you got an awful nice kind of voice—easy on a fellow's nerves I'd say!"

"I—I didn't think any one ever heard me," Lizzie managed to say.

"Sure—I often hear you—even when you're not singing. I hear you sometimes talking to your sister. I guess it must be your sister, I never see her though."

A sudden, sharp pain had clutched at Lizzie's heart, and her thin, little face whitened. But she remembered that there was the dusk and the distance. "Yes," she said slowly, "it's my sister you hear me speak to. She works—I guess that's why you never see her."

Another evening they progressed further.

"You must have an awful lot of patience," he began. "I hear how you talk to the old lady—your aunt, ain't it?"

"Oh—" said Lizzie, "Aunt Mary! She's awful poorly. You got to have patience when they get old."

"Just the same it isn't every young girl would have it."

"But," hesitated Lizzie, "I—I'm not so awful young."

Then a little silence of embarrassment enveloped them. It was Lizzie who finally broke it. She leaned forward so that the evening light fell on her eager face.

"I baked gingerbread today, men always like that. Maybe you'd eat a piece?"

"Listen!" he said, "that's been what I smelled all along that made me think of home!"

With trembling fingers Lizzie cut a huge slice, folded it in one of the "good napkins" and handed it across the court.

"Say," he said, "that's the best gingerbread I ever tasted. I'll make this up to you some day; when my ship comes in."

After that her father got sick and though she tried she could not get to that window again before dark until one night, weeks later and then he wasn't there! [*Turn to page 79*]

Can divorces "made in France" dissolve marriages which are "made in heaven"? Month by month thousands of unhappily mated American husbands and wives join the new trek to Paris where divorce is easy—if not cheap—and where American marriage laws are dismissed with a Gallic gesture of contempt. Here is the real truth of what transpires behind the court room scenes of the world's greatest divorce mill — the secret story, told without names, of one American woman's experience.

THEN ONE DAY PHILIP AND I MET AT THE LAWYER'S OFFICE

I Get My PARIS DIVORCE

ANONYMOUS

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

THIS is my third—perhaps my last—crossing from Europe. Each time Philip has been on the boat with me. Each time I have brought back with me something to make the days at sea always to be remembered.

The first time it was a heart filled with happiness. That was many years ago. Philip and I were returning from our honeymoon. We had spent a month in a small villa which we had rented at Stresa in Italy. It stood on the hillside above Lake Maggiore. The steep vineyards surrounded our garden. It was October, and the grapes were black and ripe. The smell of them blew into our windows day and night. All day the laborers in their stained clothes carried baskets of grapes from the vines to the wine presses. From our veranda we looked across at snowy mountains and down upon the bluest water in the world dotted with fairy islands all cypress trees and white buildings half hidden among them. I had never dreamt there could be such beauty.

It was a foolish trip for us to make. Philip then had only his position and a little money saved. But our wedding presents were enough to furnish a house when we should get back, and so we spent Philip's savings at Stresa. I have never regretted it. I was happier than ever before, or ever since.

My next crossing occurred only five years ago. I cannot say that I was unhappy then. Philip made money during the war. He needed a rest, and that was an excuse for us to go to Europe and spend some of the profits.

If we had gone back to Stresa once more, as we talked of doing, I think things might have been different. I don't know. We went first to Deauville. Philip lost some money playing baccarat and then would not hear of leaving so long as he was behind. He spent his afternoons at the races and his evenings in the Casino. I divided my time between the beach and the dressmaking houses of the Place Vendome in Paris. Thus I acquired an extensive trousseau of Parisian clothes, my first one. I had never had such fine things before. Every evening at sea I wore a different new gown, each a distinct creation. Philip devoted himself to the bridge tables and pool auctions of the smoking room, but I felt no neglect. I had reached the age or the state of being contented by clothes alone.

Once more Philip is with me at sea, but with me now only in the sense that he is a passenger on the same boat. I have been told that he has a suite on the B deck. For myself I can afford no such luxury. My stateroom is one of the humblest.

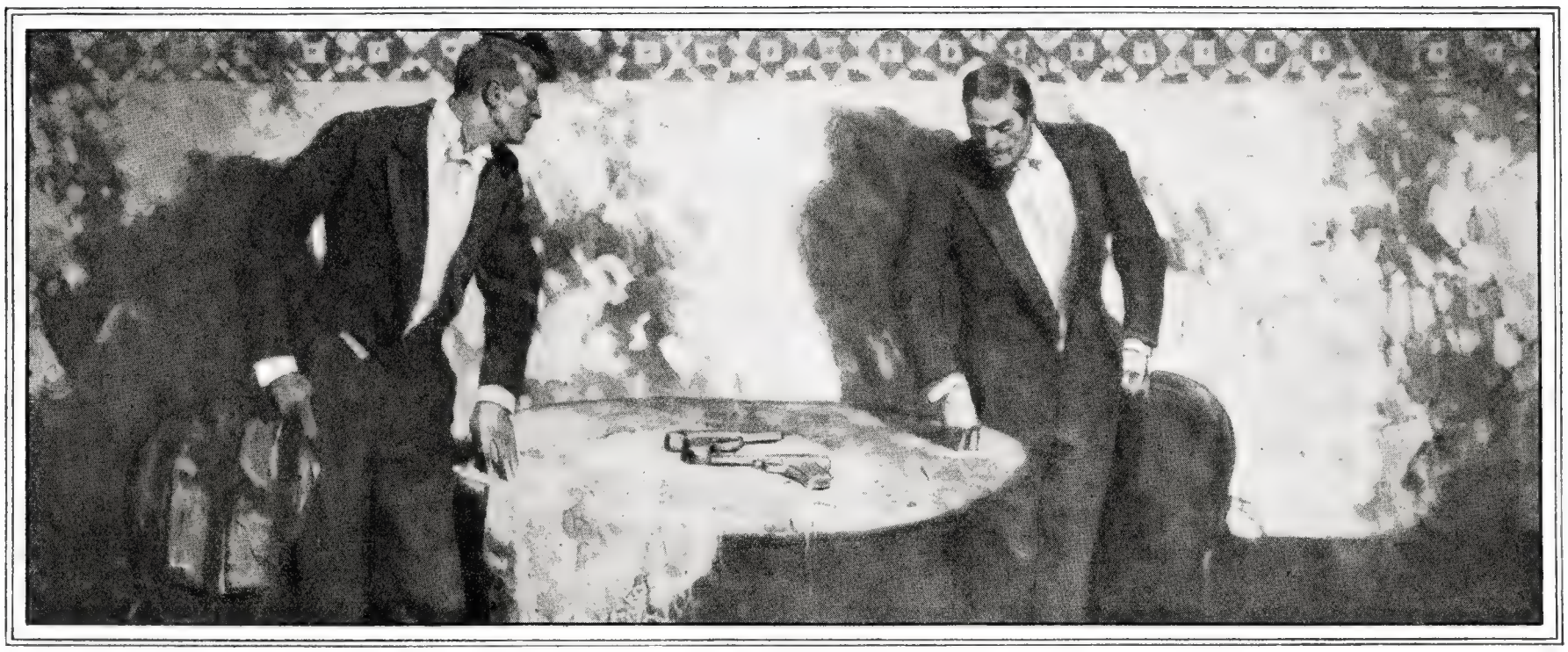
Spread out on the table before me is the thing that will cut these days into my memory forever. It is a legal paper stamped with a French revenue stamp and signed with the signatures of French officials. Its date is now more than a week old. At the end of seven more weeks I am to present this paper at the office of a New York trust company. There in the presence of solicitors the trust company will turn over to me the sum of fifty thousand dollars. That money is the only thing I shall ever henceforth have that was Philip's, except his name, which I do not want. The legal paper before me is the decree of a Paris court granting me a divorce.

WE HAD SPENT A MONTH IN A SMALL VILLA WHICH WE HAD RENTED AT STRESA IN ITALY. IT STOOD HIGH ON THE HILLSIDE ABOVE LAKE MAGGIORE — I HAD NEVER DREAMT THERE COULD BE SUCH BEAUTY

I HAD no idea Philip would be on this ship. Why did he hurry away from Paris so soon afterwards? He had been there only a few days. He could not have hated Paris as I hate it. He is no longer my husband, but I try to tell myself that business is calling him back. I know it is not that. He is hastening back to her. He has only seven more weeks to wait too.

I saw him last night after we had left Cherbourg. Just a glimpse of him in the dining room. I opened my passenger list, and there was his name next to mine. He was not on the boat train or the tender. He must have crossed to England and sailed from Southampton. If he reads the passenger list he will probably be annoyed. He need not fear, I intend to stay in my stateroom during the rest of the voyage. I will spend the time writing down what has occurred during the past year. Then I will read over what I have written and try to make myself realize that the person to whom these things have happened is I myself.

MY divorce came upon me abruptly. It had an instant when it began. That instant occurred nearly a year ago. Then reality ceased for me, and I entered into a sort of dismal dream. I seemed to [*Turn to page 105*]



"Those Revolvers Are Not Both Loaded. Choose Your Weapon"

A Story of Two Who Played With Fire

QUITS

BY ETHEL M. DELL

ILLUSTRATED BY
MEAD SCHAEFFER

"SHE is playing with fire," said Mrs. Deane, with a shake of her wise old head. "They all do it, my dear, these ultra-pretty young girls. They always have. Life hasn't changed since we were young."

"I don't think we did it after we were married," said Mrs. Marlow, her younger sister. "We did draw the line at that, Martha. I don't remember ever looking at a man after I married poor George."

Mrs. Deane's delicate lips pursed themselves a little. She was too polite to suggest that possibly no other man had desired such attention on her part.

"Cynthia is singularly attractive," she remarked, after a moment. "There were at least half-a-dozen devoted young men whom she could have transformed into adoring husbands when she married. What made her decide in favor of Bevan Storr I never quite made out."

"Well, I can hardly imagine anyone describing him as an adoring husband," said Mrs. Marlow. "He certainly never appeared to worship her like the others."

"Which may have been the secret of her preference," said Mrs. Deane. "But, be that as it may, I do not think there could be any doubt as to his feeling for her. He certainly has no thoughts for anyone else."

"A remark which, equally certainly, does not apply to her!" observed Mrs. Marlow, not without a hint of acidity.

"I am sure she does not mean any harm."

"Let us hope that Major Storr is equally sure!" said Mrs. Marlow. She leaned forward in her chair with the words to look over the balcony railing on to the tennis-court below. "Oh, there they are again! I thought I could not be mistaken. Another singles with young Cockran! Really, my dear, I think it is getting a little too marked to be quite nice."

A girl's merry laugh came up to them through the languorous stillness. "Oh, Guy, do take off that hideous skull-cap! It makes you look such a villain."

"It does indeed!" commented Mrs. Marlow severely. "But I am by no means sure that it is inappropriate on that account."

From the garden below them came a voice, soft, intimate, lightly caressing. "There you are, Flower of the Moon! First game to you! Irresistible as usual!"

The girlish voice made answer. "What a rotter you are, Guy! I wish you'd play up."

"Playing against you is too great a handicap," pleaded Guy Cockran the courtier. "I walk with you, I swim with you, I dance with you. How can I play against you?"

"No English boy would have said that," sniffed Mrs. Marlow.

She leaned forward again to peer over the balustrade. The man and the girl were standing together at the net. The lithe, active figure in white flannels with shirt open at the throat and handsome olive face laughing above it was good to look upon, but the consciously free grace of it was certainly not wholly British. His dark eyes were deeply shadowed by strong black brows. Mrs. Marlow did not like his eyes. They were too fiery.

The girl in her short white tennis-frock looked a mere child. She was as fair as her companion was dark, so fair that her hair was almost silvery in its brightness. Her face had the exquisite delicacy of a cameo and the purity of a flower. Her eyes behind gold-tipped lashes were deeply blue, jewel-like in their intensity. There could be no two opinions regarding Cynthia's beauty. She had been called the Moon-Daisy in her school-days, and the name had clung. Some said that she was lovelier by night than by day, but it was hard to imagine it as she stood there in the sunlight, looking dauntlessly up at the open worship in the man's eyes.

"If you're not going to play the game," she said, "it's too silly to go on."

He laughed, equally audacious, equally undaunted. "Let us go on by all means! I may get used to it if I try long enough."

She uttered her careless laugh in unison with his. "Well, one set then! Just to let all the old fogies in the hotel know where we are and what we are doing!"

"And after that?" he said.

"After that we will retire to a quiet corner and enjoy ourselves. It's too broiling to play for long in any case."

She turned with a dainty grace of movement and walked to the back-line of the court, tossing a ball on her racquet.

Mrs. Marlow leaned back again in her chair behind the screen of climbing roses.

"You are quite right, my dear," she said. "Cynthia is playing a dangerous game. And I am interested—greatly interested to know how long it will last."

It was a full hour after the demonstration set had ended that a big, lounging figure of manhood came sauntering up from the bathing-steps with a bath-towel hanging round his neck. He also seemed to be feeling the heat, for he walked with lagging feet, almost slouching, looking neither to right nor to left. His somewhat heavy face wore the suspicion of a scowl. People were wont to say of Bevan Storr that he scowled to keep the world at bay while his wits were wool-gathering. He was a man of some reputation in military tactics, but in spite of this, society in general did not credit him with the possession of many brains. He was regarded as possibly all right in his own sphere, but wholly without ideas outside it. That he had been caught by the flower-like beauty of little Cynthia Ash was not perhaps surprising, since practically everybody was caught by it sooner or later; but that he, out of all the rest, should have proved the successful aspirant for her hand was a fact which gave food for much conjecture. What did she see in him?

They had been married scarcely a year and here she was again, playing like a butterfly on the Mediterranean shore while her stolid companion amused himself with bathing and bridge. She still ruled supreme wherever she went. She played tennis, danced, and flirted as of yore. Caught in the whirl of gaiety, she pursued her merry way while he went his, detached, very often alone.

It was three hours later that Cynthia scampered into her room to dress for dinner. There was to be a dance after it, and time was short.

So engrossed was she with the need for haste that she actually overlooked her husband whose bulky form was stretched on the sofa at the foot of the bed. He was reading a paper, but as she threw herself into a chair to pull off her shoes, he lowered it and looked at her. Her delicate face was flushed, and she was breathing quickly as though she had been running. Obviously she was unaware of his presence, and he lay and watched her without moving. She tossed her shoes aside and pulled off her white stockings. This done, she began to search for evening wear. It was almost inevitable that so volatile a personality should have a somewhat nebulous idea of method and neatness. She opened and shut several drawers in succession, then suddenly whirled round as though something had struck her, and saw her husband.

"Bevan!" she ejaculated. "How on earth did you get there? You weren't there when I came in."

"I have been here for two hours," he said.

She turned from him with the hint of a shrug. "It's time you dressed yourself. You'll be late."

"That's my pigeon," he observed.

Cynthia resumed her hunt through the drawers, finally pouncing upon a pair of stockings and sitting down with her back to him to draw them on.

"You've had a good flight lately," remarked Bevan after a pause.

"What do you mean?" She tossed the words over her shoulder.

"Out of the cage," he explained, unmoved. "It was about that that I have been waiting to speak to you. I am glad you are enjoying it, and quite willing that you should stretch your wings now and then. But—don't fly too far!"

"Don't be absurd, please!" said Cynthia in a voice that shook a little.

"I am never absurd," said Bevan in a tone of quiet conviction. "And that is why I have no intention of being made an object of ridicule by anyone. What have you been doing all the evening?"

"Doing? Motoring," said Cynthia.

She snapped the words with a certain vehemence. He received them in silence.

Some one was playing a giddy jazz tune on a piano in the room below them and its gay jangling had a derisive sound, as though the spirit of the place, that *insouciant* French spirit, were mocking at something. Cynthia, catching at the refrain and lightly humming it, produced the same effect.

The man stretched on the couch behind her did not seem aware of either circumstance. His eyes were fixed upon a point at the other end of the room. They had an abstracted look, as though he debated some problem in his mind.

She was standing before the dressing-table, half-clad, exquisite of outline. He moved abruptly, reached out an arm and caught the filmy garment that covered her .

"Come here!" he said.

She made a quick movement of resistance. "Bevan! What do you want? Bevan, don't! You'll tear it to rags!"

He paid no attention to her protest, merely continued to pull her till she yielded. Then he drew her down on to the sofa by his side. "How rough you are!" she said.

"How pretty you are!" he returned, but not in a tone of great enthusiasm. "Sit still and let me look at you!"

She wriggled like an impatient child. "Bevan! It's so late. Do let me go!"

"Time was made for slaves," said Bevan. "What does it matter if you are late?"

He shifted his hold to her arm which he held with one hand and deliberately stroked with the other.

"Don't" said Cynthia.

He looked at her with raised brows. "I was merely admiring you. I thought you liked admiration."

She fidgeted again uneasily. "What's the matter? What do you want?"

"I want you," he said.

She looked back at him with a touch of apprehension. "Well, you've got me. You've always got me. What more do you want? Surely you don't mind my having a little fun sometimes?"

"Have I said I minded that?" said Bevan.

"Well, what's all the fuss about?" said Cynthia.

He lay silent for a space, still looking at her with a baffling intentness, still holding her firmly.

At length, "Cynthia," he said quietly, "you may dance with as many as you like tonight, but I forbid you to dance more than three times with the same man."

She started in his hold. The warm color rushed again over her cameo face. "Bevan!" she exclaimed. "How ridiculous!"

"No," he said. "I am not ridiculous. And I mean what I say." Her blue eyes suddenly deepened and grew dark. "I don't understand you," she said. "Husbands don't 'forbid' their wives to do things nowadays. It's absurd, antediluvian, outrageous. Whatever I do or do not do tonight I shall please myself. You may rest well assured of that."

"No," he said. "You will please me—for once."

She stiffened at his tone, and straightening her slender neck she looked down upon him with disdain. "We have gone our separate ways too long for that sort of nonsense," she said. "You know that I am quite incapable of pleasing you."

"I know that you have never tried," he said unmoved. "I often wonder why you married me."

She dropped her eyes from his and was silent.

"Don't know?" he suggested.

She answered with hesitation, not looking at him. "Yes, I do know. I thought you were—different."

"Well, what did you think I was?" said Bevan, the faint bitter smile reappearing. "You knew I had money—and no brains worth mentioning. What more did you expect?"

She winced again. Her face was burning. "That's just it. I thought you had—brains."

"What on earth led you to think that?" he said.

"I . . . really don't know. Just because you were quiet, I suppose."

"So you labelled me strong and silent, did you? And now you are disappointed."

"I haven't complained." she said quickly.

"No, I'm doing the complaining this passage." He spoke deliberately, almost lazily. "I'm getting tired of my pigeonhole. It's no use pushing me in again with all the other rubbish, for I'm coming out. I am going to be as absurd and antediluvian and outrageous as I like. I am even going to keep my wife in order if I feel so inclined. As for my wife's many admirers, they will have to come into line."

"I think you've gone mad," said Cynthia, beginning to pant a little. "I haven't got any—admirers. We don't talk like that nowadays. I've got pals, and I'm not going to give them up."

"You've also got a husband," remarked Bevan, "though one might not think it. And you had better keep your pals in order, or it will be the worse for them."

She looked at him again with a flash of fire in her blue eyes. "You actually are—jealous," she said with scorn.

He looked straight back at her. "No. Just asserting my rights, that's all."

"Your—rights!" Her voice vibrated; she was really angry for once.

"Exactly!" He sat up abruptly, and his arm went round her as he did so. He held her compellingly. "I've had the worst of it so far, and I've had enough of it. I shall make you call quits before I've done."

He pressed her suddenly to him with the words and before she could prevent him his lips were on her own, and forcing her head back upon his arm he kept them there until her instinctive resistance had become submission. Then he released her "Now you can go," he said.

She sprang up and turned from him, her face scarlet. "So you think you will—bully me!" she said in a choked voice.

He also rose, but with a more leisurely movement. "No," he said. "I just think I will get even with you, that's all—in spite of my lack of brain."

Mrs. Marlow noticed that husband and wife did not enter the dining room together that night. Cynthia came first with a lovely flush on her face and her eyes shining like stars. She was beautifully dressed in palest green, and she flitted through the throng to their own table with a butterfly grace of movement that caused more than one head to turn and watch her.

She had reached the sweet course before her husband appeared. He sauntered in with his usual deliberation, looking neither to right nor left, and seated himself opposite to the loveliest girl in the room without greeting of any sort. Save for a slight flickering of her gold-tipped lashes she also made no sign.

"They don't waste many amenities upon each other," observed Mrs. Marlow to her sister.

From a table near them came a shout of laughter led by Guy Cockran in response to some murmured jest. He was one of a party which formed the noisiest set in the hotel.

Dinner was nearly over and people were beginning to drift out when Cynthia rose, refusing coffee and cigarettes, and flitted away, leaving Bevan still eating steadily.

Guy Cockran, the centre of a noisy knot of men in the

SHE PLAYED TENNIS, DANCED, AND FLIRTED AS OF YORE. CAUGHT IN THE MAD WHIRL OF GAIETY, SHE PURSUED HER MERRY WAY

lounge, glanced up as she ran by. "Hullo, Moonbeam!" he said.

She threw him an airy kiss which he made a gesture of catching as she fled away. The atmosphere was one of laughter and trifling, and there was nothing in either action that was not completely tuned to it. Probably they both forgot that it took place in full view of the *salle-à-manger* now rapidly emptying, but had they remembered, it would equally probably have made no difference. Everyone behaved in that absurd way nowadays, and where was the harm?

People were fast congregating in the lounge in preparation for the coming dance, and half-a-dozen or more French officers had drifted in from the military school near by. Bevan Storr, eventually emerging with a cigarette in his mouth, joined one of these and stood talking with him in a corner. He and Captain Vernier were old friends and had been billeted together during the War. The Frenchman was an instructor at the school and older than the rest. He welcomed Storr with obvious pleasure.

The orchestra struck up at last, and the bridge-players breathed sighs of relief as a general move was made by the thronging merry-makers. It was to be a gala night, and colored balls, feathers, and paper streamers, with masses of confetti, were to be features of the entertainment.

"These modern girls and boys are more irresponsible than we were as babes in the nursery," was Mrs. Marlow's sweeping verdict.

She was feeling a little sour as her sister had been invited by Colonel Rover to make a fourth at one of the tables. She would not have minded in the least, for she was not a keen player, had she not strongly suspected that Mrs. Deane had been selected because she was considered the better player of the two. Also it left her without anyone to listen to her criticisms of the younger generation, and as she always had a good deal to say upon the subject, this was a real deprivation.

She had no excuse for following them to the ball-room to watch their undignified antics there, so established herself rather discontentedly in the corridor that led thither from the lounge. Cynthia, light as a scrap of thistle-down, came by.

She was alone, and seeing Mrs. Marlow, she paused a moment.

"Not playing bridge tonight?" she said.

It was an unfortunate remark. Mrs. Marlow drew down the corners of her lips. "Not tonight, my dear," she said.

Her tone was not a friendly one, and Cynthia passed lightly on to the region of music and laughter. Like a butterfly entering a parterre of flowers, she was absorbed in the gay crowd of dancers and made no attempt to disentangle herself therefrom until she came forth half-an-hour later with Guy Cockran in search of refreshment.

It was their first appearance together that night. Mrs. Marlow made a note of it.

They passed back again a few minutes later, actually brushing her where she sat, too preoccupied with each other to notice her presence. A sort of snatching game was going on between them. Guy had stolen a scrap of a flower from the rosette on her shoulder, and she was trying to recover it. It ended in a somewhat boisterous struggle a yard or two from her, and Mrs. Marlow, covertly watching, was genuinely shocked at the sudden fire that leapt in the young man's eyes as the girl threw herself against him in her laughing zeal. Then Cynthia fell back triumphant, the colored trifle in her hand.

There followed more laughter, a low, coaxing whisper from Guy, and the flower changed hands again, the girl bestowing it with a careless graciousness which even Mrs. Marlow had to admit was not unbecoming. They disappeared into the ball-room, and she resumed her knitting.

It was some time later that a sauntering footstep drew near and she looked up to see Bevan Storr coming in his leisurely fashion in her direction. He would probably have passed her by if something had not prompted him to pause close to her retreat to light a cigarette. Then, glancing downwards, he saw her.

He smiled formally and would have passed on, but Mrs. Marlow accosted him:

"Are you looking for some one, Major Storr?"

He stopped conventionally. "I am looking for my wife," he said, "I believe she is dancing."

"I saw her about half-an-hour ago." Mrs. Marlow informed him with some severity, "with Mr. Cockran."

"In the *salon?*" he questioned.

"They were going that way," said Mrs. Marlow, and added with a hint of malice, "They seemed to be having a very good time together."

He received the information without the faintest change of countenance—just as she had known he would receive it. He had not the brains to do otherwise.

"Mr. Cockran is such an amusing young fellow. I really don't wonder that he turns all the girls' heads. Of course I am very old-fashioned, but I personally should not care for any girl in my charge to have much to do with him."

"No?" said Storr idly. He leaned up against a pillar beside her, obviously in no hurry to continue his quest.

She looked up at him. Was he really as cold-blooded as he sounded?

No; it was just stolidity, nothing else. If she could once get past that—! A thrill of eagerness went through her. She began to feel that she was doing something worth while. She took a larger pinch of seasoning.

"Oh course, Cynthia has always been accustomed to admiration, but even she is not impervious to the wiles of such a man, and he is very obviously doing his utmost to attract her. Major Storr, do you consider it altogether advisable to permit so much freedom between them?"

She saw him stiffen, and realized that he no longer depended upon the pillar for support. His eyes came down to hers with something of the inevitability of a stone dropped into a well. She did not quite like the feeling and lowered her own discreetly, making a show of counting her stitches.

After a distinct pause he spoke. "It is very kind of you to take so much interest in Cynthia, and I fully appreciate the motive that prompts it."

"It is shared by a good many," murmured Mrs. Marlow, trying to calm her fluttering heart with the repeated mental assurance that the man had not the brains to be indignant.

"That also I appreciate," he said, and she wondered how his calm, rather slow utterance could make her think of a sword unsheathed. "I can only assure you that I shall do my utmost to protect my wife from the unpleasant circumstance to which you have drawn my attention. Perhaps you will be kind enough to mention this to your friends. It may help them to bestow their interest elsewhere."

SHE SPRANG UP AND TURNED FROM HIM, HER FACE SCARLET. "SO YOU THINK YOU WILL — BULLY ME!"

It was bared steel with a vengeance. Mrs. Marlow shrivelled before it. And in the silence which she dared not break he turned with unchanged deliberation and left her, walking back by the way he had come, leaving the gay hubbub of the ball-room behind him. To Mrs. Marlow's quivering susceptibilities it was as though a sword clanked at his heels.

It was past midnight when two people up in the roof-garden came to the high stone balustrade where twined the bougainvillea, and stood in the white glare of an incredibly immense full moon.

"It's just a world of make-believe. I'm sure it isn't real," said Cynthia.

"Are you real?" said the man beside her. "Am I real?"

She uttered a silvery, inconsequent laugh and touched one of the deep red blossoms that drooped towards her. "I don't feel qualified to say."

He leaned towards her. "Cynthia, would you like to come to life—just for one night?"

She looked at him, as one who looks across a swift-flowing river to one on the other side. "What's the use?" she said.

His dark face was full of ardor; it seemed to beckon her. "Cynthia, why not?" he said. "You are not afraid?"

She toyed with the flower, her eyes remote. "I suppose it's being married," she said. "I used to think it would be such an exciting thing, the acme of everything. But it isn't. It has just turned everything dull, that's all."

"Rot!" said Guy vigorously. "You mustn't let it. You're too lovely to be bored. Look here, Cynthia! Let's be young for tonight! Let's enjoy life while we can! You threw me a kiss a little while ago, but you haven't done anything since to show me you meant it."

"Perhaps I didn't!" said Cynthia, but she laughed with the words.

He leaned nearer. "Are you sure you didn't?" he said.

"Oh, I'm never sure of anything," said Cynthia. "And I don't like being taken to task for any action, however trifling."

"I wasn't taking you to task," said Guy. "I was only wondering—"

It was impossible to withdraw herself from him for the corner of the balustrade hemmed her in. Perhaps she would not have done so in any case, for, as Mrs. Marlow had remarked, he was practically irresistible. She uttered a faint gasp as his arms enclosed her, that was all. And then his lips were on her own; not as those other lips that had compelled hers by cold force, only releasing them when she had nothing left to withhold, but winning her by sheer ardor until, almost in spite of her, she responded to their fiery demand and gave herself with a throbbing reluctance to his embrace.

For a brief space of madness she was actually almost content, and then feeling the fire leap higher, a re-action she could scarcely explain came upon her.

"Let me go now!" she whispered.

He pressed her closer. "Why should I let you go? You little cold moonbeam, this is only the beginning. I am going to show you something you have never even dreamt of. I am going to bring you to life."

She quivered in his hold. She tried to turn her face away. "Guy, don't—don't!"

His arms enclosed her more surely. "Who has been frightening you, little girl? Not that brainless fool who calls himself your husband! You can have your fling so far as he is concerned. He would never trouble himself to raise a finger."

A sharp shudder went through Cynthia. "You don't know," she said.

He kissed her again with fiery intensity. "Don't know and don't care!" he declared. "I've got you and I mean to keep you—sweetheart—Cynthia!"

"For how long?" said a voice.

A tall, loosely knit figure had detached itself from the dense shadow of one of the palms, and stood not five yards from them in the full moonlight. [*Turn to page 102*]

STUDIES IN SAINTHOOD

BY REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D. D.
PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

The PROPHET *of the* FLAMING HEART

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL DE LESLIE

Each of the biographies in this series is that of some man who has helped to make the history of Christianity. Dr. Cadman has not permitted himself to be limited by creed or sectarianism; he has drawn his figures from among those of every creed. The Prophet of the Flaming Heart gives us a glimpse of the life of John Wesley, the founder of that great branch of Christianity called Methodism.

THE PURE-EYED PROPHET OF THE FLAMING HEART

JOHN WESLEY towers above his generation and our own because he had the courage to be what so few of us are—independent of the ordinary standards and opinions in the midst of which he lived. From the society by which he was surrounded, a society false to God and false to man, one turns with relief to this pure-eyed prophet of the flaming heart and logical head.

Born at Epworth Rectory on the 17th of June 1703, he came in with the eighteenth century at its beginning. Dying at City Road, London, March 2, 1791, aged eighty-eight years, he lived until that century's last decade. And he lived at its center for nearly sixty of those years. No man, not even Washington, was so completely identified with the good of his fellow men. At a moment when the regenerating faith of the *New Testament* seemed dead, and those who should have safeguarded it were spending their strength in sectarian disputes or carnal pleasures, a young clergyman was instrumental in reviving and reorganizing that faith. He restored to it the glories which were first revealed by Jesus Christ and afterwards proclaimed by His Apostles to the ends of the earth. Some devout spirits had perceived the crying need for the revival; a few had attempted it with minor degrees of success. But Wesley became its embodiment and its messenger. In him and in his work were blended the best elements of our common religion. The order and the dignity of the Anglican, the fearlessness and initiative of the Puritan, the breadth and sympathy of the truly Christian soul coalesced in him, and through him served the churches in many lands.

WESLEY WENT DIRECTLY TO THE POOR AND THE NEGLECTED

His quenchless zeal enabled him to quicken in multitudes of men and women that repentance for sin and sense of God's love which had wrought his own spiritual deliverance. His labors were prodigious, almost incredible, and continued to the end of his venerable age. No disciple of his Master has surpassed Wesley in the journeyings and toils of an arduous crusade which lasted for well over seventy years. Indeed, few have equalled his noble record. He endured hardness with gladness and overcame formidable opposition from different quarters. He exercised a profound and pervasive influence on the evolution of Protestantism and the growth of political power in the British Empire and the American Republic. His name is hallowed and revered by thirty millions of his professed followers now alive and by millions of believers in other churches than those due to his energy and enterprise.

Here is a saint who, like St. Francis and St. Bernard, did not confine his religiousness to dreams and angelic visitations. Nor did he suppose that he must be merely a meditative hermit shut off from his fellow men if he would receive the favor of his God. On the contrary, he frankly confesses that after being nearly wrecked on the rocks of mysticism, he deliberately forsook the cloistral safety and seclusion of parish churches and the University. He added to his deep and pregnant piety an intense activity in the world without. The addition involved misunderstanding, reproach, scandal, persecution and mob violence. Many of his itinerating preachers suffered physical injury and some died prematurely because of their imprisonments and privations. But neither he nor they halted their evangel, or for a moment toyed with the notion that they could gain outward peace and prosperity by surrendering their claim on the world for Christ. Mocked and jeered at the time, their decision has since been ratified by the dignitaries of Church and State, and by the plain people *en masse*. For Wesley became the most influential Protestant in Europe or America. He lived long enough to hear the hissing change to cheers. He owned his amazement at the marvelous transformation in public sentiment which awaited him wherever he went during the closing scenes of his ministry.

Who then was Wesley? His father was a brave, eccentric parson of Lincolnshire who spent nearly all his clerical life in the one parish of Epworth. And what a parish! Its fertile plains stretched in green expanse before me when I last visited it, their stagnant marshes drained and dotted with woodland groves, delightful manor houses and cosy farmsteads. With the present rectory is a Queen Anne structure of comfortable dimensions, but in the early eighteenth century the rectory was a dismal three-storied building of timber and daub, thatched with straw. The parishioners were ignorant and degraded farmers and peasants bitterly opposed to their rector and set on driving him out of the place. They maintained the bad reputation of their ancestors and formed a turbulent and vulgar, insulated group in the backwash of the shires.

Yet Wesley's mother made this remote [*Turn to page 59*]

"We Sneaked Out And Went Down To A Real Movie House"

GOD *and the* GROCERYMAN

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "THE CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS", "A SON OF HIS FATHER", ETC.

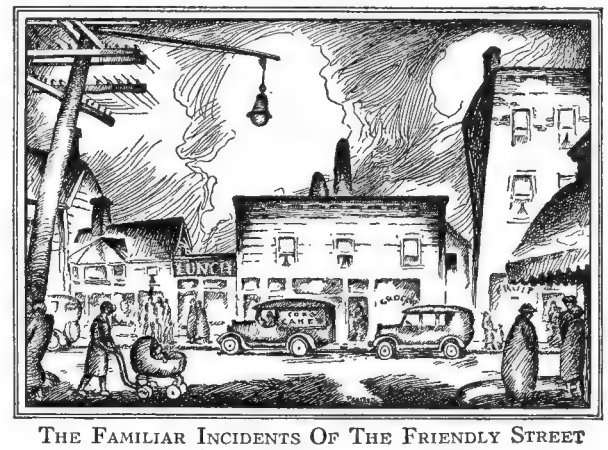
ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON AND RALPH M. PEARSON

Every year America spends millions upon millions of dollars on religion! ❦ ❦ ❦ Is this vast fortune really given to God in the same sense as was the widow's mite, or is our national American genius for organization crowding God out of American life? ❦ ❦ ❦ Mr. Wright, our most widely read novelist and himself formerly a minister, puts this question with thrilling pertinence in what promises to be the most widely discussed novel—his finest story since THE CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS, *to which it is the sequel.*

THE arrival in Westover of John Saxton was regarded by all the business men of the city in the light of an event. Saxton was reported to represent great financial interests. What Westover did not know was that Saxton was the confidential friend and agent of Dan Matthews, millionaire owner of the Dewey Bald Mine and commissioned by him to find a way in Westover for the coming of God. Only Joe Paddock, Westover's leading groceryman, sensed the fact that John Saxton was to mean much more to Westover and to him than a mere rich man's promoter.

MORNING—soft gray sky in the east. Starlight waning pale and dim. Lingering fragrance of the night. Cool earthy smell of growing things wet with dew. Clouds rose pink and gold—purple shadowed with edges of shining silver. Sunlight under the horizon. The day.

The milkman's truck rattled down the street and stopped. The man's hurrying steps on the cement walk echoed around the silent house. The screen door of the back porch slammed. Georgia turned her head on the pillow and opened her eyes. Dreamily she looked at the gray square of light between the window hangings, and through the open casement heard the song of the birds. With a slow, luxurious movement of her body and a delicious yawn she turned her back to the window and nestled under the covers for another nap. And strangely enough, at that moment, while she lay half asleep and half awake, she thought of Mr. Saxton. Where had she seen that face before?

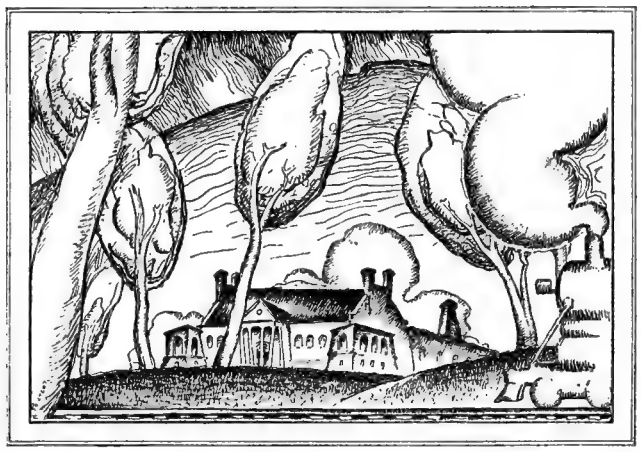


The Familiar Incidents Of The Friendly Street

Her father had introduced her, with Jack Ellory, to Mr. Saxton at the club yesterday afternoon. They had chatted a moment with the groceryman and his guest and then had gone on to change after their somewhat strenuous hour at tennis. But the man's face had haunted her all that evening. She felt certain that somewhere, sometime, she had seen him before. Jack, too, had been struck with the same feeling that this was not the first time that he had stood face to face with the man who, so far as they knew, was a stranger. Who was he anyway?

The girl moved uneasily and adjusted her pillow. And from Saxton her thoughts turned as they did often, to Jack Ellory.

Since the period of their first "going out" together, she had felt toward him something very



THE HOUSE STOOD BACK FROM THE ROAD, GUARDED BY TREES

like fear. And he had seemed to feel the same toward her. It was strange—she wondered why. With other boys of her set she had been—well—no more a prude than other girls, and these other boys had taken, what her grandparents would have called, liberties. But with Jack there had been nothing of that sort, though she knew—as girls know such things—that with the others he had been as bold as the boldest. With the passing of their university years her fear, if it was fear, of him had grown until now. She wondered what sort of a man Jack Ellory really was anyway. Her father thought highly of him as a business man. He was admired and praised by the community. But after business hours? There was nothing slow about their set. Some of their parties—Had they gone too far last night? Harry Winton *did* drink too much—it was disgusting. Might there not be a very real danger in their boasted freedom? Danger of what? Jack went to parties where she was not invited. She had heard some things—why did she feel afraid when she was with him—if it *was* fear? She was not afraid—that was all nonsense, but if it was not fear, then what was it?

She recalled the married men she had seen with women who were not their wives, at some of the places frequented by her set. Grandfather and grandmother Paddock—what a dear, loving old couple. Fifty years together and sweethearts still. Was such happiness possible in this generation? Could such a home ever be, to her or to any one whom she knew, more than an idle dream? The plays that she saw—the motion pictures—the newspapers—magazines — novels — the popular songs—the jokes in the funny papers—was there anywhere in this modern world a love like that of her grandparents? If there *was* why didn't some one talk or write or sing about it? Why did everybody talk and write novels and stories and songs and make plays and pictures about the other thing?

The living-room of the Paddock home was in keeping with the exterior. It was old-fashioned enough to have dignity but, with each progressing year, Mrs. Paddock had been careful that modern effects were not lacking. On the shelves of the book cases Dickens and Ruskin and Hawthorne touched elbows with the latest born of the realists. On the fine old piano were sheets of the latest popular songs. A mahogany library table of a past period held a magazine of the super-intellectuals, a novel of sex madness, a volume of Hindu poetry, a denominational church paper, the latest authority on bridge and a Bible. The walls were hung with pictures—a landscape in oils, painted by Mrs. Paddock with the help of a teacher, from a study which she had received with an art magazine, two fine old engravings, three bargain counter etchings and an excellent reproduction of the head of Jesus from Hoffman's "Jesus and the Rich Young Ruler." Directly under this picture of the lowly Nazarene a radio stood ready with an inexhaustible program of jazz.

When Georgia Paddock came down to the living-room that morning her father, with an air of ominous self-control, was pretending to read the *Herald*. Mrs. Paddock stood before the gas log, glazed tile and golden oak fireplace. From her mother's somewhat martial attitude and the set expression of her rather classical countenance the daughter knew that the domestic barometer registered slightly colder.

People, quite generally, remarked that the beautiful daughter of the groceryman was exactly like her mother. And, in a way, the people were right. Laura Louise Paddock certainly was not fat. By unlimited worrying and the strenuous use of every known method —exercises, diets, treatments, salts, baths, massage, and mental suggestion—she still managed to look anything but matronly. That she managed, also, to look anything but motherly was quite beside the all important question of the day.

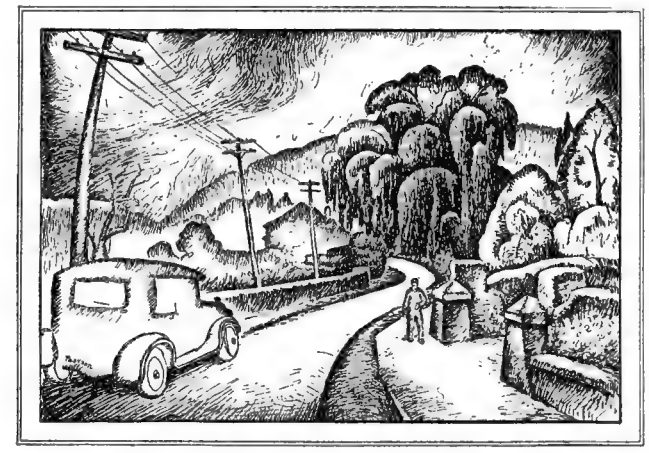
But it must not be understood by this, that Georgia's mother was actually lacking in those finer qualities of motherhood which the world agrees are, after all, woman's most enduring charm. It was only that by certain well known, modern, intellectual processes this instinctive and natural motherliness in Mrs. Paddock had been refined to a point where it was almost invisible to the naked eye.

With an air of critical, if loving, authority Mrs. Paddock noted every detail of her daughter's appearance. Had she not been so unmistakably Georgia's mother one might have fancied that, in her expression of proud possession, there was a slight touch of envy—the girl's beauty was so fresh, and vigorous and youthful.

"I'm sorry if I am late, Mother," said Georgia and there was a wistful look in the frank, gray eyes as if the girl's early morning thoughts lingered with her still.

Mrs. Paddock returned evenly: "It is of no importance, I suppose. The cook will probably give notice. Your father's business does not matter. As for *my* affairs—they, of course, are not to be considered."

The wistfulness vanished from the girl's face and in its stead came a look of proud rebellion. Her voice was coolly impudent. "Oh bunk, Mother, it's not five minutes past our usual breakfast time."



I TOOK HIM OUT TO SEE THAT TRACT OF OURS

Joe looked at his watch. "Four minutes exactly," he said with forced good humor. "Good morning, dear. You look fresh as a posy. Come on, Mother, let's eat."

He went to the girl and put his arm around her with a comforting little hug which she acknowledged with a kiss. Then they followed the wife and mother to the dining-room.

Mrs. Paddock glanced competently over the details of the breakfast table. With the studied effort at calmness of one announcing a national disaster, she spoke to the maid: "Ella, there are no fruit knives."

A moment later she addressed her husband in exactly the same tone: "Joe, this fruit is simply impossible! I should think that, as long as you are in the grocery business, you might at least supply your own family with decent food!"

"It's hard to find good fruit just now," Joe answered mildly, "between seasons, you know."

"Others seem to know where to find it. The fruit salad at Mrs. Gordon's luncheon last Thursday was simply perfect. What have you been doing since yesterday morning, Georgia? I never see you any more except at breakfast."

"Dad and I lunched at home. Strikes me you are the one to give an account of yourself, Mother dear."

"You dined at the Country Club, I suppose?"

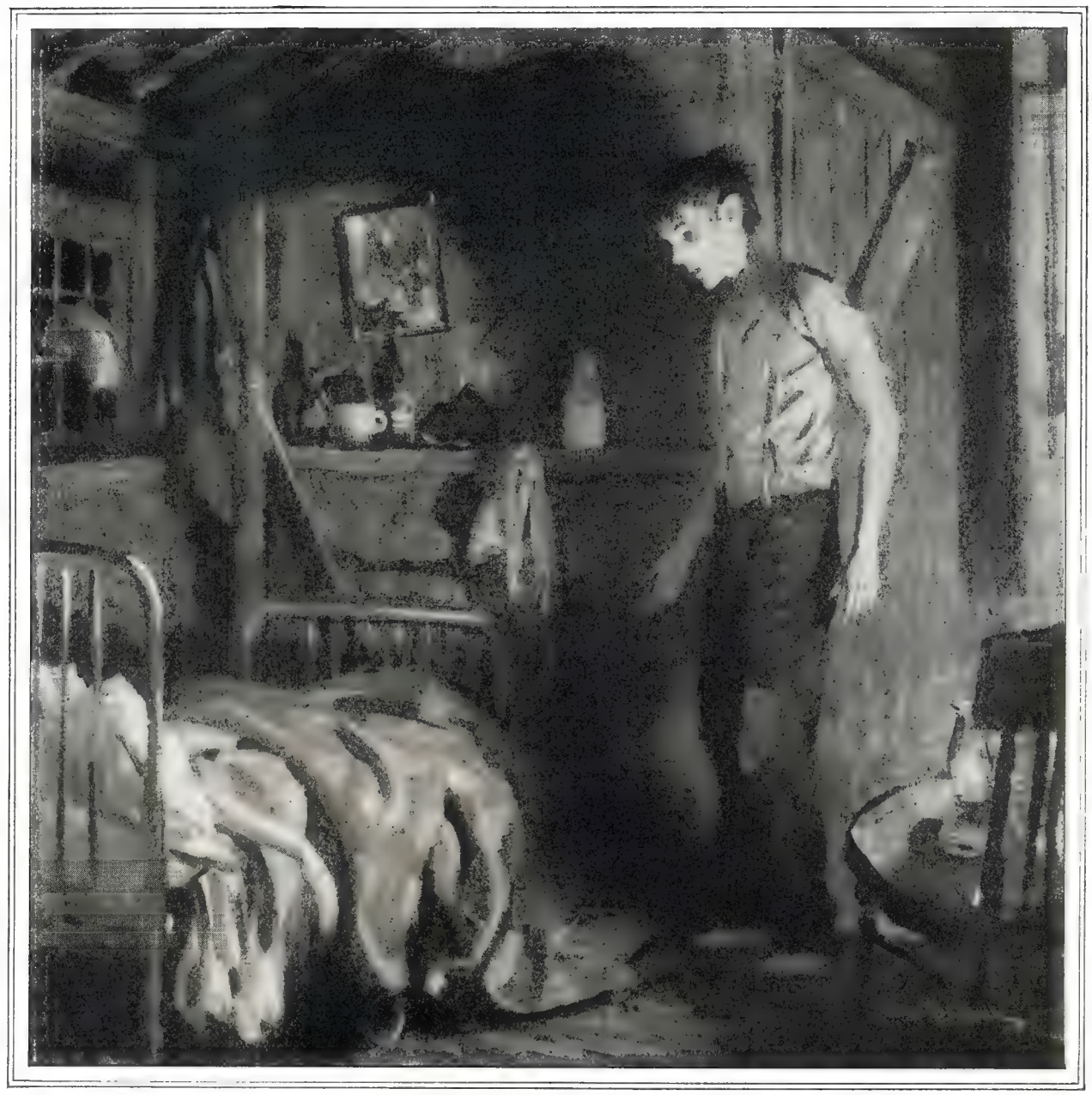
"Not much! Catch me feeding on the junk they serve there, if I can help! Jack and I had some tennis then we went to Tony's Place for eats, danced a while and played around with the bunch 'till quitting time. How did you and Dad spend your evening? Did you foregather with some of the elect to sample their homebrew and discuss the morals of the younger generation —or did you fight peacefully at home?"

"Georgia!"

"Yes, mother dear."

Mrs. Paddock loftily withdrew into her superior self. The groceryman was mutely

[*Turn to page 99*]



STEALING TO THE DOOR OF THE ONLY REMAINING ROOM, THE DELIVERY BOY PAUSED A MOMENT ON THE THRESHOLD, THEN CREPT TO THE SIDE OF HIS MOTHER'S BED. "DO YOU WANT ANYTHING, MOTHER?" DAVIE WHISPERED ANXIOUSLY

THE PRESENT CAPITOL, PNOM-PENH, WHERE STANDS THE PALACE OF THE KING OF CAMBODIA

DISCOVERING *a* LOST CITY

BY HARRY HERVEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HUGH FERRISS

When McCall's Magazine sent Harry Hervey into the obscure jungle tangle of Indo-China in search of a Lost City of Long Ago, it secured for its readers an amazing account of a great world mystery. The present instalment gives an illuminating exposition of what happens when the West implants itself in the East. Mr. Hervey's colorful prose in the recounting of his adventures has excited much favorable comment from McCall's readers.

THE TWILIGHT of the KHMERS

THE trail to Wat Phu, the lost city I had been seeking, curved past a thatched shed where several natives sat in a silent group gazing at us. Souk called to them, and they came in a body, kneeling and saluting in a supplicating manner. After a few words with them, he said we would find a better camping site further on but we could dismount here.

Some few yards beyond, the foliage thinned and disclosed a ruined terrace overgrown with weeds and bushes, beyond which a lake lay as though dusted with the settling night. Upon climbing the terrace I saw that it was not a natural body of water but the remains of an ancient tank. It stretched away in a smooth oblong surface between banks showing graces of a stone coping that once had enclosed it.

From the other side of the terrace, across from the tank, the remnants of a stone causeway furrowed the green, losing itself in a welter of low trees from which piles of ruins rose blurred and indistinct in the dusk. There the mountain ascended, its flank seeming tattooed as irregularly placed stones marked the course of a stairway scarcely visible in the profusion of growths. At the top of the stairway, on a broad shelf between summit and base, was the temple itself, shrouded in forest.

As a result of fatigue, the retina of my eyes had caught and held the fire of the now vanished sun, and wherever I looked the landscape seemed touched with illusive burning designs. In the breathless stillness which checked every sound except the mournful beats of the drum, and with these ghosts of flame dancing before me, the entire scene had an aspect of hushed unreality, as though enclosed in the breath-stained glass of a museum-case.

With Souk behind, I followed the ruined approach, passing stone balustrades of Nagas, or many-headed cobras, that seemed to creep along close to the ground like smoke. Indeed, a thin purplish vapor was assembling, as though the hot soil gave a visible sigh of gratitude to the evening. I felt chilled myself, and a giddy spiral of fireflies whirling about my head made me faintly dizzy.

As we reached the two great ruins at the end of the causeway, I discovered that the luminous spots which seemed to reel past were not fireflies. I had a shuddery sensation, as though something cold had run down my back. My teeth chattered, although my temples felt furiously hot. I was suddenly terrified by the conviction that the mountain was toppling down upon me, and the ground seemed to rise like an awful catapult to fling me into it . . .

I came out of this cataclysm to find myself nauseated and sitting on the edge of the causeway. Souk raised me to my feet and started toward the encampment. I was aware that he was saying something about *"fièvre de bois,"* and I found an absurd satisfaction in the discovery that riding on an elephant hadn't done it . . .

That night while I lay on a cot in front of my shelter, a panther moon crept into the sky, tawny and luminous, and clawed the vaporous exhalations of the earth, leaving the mountain and the plain to stand out clearly in its stealthy blue shadow . . . Souk and Leung had wrapped me in a blanket and built a fire close by. The fever was passing out of my body through pores that seemed to release an endless flow of perspiration.

I was awake at dawn the next day. I had no temperature, but I felt weak, and my mouth had a [*Turn to page 49*]

LAMPS OF THE SPIRIT

BY VINGIE E. ROE
AUTHOR OF MONSIEUR OF THE RAINBOW

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Can a woman of forty, disillusioned but wise, compete with a girl in the first flush of youth, when the goal is — a man?

"It Was A Strange Excitable Expression, Half Child's, Half Woman's, Wholly Dependent"

THE Boss was accounted a hard woman, sharp of dealing to the last cent, adamant to wrong-doers. She had been handsome, somewhere back in her forty years, was handsome still in a stern dark way, though what she had reaped of life had left its mark upon her. The look in her eyes was as impersonal as a judge's gavel, as implacable. About her lips there were stern lines, though the mouth itself was good to look at with its full contours, its fine white teeth. She was a big woman, too, lean, well-formed, and she wore her rough clothes with all the seeming of a man. Like a man she rode about the great ranch, looking to fences, seeing that Grey Spring and Rocky Hole were well covered with brush to keep the cattle from trampling them to mud, making sure that no calves were left to starve in the slanting trap of Buckeye Gulch. She knew when the grain hay on the long flats by the river was ready to cut, how far it was in the "dough," and saw to it that it lay just so long in the "sweating," was hauled and mowed on the dot. She had no foreman, being a better one than she could hire, and the four riders who worked for her gave prompt heed to her orders. Even the China cook was no autocrat on Shadow Slopes Ranch, and that is saying a deal.

For ten years the Boss had run the outfit, and for seven of those years had made it pay—for the first time in its history—and only she knew what a Herculean effort that had been, what toll it had taken of her, both mental and physical. None knew, either, what a stern joy she had found in her task—after the finish of her life with Fred Fulton. It was Fred who had set the lines about her mouth, who had made her eyes impersonal, who had spoiled every dream she had known, but who, by his disgraceful death on the streets of the valley town, had left her—the Boss.

He had left her, too, his nine-year-old daughter by another marriage—and that was a handicap. Lola Fulton was her father over again, an unknown quantity, lazy, beautiful, sly, a liar by choice, and cruel.

She was two when Fred Fulton handed her to his new wife and even then she had been a problem. At nineteen she was the lodestone of the foothill country, an object of indignant sympathy as far as her whispers could reach. Dancing like a wind-blown willow in some cow-boy's eager arms she had but to breathe: "Like to never got here tonight—hadn't been I wanted to see you so bad I wouldn't promise—"

"What?" the boy would demand.

"Got to clean Her boots two weeks—but I don't care. I'll have the dance anyway."

And the youth would go, hot-cheeked, to swear among his cronies and denounce step-mothers from the housetops.

Or, meeting some ranch woman in the cross-roads store, she would finger the print the other bought and say wistfully: "Just love one like that. You goin' make it up for Roan by th' next dance?"

And the country mother would be all fussed up over "that poor orphan of Fred Fulton's, denied the things of girlhood! An' her rightful heir to th' outfit! Did beat all how some wimmen got by with things!"

All this got back to the Boss by round-about—the hostile eyes of the boys who came courting Lola, the up-turned noses of the women she rarely met. Knowing Lola, child and girl, she understood. These things made small impression on her. Iron-handed, she kept her rule. And iron-handed she watched the girl. She could not keep her from the dances, that would have been impossible. But she could send Syd, fifty-six and grizzled, a gun-toter and her silent ally, so that Lola went, stayed and came under espionage. So Lola was nineteen, and a heroine of sorts, and the Boss stood for opprobrium wherever the Outfit was mentioned.

"That Fulton girl," said a freckled kid lying by the chuck wagon fire of a neighboring ranch that spring, "is th' purtiest thing in these parts. An' how she can dance—man, man! She's got little slim feet with th' narrowest cords above th' heels you ever saw, an' her nose turns up, an' her eyes are almost green, like th' ocean on a cloudy day." He blew a cloud of smoke from his cigarette and smiled at nothing, dreaming.

"Sounds good," said a man across the fire, "all but one item."

"Huh?" said the boy. "What's that?"

"The color of her eyes."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Perhaps a lot. Perhaps nothing. Green eyes are cold. They usually go with calculation." [*Turn to page 84*]

"Like A Man She Rode About The Great Ranch, Looking To Fences, Making Sure That No Calves Were Left To Starve In The Slanting Trap Of Buckeye Gulch"

JOHN FORRESTER TOOK AMARYLLIS IN HIS ARMS AND HELD HER TIGHT

The MAGIC GARDEN

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "THE KEEPER OF THE BEES", "LADDIE", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

AMARYLLIS, once a "poor little rich girl," neglected by her parents, is now happy in the possession of an ideal home where she has been keeping house for her father and brother. But she is looking forward to a still more delightful future when she will fulfill her promise to John Guido—a promise made to him when they met as children. Life separated the boy and girl, but the time seems to be at hand for their reunion.

AMARYLLIS wondered how she was going to endure three long days of waiting—waiting for John Guido to come back from the trip in Peter's yacht. Suddenly she decided. She had been skimping, and saving and spending every cent of her allowance and every penny she could get in any other way, on John Guido. Her clothes really were almost shabby. She would go into the big city and she would buy the very prettiest things that she could find. She would make herself lovely for John Guido. She should have been about it long ago. Dressmakers should have been busy, but she reflected that miracles could be performed in the little shops of New York. If she went to a shop that she always patronized and told Madame a tale about a sudden need that had arisen, she could devise the kind of a dress that would be the most suitable dress in which to come up the path of stepping stones beside the roaring brook and into the magic garden.

Amaryllis had made up her mind what she was going to do. As soon as Peter came home—if he came in the evening, then early the following morning—she was going to call John Guido on the telephone and she was going to ask him if at ten o'clock he would be beside the syringa at the bed of striped grass in the magic garden. She had put a beautiful bench of stone with a back and arm rests skilfully carved, with the striped grass coming up all around it and the syringa, that would be white with bloom now, hanging over it. Perhaps the apple trees would still be pink. The pear trees would be in their prime; the cherries and plum would be over, but the wild plums down in the meadow would still be blooming and the wild crab, a mystery of pink flushed sweetness.

Amaryllis drew a deep breath. All she was going to ask him was if at ten o'clock he would be at the bed of striped grass. Then she was going to hang up quickly. She was going to walk home alone beside Roaring Brook and across the meadow and come up to the foot of the garden; and at the stone bench John Guido would be waiting for her. She would have kept her promise. All she meant to say was:

"John Guido, I've come back to you!" After that everything was up to him.

That was a beautiful plan and she had the greatest success with the dresses. Her eyes were so very bright, and her cheeks were so pink and she looked so adorable in anything Madame tried on her, that she inspired the modiste to the height of her creative art. There was no difficulty at all in being extravagant because Madame knew that ordinarily Amaryllis was not extravagant. This time she understood from the shining eyes and the flushed cheeks that here was an especial occasion, and it behooved her to do her level best. So she held her head between her hands and thought and thought; and Amaryllis explained about the garden and the syringa bush and the bench.

"A garden party?" asked Madame.

"Yes, but in the morning," answered Amaryllis. "It begins in the morning. It begins about ten o'clock in the morning."

So together they studied out the loveliest dress that ever could be thought of, a dress of lightest weave, of the palest blue in the most delicate material that Madame could produce. There were to be sleeves of chiffon and embroidery and little touches of color. There was to be a big hat with a droopy plume. There were to be flowers and laces. There were to be shoes and stockings to match.

Then there were other dresses. There was one that *had* to go along. It had to stay in the car and come around to the front entrance with the driver after Amaryllis had started up the Roaring Brook on foot. This dress had to be of silver chiffons and faintly silver lace. There must be iridescent beads like the inner lining of a pearl shell, because this dress had to be slipped on to dance before the Amaryllis urn in the moonlight to the music that John Guido would make, and maybe, if John Forrester was very nice, they would let him come and watch it from the bench beside the striped grass.

Then Amaryllis went home to wait. She did not know how she was going to live through Tuesday and Wednesday. On Tuesday morning she had decided that after her bath and breakfast she would go in her car to visit some of her girl friends, do something to try to shorten the day. So she put on a sport suit of fine white cloth. There was a bit of gold in the braid and a touch of blue and a touch of pink here and there. As she stood before the mirror and set the hat that she meant to wear on her curly head and looked at her image, she reflected that John Guido might perhaps like her in that dress. So she went down to breakfast and as she left the table she gave the order for her car to be brought around.

In the hall she met the footman. He looked so white that Amaryllis stopped before him. She noticed that he had put something behind his back. She stretched out her hand.

"The morning paper, Johnson?" she asked.

Johnson bowed.

"There is something in it you do not want me to see?"

Johnson caught his breath and said: "I don't know what to do, Miss! I don't know what I should do! I can't let you see!"

"Give me the paper," said Amaryllis, "and show me what it is."

Johnson handed her the paper and in big lines across the top of it there smote her in the face: "YACHT OF A YOUNG MILLIONAIRE WRECKED OFF COAST OF MAINE. NO PARTICULARS. ALL ON BOARD LOST."

Amaryllis looked at the paper and she looked at Johnson.

Then she said quietly: "Telephone Father to see this paper and tell him that I am going to Mr. Forrester. If you can't remember the name, write it down."

She walked out of the front door and down the steps and gave the directions to the little house. All the way she sat staring at the paper that she held in her hands, because that was her work. If she had not asked Peter to make friends with John Guido; if she had not asked him to hunt him up; if she had not urged him to take him along; at that minute he would have been safe at home with his father at the little house there in the garden.

There were no tears in Amaryllis' eyes. They just got bigger and bigger and brighter and brighter, and all the lovely color washed out of her cheeks and out of her lips, and all she could do was to grip that awful paper and stare at those awful words. June never had a more glorious morning; but Amaryllis saw none of its glory. Once she picked up the speaking tube and called to the driver: "Can't you make a little time? I am in a very great hurry!"

After that the car rocked a bit, and by and by it stopped at the gate—the gate that she had copied so faithfully from the old gate that used to hang by one hinge. She had herself selected the new hinges and the latch. She opened it now and went through and down the walk between the flowers, on either side a bright array of soft, delicate color, and here and there the flame of a red lily opened to the sun, an early Amaryllis.

As she came up the steps and crossed the veranda, she found that suddenly she was trembling. Her knees were wavering under her, but she reached the bell. Then she leaned against the screen until John Forrester himself came from his studio and crossed the living-room. She had to step back that the screen might be opened, but she swayed so that she almost fell. He took one long look at her and at the paper she was clutching, and then he put his arm around her and helped her inside. He helped her to a big chair. Then he drew up another one and sat down before her and looked at her very carefully. He gazed, waiting for her to speak.

"Give Me The Paper," Said Amaryllis, "And Show Me What It Is"

As she was silent, at last he said: "If I am not mistaken, you are the little girl grown tall who promised my boy, John Guido, that she would come back to him."

Amaryllis said nothing because she could not speak. It was all she could do to make a stiff neck nod her head enough that John Forrester would understand that she meant an affirmative.

John Forrester reached up and lifted the hat from her head and took the paper from her hands and said: "My dear, have you any conception of how my boy has idolized you and idealized you? Will it please you to know that he has not followed the ways of a good many young men? Will you be glad to have his father tell you that no woman has touched his life or his heart but you?"

"Don't," said Amaryllis. "Oh Heavens! don't! I can't bear it!"

And because it was the only thing she could think of to do, she shoved the paper at him. He picked it up and read it.

Then slowly his face began to whiten and he said to her: "Does this mean that the yacht that has gone down is the one that John Guido sailed on? The Minton yacht? The one belonging to that nice youngster my boy made friends with coming over?"

Amaryllis nodded her head.

Then she gasped: "Yes, Peter. My brother Peter."

John Forrester held her hands tighter and bowed his head and for a long time they sat very still holding tight to each other. Finally Amaryllis straightened up in the chair.

She said: "You had better let go my hands now. In a minute you won't want to hold them. You won't want ever to see me again as long as I live."

There was not much intelligence in the eyes John Forrester trained on her. He did not get much of the import of what she was saying. Something about releasing her hands. So she tried to draw them away and when he saw that she wanted them released, he let them go. Then she clutched them together so tight that the joints grew white and she looked so little and she looked so stricken, all he could think of to say was: "Tell me."

So, in panting gusts, she managed it. Just the bare, crude facts.

"I sent him," she said. "I wanted Peter to know him. I wanted Peter and Father to love him. I thought if Peter made friends with him on the boat and they came across together he could come to the house to see Peter and then Father would know him and they would like him and we could all be friends."

Slowly John Forrester nodded.

"I see," he said.

"I wanted," gasped Amaryllis, "I wanted everybody to love him the way I did, and on Thursday—on Thursday morning—I was going to call him on the telephone and tell him that at ten o'clock I would come across the meadow and into the garden where we had such good times. I would come back to him as I promised that day the policeman took me away from him. I was going to come back only once. I was trying to fix a way before I came so that, after that, *he* could come to *me*. You see, don't you?"

"Yes, I see," said John Forrester. "I see."

"And now you will always hate me. Now," she paused a long time and then she looked at him. "I don't know," she said, "if it makes much difference if you do hate me. I don't know that anything makes any difference. Everything is ruined. It wasn't any use, not any of this, nor any of anything. It isn't any use that every hour of every day I have loved him. It isn't any use that I tried so hard to be a good girl and a nice girl, the kind of a girl that his mother was. I wanted you to love me. Wanted you to love me as well as John Guido. And now you will only hate me."

"For Heaven's sake, don't!" cried John Forrester, and he came crashing down on his knees in front of her and put his arms around her. Then both of them began to cry, Amaryllis little shrill, sharp panting cries; John Forrester deep, wrenching sobs that tore up through his body and shook him and twisted him. They clung together until they were exhausted. After a long time, [*Turn to page 89*]

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

PAN-EUROPE — PAN-AMERICA

BY COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

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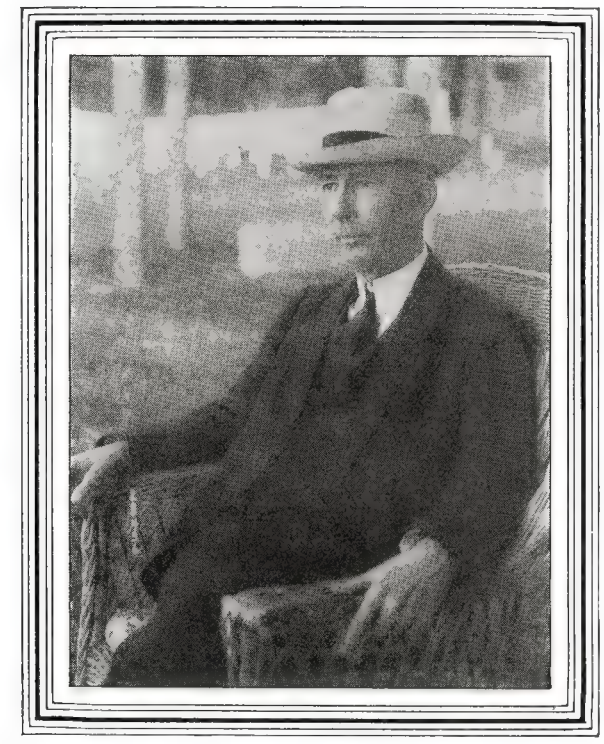


COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE (INT. FILM SERVICE)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE recently said in speaking of the Great War: "Ten million dead are buried on the battlefield and another ten millions have to carry shattered bodies through what is left to them for life . . . America alone seems to have profited and prospered since, if not through, the war. The operations of war have driven to its coffers much of the accumulated riches of Europe."

In these trenchant sentences are epitomized the prevalent feeling of Europe toward the United States.

It was commonly thought that the four years of excessive waste and the consequent lack of production during that period would create an abnormal demand for materials of every sort, and that the productive energy of mankind would be keyed up to a high pitch in order to supply the needs which usually follow years of destruction.

Just why this theory should have held true as far as the United States is concerned, and failed regarding Europe is a question over which economists may ponder. Nevertheless, that is the situation as it is, and it carries in its train many serious and disturbing consequences. Not the least of these is the gradual lining up of Europe against the United States. Unhappily, this is being done not in a spirit of friendly rivalry, but in a spirit embittered by failure to respond to that industrial resilience which was expected, and which has come to us alone of all those who had a part in the Great War.

Whether we have met our moral obligations to our former allies, or, for the matter of that, to a distressed world, is open to argument and question. That, for the moment, is beside the mark. What we have done is done, and it is not now so much a question of the right or wrong of our post-war policy as it is of the consequences that policy has entailed. Whether our action regarding the payment of the sums borrowed of us by our allies during and after the war was just or unjust or, from a purely economic and selfish viewpoint, wise or unwise, may be debatable, but more important now is the result of this policy.

Great Britain was the first to assume her obligations. She did it courageously and without question. Many of her citizens then and perhaps a majority of them now, thought it was a mistake to come to an agreement with us on this question. This school of thought believed the United States should have been told that Great Britain could not make a settlement independent of these nations who were her allies during the war, because their interests and those of Great Britain were tied together in such a way that independent settlements were inadvisable and impracticable.

But there was another school of thought in Great Britain and, fortunately or unfortunately as our viewpoint may be, that school was directing the policy of the government. Money, they argued, was the most essential factor in war. Since the United States was the main reservoir of money, it was of prime importance to pay what had been borrowed without question, if the credit of Great Britain was to be maintained. At that time no one could have predicted the series of industrial disturbances which have come to Great Britain. If the expected acceleration of commerce and industry had materialized, if unemployment had disappeared, probably there would have been few to disapprove what had been done.

If France had attained a sense of security through the ratification of the Anglo-French and the Franco-American Treaties she might have reduced her army, air fleet and other accessories for defence. She might then have devoted her entire national energies toward industrial recuperation, repair of war waste, and governmental economy. In such an event it is not likely that the fierce resentment against our demand for debt payment would have occurred.

But things went wrong in industrial Great Britain, and the French struggle to regain their financial equilibrium has not yet been successful. Meanwhile the United States has gone forward at a phenomenal pace in its accumulation of wealth. This is the situation today. To what will it finally lead?

After a more or less cursory observation and investigation, an influential part of Europe has come to the conclusion that the freedom of trade between our states, taken together with our material resources, which make us largely independent of the outside world, is mainly responsible for our unexampled prosperity. This has led to a movement to break down the tariff and other economic barriers which separate the nations of Europe, and to create a European Zollverein. Such a plan has gone so far that organizations are springing up in every part of Europe, and it has the backing of some of the most influential men in every country. The purposes were synchronized at the meeting of the Central European Congress which met at Vienna September 8th and 9th, and the Pan European Congress held in Vienna some three weeks later. After this came the so-called Bankers' Manifesto signed by one hundred and sixty-five prominent bankers throughout the world. This manifesto was also a plea for the breaking of tariff barriers and greater economic freedom.

What, if anything, may come of this agitation lies in the lap of the future. It is, at least, awakening an interest in the United States and may impress upon the consciousness of our people the dangers accompanying such unusual and isolated prosperity as has been ours. Not the least of these dangers is that which might result from the clear-cut economic rivalry, perhaps hostility, of Europe and the United States.

COLONEL AND MRS. EDWARD M. HOUSE (U & U PHOTO)

What is the most important thing in your life?

A GREAT ocean liner approaches New York. On board is a celebrity. Perhaps a great military leader of world-wide renown. Or a girl who has swum the English channel. Or a golf champion who has won the British "open". Or an ex-President of the United States, back from a triumphal tour of the world. Fame, beauty, talent, remarkable achievement have lifted them to a dizzy prominence.

For days the arrival of the distinguished personage has been heralded by cable and by radio. The newspapers are full of it. The mayor of New York and his official reception committee are all primed to extend a public welcome.

The streets are lined with people. The bands play. The ticker-tape flies from the skyscrapers. With tumult and rejoicing the people acclaim their hero or their heroine. And through the stirring picture—buoyant and happy—moves the recipient of all this acclamation.

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

And what is it all but a tribute to Health? The crowd sees but the climax and the reward. But the celebrity passing through the lanes of spectators, knows the real secret. Talents have been cultivated. Ambitions have been nursed. Hard, grinding effort has gone into the battle. But always, everywhere has been the necessity for good, sound condition—abundant energy, steady nerves, sleep, exercise, the right food.

Don't you want to get more out of daily living? More accomplishment and more downright fun? Some one has said that a good, healthy, normal envy should be felt by everybody. Why should other women—the gifted authors and artists and dancers and social leaders—enjoy themselves so much while you just go along the same old way? Take a leaf out of their book. Observe how careful they are to keep themselves fit for their activities. Do the same yourself, and then go after the things you want and ought to have. Your home will be all the better for the new sparkle you put into your life.

Eat soup and keep well. They go hand in hand. There is this great advantage about soup: it is a delicious food you always like to eat and it refreshes and benefits you in its own special way. Eating soup every day is one of the best rules you can follow when you make up your mind that you'll do the things necessary to make you feel better, look better and enjoy yourself more.

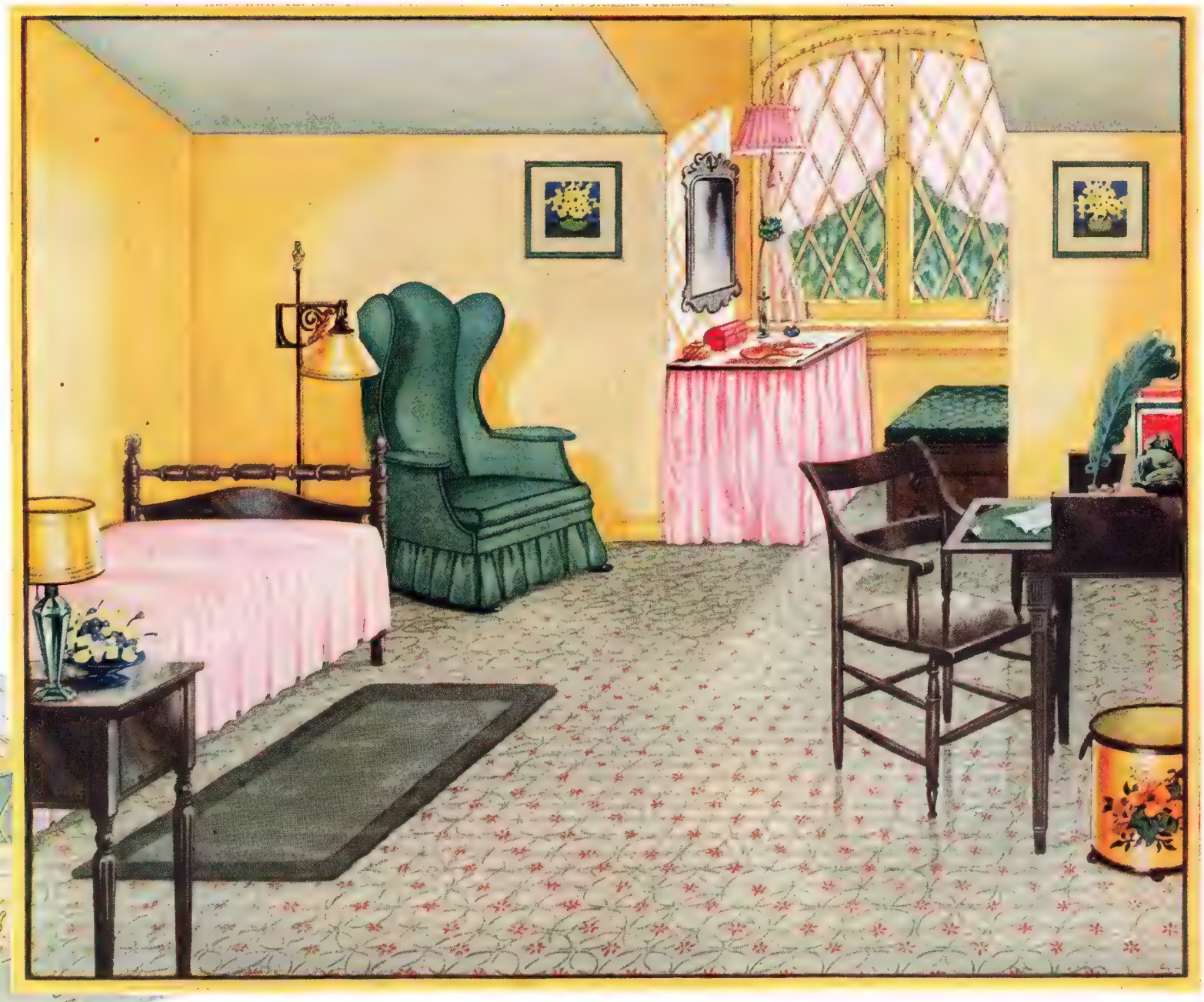
If every woman realized the reason soup is so healthful, she would never think of omitting it from her daily menus. Soup is a liquid food. It is eaten hot. It arouses the appetite by causing the digestive juices to flow more freely. The many different ingredients blended in soup offer a variety and a deliciousness of flavors you cannot get in other foods. This daily invitation and invigoration to your appetite are splendid things for it. The appetite and the digestion, like every other function, act on habit. They will remain sluggish if not regularly encouraged by the right kind of food. They will be brisk and active and healthy if stimulated each day by the proper food. They respond instantly to good soup.

Since ease and convenience are combined with such trusted quality in Campbell's, "soup every day" is a rule without any burden upon you. You will be very much interested in visiting your grocer's and becoming familiar with the twenty-one different Campbell's kinds. Selecting the appropriate soups for your different meals and occasions is a simple matter when you have such a delightful variety to choose from. Campbell's offer a complete list of all the favorite soups in the world. For we know that the principal benefit from soup comes from eating it regularly every day. So we supply an abundance of different kinds to keep the menu varied and attractive.

For today's luncheon or dinner, select Campbell's Ox Tail Soup. It is justly popular as one of the heartier and more substantial soups, blended with all the skill and perfection of flavor for which Campbell's French chefs are so famous.

Meaty, marrowy ox tail joints are specially selected for this soup, in accordance with Campbell's strict standard of quality. The sliced joints, ox tail broth and a rich, invigorating beef broth are combined with luscious tomatoes, celery, carrots, turnips and a generous quantity of choice barley. Fresh herbs and seasoning make the flavor "just so." Campbell's Ox Tail Soup is certain to make its regular appearance on your table, once you serve it. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



THE floor in this bedroom is Armstrong's Printed Linoleum No. 8431. The room is fairly large in size, 12 x 15 feet; yet a floor this size will cost only $20 to $25. If varnished once or twice a year, this inexpensive floor of genuine cork linoleum should last for many years.

An extra bedroom — *without adding on to your house*

Make the attic earn its keep. An inexpensive floor of Armstrong's Printed Linoleum will help change waste space into an unusual guest room

QUAINT and a bit old-fashioned, too, is the guest room shown above. Not so long ago this room was nothing but a dusty attic, crowded with old things, wasted space.

That was before the house changed hands. The new owner entertained a great deal. She needed an extra bedroom; yet she couldn't afford to build on to the house.

The attic? At first the idea seemed impossible. The floor was rough, unfinished boards. It couldn't be painted into respectability, nor would a rug entirely hide the cracks and knot holes.

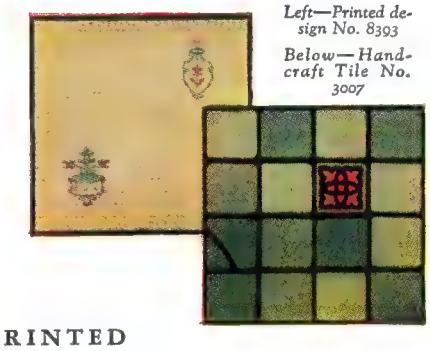
A vexing obstacle. Yet a visit to a local furniture store turned it into a real inspiration for the colorful decorative scheme in the picture. There this housewife saw scores of pretty floor designs in Armstrong's Printed Linoleum, patterns that could be laid in a jiffy right over old, shabby floors.

She asked the price. The figure the merchant quoted was a pleasant surprise. Truly, she never believed Armstrong's Linoleum cost so little, looked so well.

You, too, may have thought that Armstrong's genuine cork linoleum was beyond your budget. You may still think so when you first see the new designs now on display at good furniture, department, and linoleum stores. Their rich beauty, clearness of colors, and springy, long-wearing base give no hint of their surprisingly low price. Be sure to glance at the back, too. All Armstrong's genuine cork linoleum, inlaid and printed, bears the Circle A trade-mark on a *gray* burlap back.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house



Left—Printed design No. 8393

Below—Handcraft Tile No. 3007

New—for the home decorator

Hazel Dell Brown, decorator, in charge of our Bureau of Interior Decoration, has written a new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." One of the features of this helpful book is a "Decorator's Data Sheet." This book also contains many illustrations of rooms in full color and describes interiors designed by well-known decorators. It will be sent to anyone in the United States for 10 cents to cover mailing costs (in Canada, 20 cents). Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2653 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Ⓐ

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WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

STARK YOUNG

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

HEAVEN TREES
BY STARK YOUNG

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

THE South produced very little writing of any quality for the fifty years following the Civil War, but that little was extraordinarily fine. Any section of America might rest upon the poems of Sidney Lanier and the stories of *Uncle Remus* by Joel Chandler Harris.

As for the rest, they usually wrote interminable tributes to Robert E. Lee or described with serio-comic gestures the vanished days when all slave-holders were kindly men, and all slaves were as funny as MacIntyre and Heath in *The Ham Tree*. The main body of Southern Literature in the end of the Nineteenth Century can not stand with the work of the growing west of Mark Twain and the fading New England of William Dean Howells. The Southern writer, except in rare instances, confined his work to writing stories of Southern life in which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was proven wrong.

* * *

Yet nowhere in America were so many varied colors and patterns fit to the hand of a native writer as in the South. Once the states lying South of the Mason and Dixon line began their divorce from the past, an avalanche of good writing has followed. One thinks of Mrs. Julia Peterkin's *Green Thursday*, and of DuBose Heyward's *Porgy* as two striking examples of how the style of Negro stories has changed. [*Turn to page 60*]

The NEWS EVENT of the MONTH of INTEREST to WOMEN

THE WOMAN QUESTION

BY HELEN TAFT MANNING

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THERE has recently been a flood of literature dealing with various phases of what we used to know as "the Woman Question." Books, magazine and newspaper articles appear pro and con as to whether women should attempt to lead the intellectual life, whether they should embark on professional careers, whether they have made a success in the opportunities now open to them. And I think I notice a tendency in much of this literature towards a reaction to the good old Victorian point of view which held that a woman could not step out of her traditional niche without bringing shame and disaster on herself and her family. Being myself a somewhat militant upholder of woman's potentialities, I cannot but protest vigorously at what seem to me the unfair and benighted arguments employed by many of these writers.

My quarrel with them is primarily that they base so many of their remarks on quite unproven assumptions. One favorite assumption is that somehow or other the changed status of women is responsible for the change in manners in the younger generation and the wild doings which our younger novelists are so fond of describing. Yet surely any unbiased observer would have to admit that the girls who lead the way in the so-called "petting" parties are not for a moment the girls with intellectual aspirations who plan to compete with men in the professions. They are the girls who are pursuing the age-old activity regarded even by the Victorians as most suited to our sex—that of attracting men and thus establishing themselves for life. If girls with this end in view now adopt methods which would, in earlier days, have been considered unsuitable in respectable society, they are usually encouraged by the mothers who, however conservative, wouldn't wish their daughters to fall behind in the great social marathon.

A second assumption is that the increasing number of divorces is due to the fact that so many women are self-supporting. But the number of business and professional women who are married is obviously too small to make them even an important factor in the divorce situation. As a matter of fact, judging from my own observation, they seem to get on better with their husbands than almost any other class of women. They are too busy to be searching for new forms of emotional experience, that restless quest which is responsible for the majority of the divorces to-day; and they rely too much on their own resources to make those demands on their husbands which, if we may judge from the lovelorn columns in the daily papers, are another great source of homebreaking. A few such women may drift away from their homes because of their outside interests, but the case is not nearly so frequent as that of the wife who becomes dissatisfied with home and husband because she has too little to do.

The favorite assumption that women with careers must as a matter of course neglect their children is the hardest to dispose of in a brief space. Good mothers might almost be said to be born and not made, and [*Turn to page 46*]

PING, PANG, AND PONG ARE THEIR NAMES

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

PUCCINI'S LAST OPERA

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

GIACOMO PUCCINI, as no toastmaster could resist saying, needs no introduction. Three years ago we heard that the composer of *Tosca, La Bohême,* and *Madama Butterfly* was working on a new lyric drama, *Turandot,* with a Chinese setting. He died, leaving it unfinished. The opera was completed from the composer's sketches by Franco Alfano, had its world *première* a year ago at La Scala in Milan, and was produced in New York on November 16th last, at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The plot of this last Puccini opera, based on a tale by Carlo Gozzi, concerns the *Princess Turandot,* daughter of the *Emperor of China,* who is as cold as she is beautiful, and who will marry only the man who can guess the correct answers to three riddles she will ask him. If he cannot, he must pay with his head for his presumption. Many suitors have failed to pass the test, and have been beheaded, before an *Unknown Prince* falls madly in love with *Turandot* and announces himself a candidate for her hand. To everyone's astonishment he solves the three riddles. Not the least astonished is *Turandot,* who is anything but eager to carry out her part of the bargain.

The *Prince,* seeing her hesitation, makes a counter proposal. He will grant her one last night of single blessedness. If she can guess his name before morning, he, too, shall go to the execution block. [*Turn to page 60*]

ABOVE—ONE OF THE RICH AND EFFECTIVE SCENES DESIGNED BY JOSEPH URBAN FOR THE OPERA "TURANDOT"

LEFT—MAX ALTGLASS IN THE LAST OPERA THAT WILL BEAR THE NAME OF GIACOMO PUCCINI

RIGHT—MARIA JERITZA AND GIACOMO LAURI-VOLPI WHO HAD THE STELLAR ROLES IN PUCCINI'S WORK

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

WHAT PRICE GLORY?
By Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson

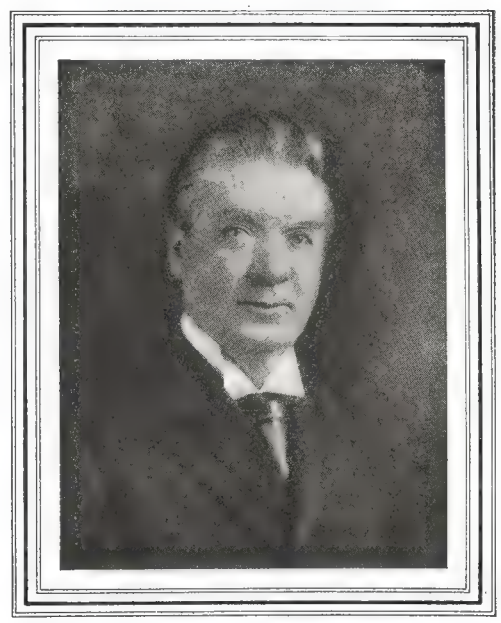
Reviewed by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Dolores Del Rio And Victor McLaglen

WHEN this informative department of McCall's was started, exactly one year ago, I selected as the subject of my first review a war picture, *The Big Parade,* by Laurence Stallings. I felt it necessary to apologize for this selection at the time, in view of the fact that Mr. Stallings is also a contributor to this department; it would not do for this purely critical forum to be identified, at the start, as a mutual admiration society. Now it comes about that another war picture must be considered herein: it is *What Price Glory?,* and the same Laurence Stallings was heavily involved in its preparation.

In collaboration with Maxwell Anderson, a fellow worker on the staff of the New York *World,* Mr. Stallings wrote the play, *What Price Glory?* as an attempt to say something about the war which had not been said before. It was a daring experiment, coming as it did some six years after the Armistice; almost any one could have told these two impassioned young newspaper men that they were insane to attempt to revive the war as a subject of popular interest.

What Price Glory?, of course, was a stupendous success as a play—a triumph in New York as in every other section of the country. It promoted a flood of brand-new war literature, in the form of novels, essays, short stories and moving pictures. When the Fox Film Corporation announced that they had acquired the film rights to this memorable manuscript, and that Raoul Walsh would direct the picture, many expressions of sympathetic condolence [*Turn to page 139*]



Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

A CONVALESCING WORLD
By Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D.

Reviewed By
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.

THE greatest preacher in the United States." So Dr. Cadman has described Dr. Gordon; and no one dissents from such a judgment. For more than forty years he has made the historic pulpit of Old South Church in Boston a throne of power and an altar of vision. His resignation, to take effect next October, marks the end of one of the most memorable ministries of our generation.

The autobiography of Dr. Gordon, recently published, is a book radiant with personality and rich in reminiscence. Against a Scottish background it tells of his early trials and his later triumphs, his struggle for faith, and his interpretation of his age. Surely no man is better qualified to prescribe for a convalescing world, taking for his text the words: "Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him." (John 4:52) Symptoms of fever were evident before the world-war, in the hectic, hurried life of the world. Not only a sick haste but a silly worship of the horrible gods of sport and speed and splendor, betrayed a deep disorder. Men held the foolish notion of automatic evolution, as if the glittering car of Progress would move on of its self, sweeping everything before it.

Then, suddenly, came collapse; the car of Progress skidded into the bloody ditch of world-war. It was a raging fever, and for eight years humanity has tossed between delirium and despair. "You remember," says Dr. Gordon, "we were so happy that we hardly knew what to do, and nobility and magnanimity flowed everywhere: the patient was a saint. But the sainthood did not last; we grew irritable, naturally, and those who beheld the patient then almost wished that he had died when he was at his best.

"Today there are signs of convalescence. Business men tell us that the volume of trade [*Turn to page 139*]

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

DAISY MAYME
By George Kelly

Reviewed by STARK YOUNG

A Scene From "Daisy Mayme"

WHEN the curtain rises on *Daisy Mayme,* Mr. George Kelly's new comedy at the Playhouse, we see a woman, worn, cross, strained in every nerve, full of plans and managing. Life has not hit her very kindly, and she on her part has not brought anything very sweet or warm to the service of life. With her is a young woman, an ordinary, selfish girl, laying her plans also and in need of her mother's backing. She is *Ruth, Mrs. Laura Fenner's* daughter. They are putting the last touches on the sitting-room of *Cliff Mettinger's* house, *Mrs. Fenner's* well-to-do brother. He is expected home any minute from Atlantic City.

Cliff has gone to Atlantic City in the hope of reviving his sister's child, *May,* who after her mother's death has grown pale and despondent. Presently another sister appears, plump, bouncing, amiable, *Mrs. Olly Kipax. Mrs. Fenner* admonishes *Ruth* to take no notice of the new dress and hat; *Olly* is not to have such a satisfaction when she arrives thus after all the hard work is done. We learn then from the sisters' talk that *May* has picked up a friend in Atlantic City, some woman that she has taken a fancy to and that *Cliff* has allowed her to bring home with her. The thing for *Mrs. Fenner* and *Ruth* and *Mrs. Kipax* to do is to see that this stranger woman, plainly designing and bent on staying here as mistress of *Cliff's* house, should be balked in her plans. All three agree that anyone can see what her game is and that all men are fools.

Cliff and *May* arrive with the stranger, [*Turn to page 111*]

Above, Left—Charmaine Is Fascinated By The Masterful Sergeant Quirt.
Above, Right—Dolores Del Rio, Feminine Star In "What Price Glory?"

Above, Left—Jessie Busley Playing The Title Role In Kelly's Comedy.
Above, Right—Daisy Mayme With The Plump, Bouncing, Amiable Mrs. Kipax

AT THE PALACE *in San Francisco*

132 WOMEN GUESTS

"like this soap better than any other"—"find it a wonderful soap for the skin"

"The crowd that gathers there is brilliantly cosmopolitan—faces from New York, London, Vienna, Bombay . . ."

WHO can forget it—the Rose Room at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, on one of its gala nights?

Into its whirl of music and laughter there steals now and then the breath of the great Pacific trade winds . . . Just outside its doors lies waiting all the mystery and wonder of the East.

The crowd that gathers there is brilliantly cosmopolitan; faces from New York, London, Vienna, Bombay . . .

Beautiful women who have travelled the world in search of new pleasures, danced with royalty, dined in the palaces of rajahs, gratified their taste for all that is costly and rare . . .

Women accustomed to every luxury—how do they care for their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to satisfy them as the ideal soap for the complexion?

We asked 214 women guests at the world-famous Palace Hotel in San Francisco what soap they prefer for the regular care of their skin.

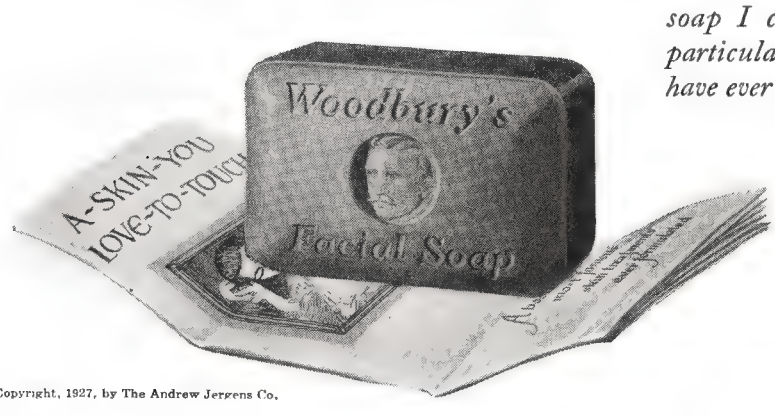
More than half answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap.*" The largest number using any other one soap was 20.

"*It's the most satisfactory in all ways,*" they said. "*It's a wonderful soap.*" "*The only soap I can use on my face.*" "*I like it particularly because it is the only soap I have ever used that didn't irritate my skin.*"

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soaps.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in correcting these common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use.

Within a week after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!



Copyright, 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Cut out this coupon and mail it today!

YOUR WOODBURY TREATMENT *for ten days • Now—the new large-size trial set!*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
1505 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1505 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.*

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

HERE *are the* PRIZE WINNING DINNERS

And These Are the Dishes Their Families Like Best

DEAR Homemakers on McCall Street: Look in on us now at the Laboratory-Kitchen. We have just finished reading the fifteen hundred letters you wrote me about the dinner your families like best, and we are looking at each other with something like despair. For almost every letter contains valuable suggestions for simplifying the never-ending task of meal getting. And now comes the difficult duty of deciding which of those really remarkable fifteen hundred letters are most worthy of the thirty-three prizes.

It may interest you to know that the judging committee consists of five women, all of them practical housekeepers, two of them domestic science experts as well. The menus and plans that were ultimately awarded the prizes were first tested right here in our own kitchen and classified according to their practicability and the number of helpful ideas they contain. They must, of course, meet the additional requirement of being within the 500 word limit.

To every woman who took time to write me in reply to my request I want to offer my deepest thanks for the help you have given me and my associates in the Laboratory-Kitchen. You have inspired us for months to come, and the ideas you have passed on will benefit many of your neighbors on McCall Street. For not only did you tell me about your foods and work plans, but you discussed equipment, table setting, the care of a family of nine and frequent visitors (!), how to be a wage earner and a homemaker, the need for watching the clock, life on a farm, on a ranch, in towns and in city apartments. I hope you won't be disappointed because we haven't space to print all the prize-winning letters. We wish we could!

I feel as if I had returned from a round of the most delightful visits for which I must thank you at once.

Faithfully yours,
Sarah Field Splint

PRIZE AWARDS

First Prize $150

MRS. N. B. WOODS, *Houston, Mississippi.*

Second Prize $100

MRS. CORDA COONTZ, *Monroe City, Missouri.*

Third Prize $50

MRS. F. F. CAPELL, *McMinnville, Oregon.*

Ten Prizes $10 Each

MRS. CHARLES J. HAUGH, JR., *New York City*
MRS. A. E. HILDRETH, *Southampton, New York*
MRS. WARREN HUNT, *Klamath Falls, Oregon*
MRS. WILLIAM M. JONES, *Covington, Kentucky*
MRS. FRANK I. LEE, *Des Moines, Iowa*
MRS. MYRTLE LONG, *Des Moines, Iowa*
MRS. W. W. REDDIE, *Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania*
MRS. PHILIP RIEDELBAUCH, *Woodland, California*
MRS. ROSINA K. SMYTH, *Dorchester, Massachusetts*
MRS. A. L. VENN-WATSON, *Bremerton, Washington*

FOR LIST OF TWENTY $5 PRIZES TURN TO PAGE 34

Guests for Dinner And Yet She Goes to Church

THE simple meal described herein is always a favorite, not only with my family but with guests. I like it because it gives me a chance to rest between preparing and serving. This makes it an easy meal for Sunday noon, and I shall give you my method of preparing it to serve, after attending Sunday School and church myself.

MENU

Smothered Chicken Gravy
Butter Beans with Okra Browned Creamed Potatoes
*Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise Quick Rolls**
Frosted White Cake Pineapple Jelly Iced Tea

THE EQUIPMENT I USE

Oil Range
Sink
Kitchen Cabinet
Refrigerator
Work Table with Stool

WORK FOR SATURDAY MORNING

Gather all vegetables for Saturday and Sunday; wash or prepare and put on ice those for Sunday.

Dissolve lemon jelly powder and set to cool.

Dress a young chicken, salt and pepper it, put on ice.

(The above tasks may be done sitting.)

Assemble everything for mixing and baking cake; mix it and place to bake.

Make mayonnaise from egg yolks left from cake. While cake bakes, wash and dry all soiled dishes.

While cake cools, make icing, then put layers together.

Complete Saturday's lunch and serve.

After lunch, add crushed pineapple to jelly and put on ice.

Clean up kitchen.

(I give the traditional Saturday cleaning to the rest of the house on Friday. A little time Saturday puts things in order.)

SUNDAY MORNING

As soon as the breakfast coffee is started
Put chicken on to cook
Heat water to put on beans
Peel potatoes; as soon as water is hot, start potatoes and beans cooking
Start cold-water tea

After breakfast
Make up rolls
Put okra on beans
Drain, steam and cream potatoes; turn into a buttered baking dish
Wash dishes, scald in drainer and leave all but silver
Cut off stove

After church
Light oven
Change clothes
Set table, and put away dishes left in drainer
Prepare jelly and cake for serving
Put rolls, potatoes and chicken in oven
Prepare salad
Heat beans over an open burner [*Turn to page 32*]

In a gown of silver grey crepe MRS. VANDERBILT *is receiving friends in her spacious English living room. Here fine old Chinese chests, Ispahan rugs and rare prints rest the eye, while the windows frame the changeful pageant of East River*

In her little morning room, MRS. VANDERBILT *relaxes after her duties in her many charities. To the Neurological Institute of New York, devoted exclusively to nervous and mental diseases, Mrs. Vanderbilt gives liberally of her time and means*

In Her Enchanting House in Sutton Place

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt

receives with gracious informality

AMONG America's great hostesses, Mrs. William Kissam Vanderbilt has a few peers. Few have quite her quality of distinction, quite her high-bred charm. She entertains in her enchanting house in Sutton Place with delightful informality. Yet she cares less for society than for serving humanity, and practices a hundred quiet ways of doing good.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is a born beauty-lover—beauty in art, in all the phases of life appeals to her. Everything that contributes to womanly charm she considers highly important, prizing all the subtle qualities of feminine grace and loveliness.

No. 1 Sutton Place, New York, a fine example of the Georgian style

Steichen

Mrs. Vanderbilt loves to fill her rooms with flowers

She advocates the daily use of the same Two fragrant Creams for the care of the skin that other distinguished and beautiful women sponsor. Concerning them she says: "Through the stress of a multitude of engagements Pond's Creams *will* give you the assurance of being your best self. And I say this with a sincerity that comes from actual acquaintance."

This is how they should be used:—

Before retiring at night—and often during the day—cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it on generously. In a moment or two, its fine oils lift from the pores all clogging dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat, finishing with a dash of cold water.

If your skin is dry, add more Cream after the bedtime cleansing and leave it until morning to make your tissues supple and smooth again.

After every cleansing except the bedtime one, apply lightly just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. It makes a marvelous powder base, holding your powder smoothly for hours. In itself it gives a lovely even finish to the skin, a glow of natural beauty. It guards the smooth white texture of your hands and protects your face admirably, when you fare forth into weather, soot and dust, from all these unkind influences which strive—but vainly, now—to age, dry and line your skin.

Care for your skin with these Two delightful Creams made by Pond's. They will, as Mrs. Vanderbilt suggests, give you the assurance of being your best self.

On Mrs. Vanderbilt's dressing table—painted powder boxes and jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams

Free Offer: *Mail this coupon and receive free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams with instructions*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Q
111 Hudson Street, New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

"Runs in the Family"

"How's the rheumatiz today, Joe?"
"Pretty bad—but got to expect it—runs in the family."
"Mine, too. Father had it before me."

POOR old souls! They think that bent backs and knotted hands are inevitable at their age. But they could have prevented the misery of what they call "rheumatism".

For centuries all sorts of pains and aches have been charged to rheumatism. Authorities now agree that the term "rheumatism" should be discarded and that "rheumatic diseases" should be separated into two main divisions. In the first and more important division is placed Acute Rheumatic Fever. In the second Chronic Arthritis.

Acute Rheumatic Fever is an infectious disease caused by a germ which can be passed from person to person as the germs of other diseases are transferred. Most attacks come between the ages of five and fifteen. From then on the likelihood gradually lessens.

The danger from acute rheumatic fever is that the germs may attack the heart. A noted physician reports that not less than 40% of the persons who suffer from rheumatic fever develop chronic heart disease. Eight out of ten cases of heart disease in childhood are the result of rheumatic infection.

The germ of acute rheumatic fever probably enters the body through the mouth or nose and may pass through diseased tonsils, infected sinuses or teeth direct into the blood, and so to the heart.

Children often have rheumatic infection which passes unrecognized by the parents. St. Vitus' Dance is one indication. So-called "growing pains" are another—it does not hurt to grow. Frequent attacks of tonsilitis may be a source of rheumatic infection. Protect your children. Have their throats, noses and mouths examined twice a year so that any possible condition which threatens acute rheumatic fever may be corrected.

While acute rheumatic fever is caused only by a germ, chronic arthritis, which means "inflammation of a joint", may come from one of many causes. An injury to a joint, faulty posture, improper diet, the poisons from infectious diseases, germs from diseased tonsils, teeth, gall bladder, appendix or intestines—these are some of the causes.

Unless effective measures are taken to check the disease, chronic arthritis may progress to a state in which the victim is totally crippled and painfully deformed.

At the first signs of arthritis—stiff neck, lumbago, stiffness or creaking of the joints—have an expert search for the source of the trouble.

Rheumatic fever is the greatest known menace to the health of the heart, and heart disease causes more deaths every year in the United States than any other disease.

In a study lasting more than a year and covering 571,000 workers of both sexes and all ages, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company learned that of all the diseases causing loss of time from work "rheumatic diseases" head the list.

A survey conducted in England showed that among 91,000 working people of all ages and of both sexes, no less than one-sixth of the total "sick absences" during a year was due to "rheumatic diseases". And this was exclusive of loss of time due to heart disease developing from rheumatic fever that had occurred during the childhood or youth of these workers.

Send for our booklet "Rheumatic Diseases". It will be mailed free and may be the means of saving you and your family much unnecessary suffering.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

HERE ARE THE PRIZE WINNING DINNERS

[*Continued from page 30*]

Take up meal and serve in two courses.

An alternate plan I have if I am crowded for time Sunday, is to omit rolls, use cold breads, cook the potatoes but do not cream. Then after church, use open burner to re-heat chicken and brown the potatoes around it. Either way, dinner can be served within thirty-five to forty-five minutes after I reach home.

Mrs. N. B. Woods

*(Quick rolls may be made which require only one rising, or from a yeast dough which may be made in advance and kept in the refrigerator. Editor's Note.)

Her Best Meal on Her Worst Day

HERE is the dinner my family likes best. I am hoping you will like it too. I serve it on Monday, "wash day," which is my busiest day. And this dinner is the easiest, by the way, of the thousand-plus which I prepare during the 365 days of the year.

Chicken Soufflé (light and fluffy as an angel food cake, containing eggs, milk, butter)
Baked Tomatoes (contains "barrels" of vitamines)
Lettuce salad (lettuce and French dressing)
Nut bread (Saturday's baking), butter, blackberry jelly of my own make, icy-cold milk
Peach Cake or "Upside Down Cake"

And here's how I prepare it:

I begin Saturday by planning Sunday's and Monday's meals and having everything needed on hand. Then on Monday morning, immediately after breakfast, I prepare the tomatoes by peeling, placing in buttered baking-dish, adding chopped celery, green pepper, and left-over corn, bread crumbs and butter. (Editor's note: Canned Tomatoes are also delicious prepared in this way.)

Next I dice the chicken (left over from Sunday) which is to be used in the soufné. After placing all in the ice box, my dinner is then dismissed until 11:20.

At 11:20 I leave the laundry and go to the kitchen. The soufflé comes first as it takes the longest to bake. Allowing ten minutes for mixing, it is ready for the oven at 11:30. Ten more minutes and the cake is ready—just a plain one, no creaming of butter, no separate beating of eggs. The batter is poured over sliced peaches placed in a buttered baking pan. The cake and tomatoes go into the oven together at 11:40. Twenty minutes for these two dishes and thirty for the soufflé is ample time for each. In these twenty minutes I set the table (using the tea-wagon for ease and speed), slice the bread, break ice for individual glasses, prepare the lettuce, (leaving lettuce and ice in the box). In the last few minutes—five is the maximum—I change to a fresh house dress, smooth my hair and powder my face.

Knowing my family to be prompt, I take my tea-wagon to the kitchen at twelve, put the soufflé and tomatoes in their holders and invert the cake on a long platter.

Passing the bread box, I add the plate of bread. At the ice-box I collect the butter, lettuce, the broken ice, and milk. Going to the dining-room, I place everything as my family of five gather about the table. The dessert and salad are always served from the tea-wagon.

You will wonder no doubt why I serve the meal my family likes best on my busiest day. I'll tell you why. It cheers me as well as my family to have a good meal on my busiest day. We have favorite meals during each month, varying with the season. This meal is our favorite during August when the different foods used are seasonable.

Mrs. Corda Coontz

Save Time, Money and Work

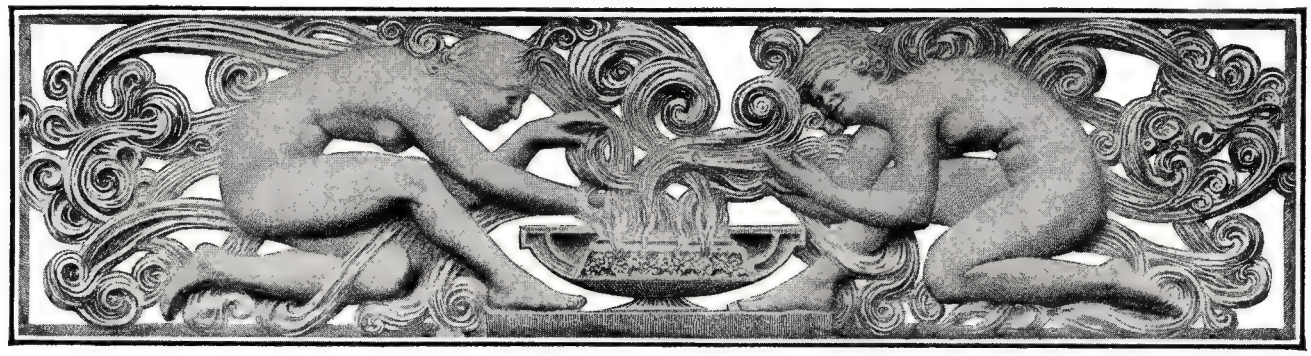
THE dinner my family likes best is also mother's favorite as it is very easily prepared and is economical. The dinner is all cooked in the oven which is a saving of fuel. My stove is a small inexpensive electric, but it has an oven control, so the meals require no watching.

The favorite menu is as follows:

Baked Meat Loaf
Browned Potatoes Baked Onions and Carrots
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
French Dressing Hot Rolls
Peppermint Ice Cream and Wafers
Coffee

As soon as my breakfast dishes are finished I prepare the vegetables for dinner and place them in cold water. This leaves my afternoon free until time to place the dinner in the oven. If I am going to be away during the afternoon I place the dinner in the oven at lunch time, set the clock so the heat will turn on at the right time, and the thermostat so the heat will turn itself off when the required temperature has been reached.

After my vegetables [*Turn to page 34*]



LES POUDRES COTY

—AND CRÈME COTY FOR BEAUTY

A gossamer bloom gleams in the complexion when this simple, exquisite rite is followed. First, the new COTY Vanishing Cream *evenly smoothed on — refining, freshening and beautifying the skin. Then,* COTY Face Powders *—for a ravishing velvety clearness of tone and the enchantment of fragrance.*

COTY COMPACTE

All this beauty is kept at its loveliest with the COTY Compacte *for little time-to-time touches.*

CRÈME COTY—[*Vanishing Cream*]
BLANCHE *for fair skin* — ROSÉE *for brunette*

"PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU"
For guidance in choosing the correct Face Powder *shade and expressive perfume odeur to intensify individuality*

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA—55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

Address "Dept. M. C. 3"

Her social weapon—a

CLEAN

and dazzling smile

Twice daily she brushes her teeth with this dual-action tooth paste.

DAZZLING teeth, an unfailing personal asset, are more a matter of intimate care than a gift of nature. A few minutes of your toilet devoted to the use of this dual-action dentifrice will bring new beauty to your teeth, greater charm to your smile!

Dual Cleansing Action

Modern mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful, bubbling foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces. Then it thoroughly washes the entire mouth—teeth, gums, tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual-action of Colgate's brings unequalled cleanness; removes the causes of decay.

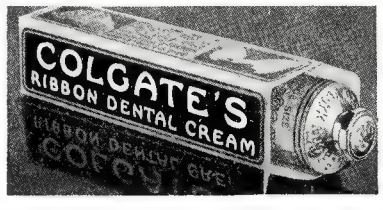
If Clean—why worry?

A normal healthy mouth needs no drug-filled dentifrice. "Just keep your teeth clean," says science, "and don't fear imaginary afflictions of teeth, mouth, or gums."

Colgate's contains nothing that will appeal to the dentally ignorant or the gullible. It cleans; cleans thoroughly!

Visit your dentist at least twice a year. Brush your teeth with Colgate's at least twice a day. Then you need never worry over mental dental ills, for you have done all that it is possible to do to keep your teeth healthy, bright, clean.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806



Free to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 205-C, 581 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me a sample of this modern dual-action dentifrice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal

HERE ARE THE PRIZE WINNING DINNERS

[*Continued from page 32*]

are prepared in the morning I crush two large sticks of peppermint candy and put them into a quart of whole milk to dissolve. Later I add sugar, a small can of milk and a pint of cream, and the mixture is ready to freeze. I have a vacuum freezer, so all I have to do is to pack the ice (which I buy crushed) and salt around the mixture. As it requires only a short time to freeze I do this while I am in the kitchen preparing my salad. The dinner rolls I purchase wrapped from the bakery. By buying the day-old rolls I can get them for five cents a dozen. When they are sprinkled lightly with water and warmed they cannot be told from the fresh ones.

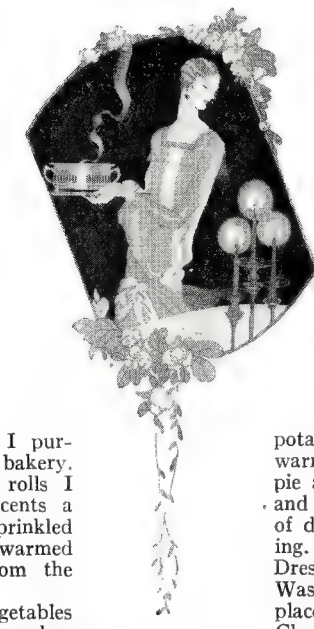
The meat loaf and vegetables are all cooked in one large glass baking-dish and served at the table from this dish. In this way I play a joke on my old enemy the dish pan, and save the washing of several dishes and pans I place the onions and carrots on top of the potatoes, surrounding the meat loaf; in this way they do not come in contact with the fat which cooks out of the meat. A cut lengthwise, partly through the vegetables allows the steam to get into the center of the vegetable.

This menu I vary in a number of ways. I bake any of the following vegetables with the meat: green peppers, squash, turnips, sweet potatoes, cauliflower, and even greens of different kinds. No matter what combination of vegetables I use, the family always pronounces it "the best ever," so I, the fond mother, am happy.

Mrs. F. F. Capell

AS EASY AS A B C.

I HAVE a family of six to care for, with all the work that number implies, but I have so budgeted my time and tasks that I now have a schedule worked out that saves both time and energy. It has given me a hitherto unthought-of source of freedom for recreation and self-improvement. And so the following menu and preparation schedule for my "A B C Dinner" were worked out on exactly the same lines and with a view toward budgeting my time, energy and tasks.



MENU

Cucumber Canape
Delmonico Steak with Mushrooms Fresh Peas
Escalloped Tomatoes
Carameled Yams
Head Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing
Corn Muffins Butter
Chocolate Cream Pie

PREPARATION SCHEDULE

During morning hours: Prepare sweet potatoes; they then may be warmed at serving time. Make pie and corn muffins. Shell peas and place with seasonings in top of double boiler ready for cooking. Prepare Thousand Island Dressing and place in refrigerator. Wash lettuce, halve heads, and place in a clean, wet bag on ice Chop beef-steak preparatory to cooking, and place on ice. Wash cucumbers and place on ice. Hard-cook six eggs for canapes.

FINAL PREPARATION

4:30 P. M.	Set table for dinner
4:45	Prepare canape for serving
5:00	Light oven
5:01	Prepare tomatoes
5:10	Prepare mushrooms
5:20	Place Delmonico steak in oven
5:21	Place peas to cook
5:25	Arrange pie on serving-plates
5:30	Prepare salad and place on ice
5:45	Place tomatoes, sweet potatoes, steak and mushrooms in oven
5:50	Dampen muffins on top and place in oven to heat
5:55	Place canape on table and fill glasses with water
6:00	Serve dinner

SPECIAL ORDER FOR DAY OF DINNER

(to serve six persons)

6 tomatoes	½ pint whipping cream
6 sweet potatoes	½ pound cream cheese
1 pound mushrooms	2½ pounds chopped beefsteak
3 large cucumbers	
1 quart fresh peas	
3 heads lettuce	

Thus my "A B C Dinner" seems to me to be appropriately named because it saves time, labor, energy and money.

Mrs. William M. Jones.

Twenty Prizes $5 Each

Mrs. L. G. Bagwell, *Hillyard, Washington*
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Mrs. J. Aubrey Sanders, *Treece, Kansas*
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Mrs. L. F. Young, *Bay Shore, Long Island*

S W I F T

What savory dishes can be made by combining ham with other foods! More and more women are learning how easy it is to get extra appetizing flavor this way, especially when Swift's Premium is used. Always sweet, mild and tender to the very tip end, Premium pours out its rich juices to mellow vegetables and fruits with unusual goodness.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
Swift's Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard
Swift

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice. There's economy in buying the whole Premium cut three ways—boil the shank end, bake the butt end and broil or fry the center slices

A tempting combination:
Premium Ham shank
with vegetables and apples

1 tablespoon mixed whole spices
1 Swift's Premium Ham shank
6 medium potatoes
6 carrots
6 baking apples
brown sugar

Boil ham and spices, allowing 30 minutes per pound. Cook potatoes and carrots in a little ham liquor in separate kettle. Fill apple centers with sugar and bake. Remove ham rind, rub fat with sugar. Brown ham and apples together in hot oven (400°F.). Serve ham surrounded with vegetables and apples

I SELECTED THESE AS EASY AND SIMPLE TO MAKE

Washington's Birthday Cake

This recipe makes a cake 10 inches across and 2½ inches high. For medium sized cake use half the recipe. Don't be afraid to use all Crisco in making this Birthday Cake. Crisco will give you a dainty cake—snow-white with a fine, light even texture.

- ¾ cup Crisco
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 8 egg whites
- 1½ tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- 3½ cups pastry flour
- 1 teaspoon salt

Cream Crisco and sugar thoroughly. Add milk, 3 cups of flour that have been sifted four times. Add lemon juice. Add eggs beaten very stiff. Sift ½ cup flour with baking powder and salt and add. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1½ hours.

White Icing: Beat 2 egg whites until they start to stiffen, then slowly beat in confectioner's sugar to make stiff enough to spread. Flavor to taste.

Cover entire outside of cake, and decorate with tiny American flags, one for each guest.

Valentine Cookie Hearts

Children, big and little, love Crisco cookies.

- ⅔ cup Crisco
- 1¼ cups sugar
- 2 eggs beaten light
- 3 cups pastry flour
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- Grated rind 1 orange
- 1 tablespoon orange juice

Cream Crisco and sugar. Add eggs and mix well. Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Add to first mixture. Add orange rind and juice and mix to a smooth dough. Chill. Roll out thin on slightly floured board. Cut. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. This recipe makes about 60 cookies.

Golden Glows

Use egg yolks left from the Birthday Cake. Water is better than milk in a cake made with egg yolks.

- ½ cup Crisco
- 1 cup sifted granulated sugar
- ⅔ cup egg yolks (about 8)
- ⅓ cup orange juice
- ⅓ cup water
- 1¾ cups pastry flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons baking powder

Cream Crisco, add sugar and beat to a light, soft cream. Beat egg yolks light and lemon colored. Mix with water and orange juice. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together three times. Add a little flour to creamed mixture, the rest alternately with the egg mixture. Beat thoroughly. Bake in well Criscoed cup tins in slow oven (300° F.) 10 minutes and increase heat to hot (375° F.) 10 minutes more. Makes 24 medium sized cakes.

Ice with Golden Icing: 2 egg yolks beaten light. Mix with ½ cup confectioner's sugar, ¼ cup orange juice and enough more confectioner's sugar to make the right consistency to spread.

Lincoln Crisps

Crisp, chewy little cakes—very quickly made.

- 2 egg whites beaten stiff
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons melted Crisco
- ⅔ cup shredded coconut
- ⅔ cup chopped nuts
- 4 cups cornflakes

Add sugar and salt to egg whites, beat until dissolved. Add Crisco and vanilla, then stir in cocoanut, nuts and cornflakes which have been mixed together. Form into clusters any size you like on a Criscoed baking pan 2 in. apart. Bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.).

Maids of Honor

These tarts are unusual and very delicious. Made with Crisco, the shells are short and tender, but not a bit greasy or over-rich.

- ½ cup Crisco
- 2 eggs unbeaten
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1½ cups raspberry jam
- 2 cups pastry flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ cup blanched almonds chopped fine
- ½ pint whipping cream

Beat Crisco and eggs to a cream. Add sugar. Beat until light and soft. Stir in flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Form small round balls between hands and put into well Criscoed patty pans (small muffin tins). Make deep hole in center by pressing the dough up around the edges. Fill with jam and nuts mixed together. Bake in quick oven (450° F.) 10 minutes. When cool, pile with whipped cream sweetened with honey. Makes about 18.

A Dark Secret

So we won't tell you anything except that like all other dainties made with Crisco, it is delicious and wholesome.

- 3 eggs unbeaten
- 1 cup nuts
- 1 cup dates, cut medium fine
- 2 tablespoons melted Crisco
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 5 tablespoons pastry flour

Add sugar to eggs. Mix. Add Crisco. Stir in dates and nuts, then flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Spread about one inch thick in well Criscoed shallow pan. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) 1¼ hours. Cut in squares and roll in powdered sugar.

Colonial Rocks

Delicious and not hard to break, in spite of their name. They will keep a long time when made with Crisco, as Crisco itself keeps sweet and fresh so long.

- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 cup Crisco
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 6 tablespoons sour milk
- 3 cups pastry flour
- 1 lb. whole seeded raisins
- 1 lb. broken walnuts

Cream Crisco and sugar. Add sour milk and soda beaten together. Mix in raisins and walnuts. Then stir in other dry ingredients sifted together. The mixture will be dry. Take bits in the fingers any size you like. Lay on well Criscoed baking pan. Bake in hot oven (375° F.) 15 to 20 minutes.

Oh Fudge!

Not exactly a cake or a candy. You can make fancy frosting designs if you like.

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons melted Crisco
- 3 eggs beaten light
- 2 squares chocolate
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup water
- 1 cup pastry flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup nuts broken

Add sugar to eggs, beat until fluffy. Put chocolate in water in saucepan and stir over the fire until well-blended. Add to mixture, then add the Crisco, then nuts. Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Add to first mixture. Spread about ¾ in. thick on well Criscoed shallow pan. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) 45 minutes. When cool, cover with plain icing, then cut in small squares.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL

All recipes on this page tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

EVER since the Birthnight Ball, the first Washington's Birthday Party held at Alexandria, Va., in 1784, the 22nd of February has been celebrated with parties.

Indeed, February is the Month of Parties. We also have Lincoln's Birthday on the 12th and Valentine's Day on the 14th to celebrate. All give us a chance to make some things a little bit different . . . unusual.

Party things need not be expensive, nor difficult to prepare

Lately I have been going over my party recipes to select ones that are simple and easy to prepare and I give a few of them on the opposite page. I made these all with Crisco for I find that with Crisco I can make even the simplest things surprisingly delicious and dainty. They are rich enough for any party occasion, yet not so rich that the children cannot be served generously. Crisco, I find, gives just the right amount of richness and keeps the foods wholesome and nourishing.

A secret of light, tender cakes

It is easy to make a cake with Crisco, for Crisco is easy to cream with the sugar, making our cake light, soft and fluffy. (If you are one of those who simply find it unbelievable that you can use all Crisco in cakes, try half butter and half Crisco at first. Then next time, perhaps, three-fourths Crisco and one-fourth butter. I am sure you will be so pleased with the results, that before you know it you will be using all Crisco for all your cakes.)

My Crisco cakes, whether layer or loaf, always come out even, with a light, fine texture. Baked in a pan greased with Crisco, they slip out whole, an even brown all over, with no unsightly breaks.

Frying without smoke or unpleasant odor

I even fry some of my party dainties, for deep frying in Crisco does give us so many unusual and attractive things—without smoke or odor, and without making foods at all greasy.

Cooking dainty things for a party is no longer a worry to me, for I am certain that everything is coming out just right when I use Crisco. I have made up the recipes on the opposite page many times with Crisco, always with perfect success and I'm sure that if you will try them, using Crisco as I do, it will help you to gain a reputation for wonderful parties.

An Astonishing Blindfold Test

See if this doesn't give you the greatest surprise of your whole cooking experience!

Put a little Crisco on the tip of one spoon. On the tip of another place a little of the fat you are now using; have someone blindfold you, and give you first one, then the other to taste.

Now did you ever imagine there could be such a striking difference in the taste of cooking fats? Think what an improvement Crisco's own sweetness and freshness will make in your own cakes, pies, biscuits, and fried foods.

Winifred S. Carter

Real party recipes for the month of parties

Free!

"199 *Selected Recipes*"

199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor, McCall's Magazine. New, delicious recipes for every class of cooking, never before published. To receive this cook book, free, simply fill in and mail coupon.

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Dept. of Home Economics,
Section L-3, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me free the cook book entitled "Sarah Field Splint's Selected Recipes."

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Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

To test your cooking fat, taste it. Crisco's sweet flavor will astonish you.

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YOURS . . .

Nothing is too hard to do for them . . . surely not this simple thing!

YOUR boy, your girl—no others like them in all the world! You want to do so much for them . . . big, hard things!

But after all, being a mother means most of all the endless doing of little things; the simple over and over tasks of every day.

It is the vital importance of some of these little things in a child's development that health authorities are making a special effort to urge upon mothers today.

They are urging one thing in particular, which they have found needs new attention from mothers. A proper *school day* breakfast!

Some very striking facts about this subject have been brought to light by school tests and experiments.

It has been proved beyond question that the kind of work a child does in school in the morning is directly affected by the kind of breakfast he eats.

These tests show that only one kind of breakfast gives a child the mental and physical energy he needs to do his best in school. A *hot cereal* breakfast.

The U. S. Bureau of Education speaks for all school authorities when it broadcasts this statement:

"A well-cooked cereal is an essential part of a child's breakfast"

This is now considered so important that it has become a rule in school health programs all over the country. As the Breakfast Rule it is posted on thousands of school room walls:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

The reasons why so many nutrition authorities advise a Cream of Wheat breakfast for children are very easy to understand.

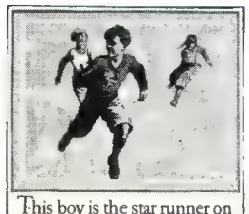
First of all, it is just full of vital energy substance. And you know how much mental and physical energy growing boys and girls use up! A Cream of Wheat breakfast gives an ample supply for the whole morning's needs.

Second, Cream of Wheat is so simple to digest that even a baby's delicate stomach can handle it easily. It contains none of the harsh indigestible parts of the grain which put such a burden of extra work on the stomach, using up vital energy that should be free for other needs.

And how children love its rich creaminess! You can make it a new dish every morning, varied with dates, prunes or any stewed fruit. It cooks so quickly and easily—as simple as making the toast!

It's a little thing—this matter of the right cereal for breakfast—but how much it means! Surely you will not neglect it. Tomorrow morning really *prepare* your children for their school hours—with a steaming bowl of Cream of Wheat. Your grocer will send you a box, if you need it.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.



This boy is the star runner on his team. One reason is, every morning he eats a *hot* cereal breakfast—*Cream of Wheat.*

MY RECORD

1st Week				
2nd Week				
3rd Week				
4th Week				

To mothers and teachers

Do you want to get the enthusiastic interest of your children in forming the hot cereal breakfast habit? If so, send for attractive colored poster to hang in your child's room. Posters are designed to make a "personal success" appeal both to boys and to girls of different ages. There is a 4-weeks' record form which the child keeps himself by pasting in a gold star every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast. We will send posters and gold stars free, also booklet on children's diet and sample box of Cream of Wheat to mothers. Quantities for school room use free to teachers. Mail coupon to Dept. G-6, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

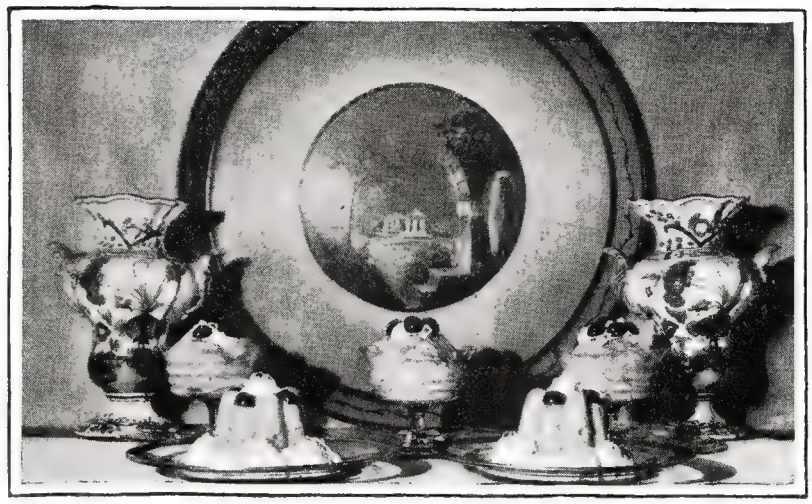
*Girl?*_____ *Boy?*_____ *Age?*_____ *If teacher, number?*_____

© 1927, C. of W. Co.

This little girl has learned to read well because she eats the right foods. Every school morning she eats a hot cereal breakfast—*Cream of Wheat.*

MY RECORD

1st Week				
2nd Week				
3rd Week				
4th Week				



Neige Verte, a delectable green dessert, can be served either molded or piled high in sherbet glasses

A DAY TO BE GAY!

BY LILIAN M. GUNN

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

NOW is the time for you to give a party, a gay Saint Patrick's Day dinner or supper with the green of the Emerald Isle for your color scheme. You can make your table festive with inexpensive decorations which you can easily make or buy. There are bright little Irish flags, clever place cards, the shamrock or its American cousin the clover, green paper streamers, shamrock Jack Horner pies, and fancy boxes and containers for nuts or candy or ice-cream. Or, if you prefer, you can use just green fern, and flowers tinted green for the occasion.

Saint Patrick's Day gives you an opportunity to serve delicious, colorful foods, too. Those most suggestive of the day are potatoes served in different ways, glorified Irish stew, sandwiches cut in fancy shapes and with green fillings, green salads, candies and desserts and cakes with frosting which can be colored the real Saint Patrick's Day green. For coloring these, you can buy vegetable color either in a paste or liquid form, both equally harmless.

Here are two menus for a Saint Patrick's Dinner and two which can be used either for luncheon, supper or an evening party and some recipes for them.

DINNER MENUS

Pear and Green Cherry Cocktail
Potato Soup with Parsley Garnish
Irish Stew *Green Peas* *Pickles*
Shamrock Salad with Wafers
Mint Ice *Fancy Cookies*
Coffee
Green Jelly Strings

Green Shamrock Canapes
Cream of Lettuce Soup
Little Roast Pig *Apple Sauce*
Green Beans *Cauliflower*
Green Stuffed Celery Salad *Salt Crackers*
Saint Patrick's Cake
Coffee
Spiced Candy Potatoes *Nuts*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER MENUS

Cold Chicken
Potato Salad *Shamrock Rolls*
Pistachio Ice Cream *Pig Cookies*
Coffee
Green Mints

Fried Oysters
Saint Patrick's Ribbons *Sliced Cucumbers*
Neige Verte *Pipe Cookies*
Coffee

NEIGE VERTE
(Green Snow)

2 tablespoons gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water
1¼ cups sugar
1/3 cup lemon juice
1/3 cup sirup from mint cherries
Green vegetable coloring
2 egg whites
Green mint cherries

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved, then add lemon juice, mint sirup and enough green coloring to make mixture a shade darker than you wish it when finished. Cool until mixture is the consistency of thick cream, then add stiffly beaten egg whites and beat with egg beater until light and frothy, but not too stiff. Put into individual molds in which halves of green cherries have been arranged for garnish. Put in cold place until ready to serve. Unmold on individual plates and garnish with whipped cream. If preferred, mixture may be piled in individual sherbet glasses instead of molding it, and garnished with whipped cream and halves of cherries before serving. Makes 6 servings.

SAINT PATRICK'S CAKE

½ cup shortening
1¼ cups sugar
2 1/3 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ cup milk
5 egg whites
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and add sugar gradually. Sift together flour, baking-powder, salt and cream of tartar and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add vanilla and fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake in greased layer-cake tins in moderate oven (370°F) about 25 minutes. Put layers together while still warm with a peanut butter filling made by mixing peanut butter with a little cream. Frost top and sides of cake with boiled frosting colored green.

SAINT PATRICK'S RIBBONS

Remove crusts from a loaf of bread one day old and cut loaf lengthwise in half-inch slices. Spread one slice with green butter and press another slice on top. Spread this slice with green butter and add a third slice of bread. Continue adding butter and bread until you have desired number of slices. Three layers of bread makes a nice sandwich. Wrap in damp cloth and place in refrigerator under a weight, until butter becomes firm. Slice crosswise in thin slices when ready to serve.

GREEN BUTTER

Cream butter and add a little green coloring paste or [*Turn to page 42*]

"An Inspiration! *Fresh, ripe coconut canned*"

by ISABEL ELY LORD

Editor of Everybody's Cook Book, formerly Director of the School of Household Science & Arts of Pratt Institute

WHY did no one think of *canning* coconut before?

All these years we've had only dried coconut—unless we wanted to go to the trouble of finding a fresh coconut and then risking our thumbs and fingers in an effort to break and grate it.

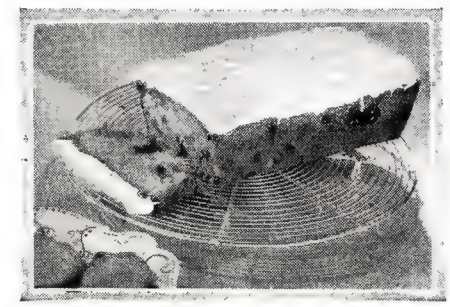
But now with Baker's Canned Coconut put up fresh, right from the shell, without drying, every housewife can have in her coconut dishes, all the time, the delicious flavor, the melting tenderness that you get only in fresh coconut, and that travelers in tropical countries are so enthusiastic about.

In Everybody's Cook Book, I have recommended the use of canned coconut for all coconut recipes. When you try it, you will be amazed to see how much more delicious it makes any coconut dish.

Try these two recipes. Made with the new moist canned coconut they will take their place among the most popular sweets you serve.

Coconut Blanc Mange

2 tablespoons cornstarch, 1 cup milk, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ can Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style, 2 egg whites, beaten, 1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring or 6 drops of almond. Mix cornstarch to a smooth paste with a little of the milk, stir into rest of milk, add sugar and salt, cook in top of double boiler until the mixture thickens. Take from fire, add flavoring, stir in coconut, fold in stiff egg whites, pour into mold dipped first in cold water. Chill thoroughly. Garnish with jelly and coconut. The tart flavor of currant or apple jelly gives a piquancy of flavor that goes especially well with the rather bland taste of the pudding, but guava is sometimes used. A thin custard or a delicate fruit sauce may be served with it. Serves 6 to 8.



Everybody's Coconut Cake

1 cup sugar, ½ cup shortening, 1¼ cups milk, 2½ cups flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ nutmeg grated, 1 teaspoon flavoring, ½ cup broken nutmeats, 1 can Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style. Cream sugar and shortening (preferably not butter) add sugar slowly, stirring until mixture is smooth. Add milk, then flour sifted with baking powder. Add other ingredients in order named. Bake in a moderate oven, about 1 hour. *Do not cut for 24 hours*, as it must "ripen." It will keep for weeks. It makes a large loaf, and is very good for drop cookies also. An icing is not necessary, but if you use one, put it on the day the cake is to be served.

The old familiar kind, too

BAKER'S PREMIUM SHRED COCONUT

FRANKLIN BAKER also makes the old-fashioned shredded kind at its best. The meat of the same fine coconuts as Southern-Style—sugar cured. It is daintily and finely cut, carefully prepared and packed in a double-wrapped stay-fresh package.

TRIAL CAN AND FREE RECIPE BOOK:

Our new recipe book will be sent free on request. If you cannot get Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style, at your grocer's, the Franklin Baker Company will send a trial (half-size) can and recipe book, for ten cents (stamps or coin) to cover cost of packing and mailing. Address: Dept. C-3, Franklin Baker Company, Hoboken, New Jersey.

Please write name and address plainly.

BAKER'S *Canned* COCONUT *Southern-Style*

Packed fresh and moist in air-tight tins

Inexpensive

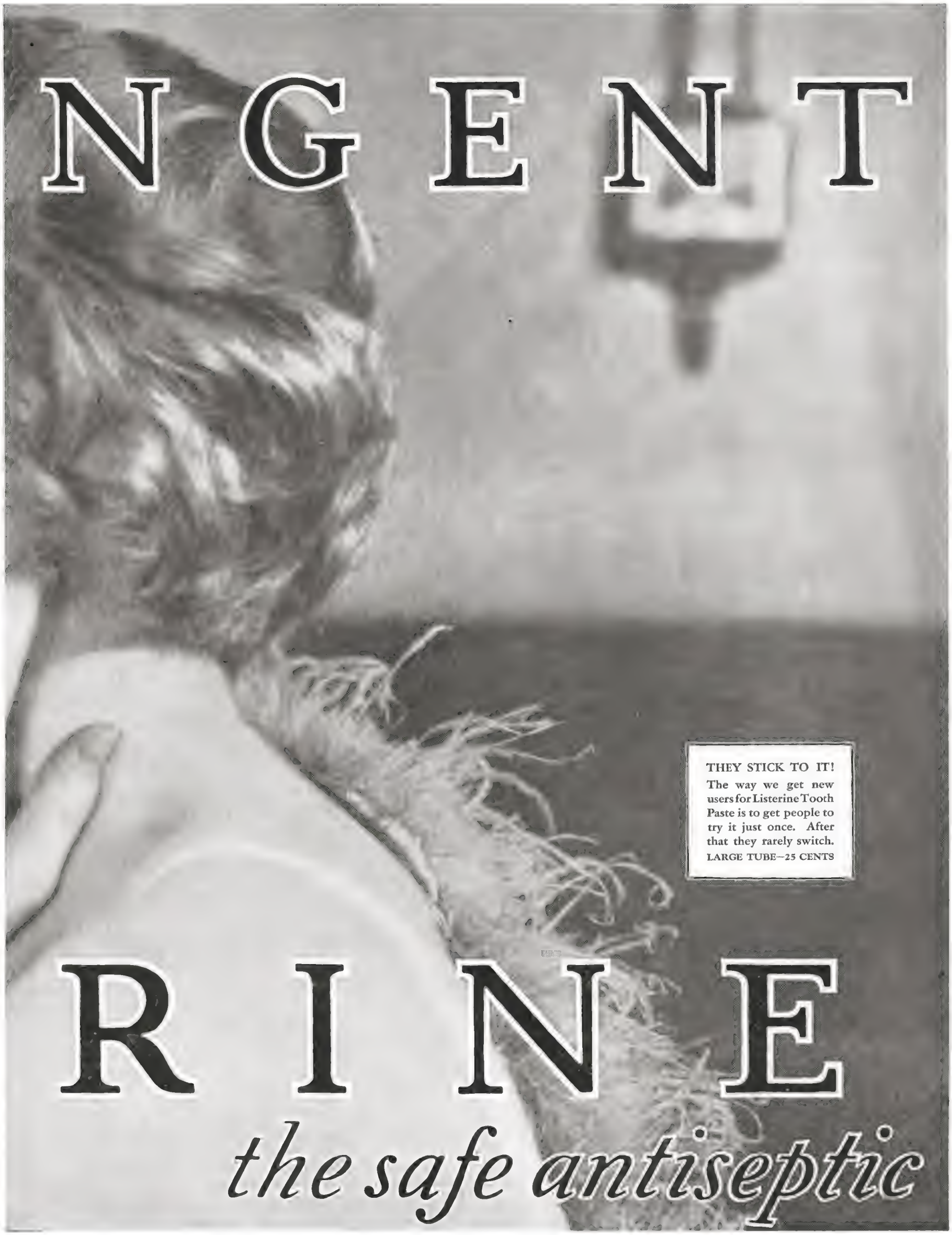
Good news, isn't it, to learn that in Listerine you have an effective beauty aid that does not work a hardship on your pocket book?

This mild antiseptic is a natural astringent. Safe for any type of skin and most effective in combating enlarged pores.

You use it as you would any astringent. After removing cream simply apply to the face full strength. Dilute with water if you prefer.

Its effect is immediate and exhilarating. Pores gently contract. Sagging muscles are tightened. The whole face is stimulated. You look younger and feel younger.

There is a nice feeling of safety, too, because of Listerine's antiseptic qualities. Try Listerine as an astringent today. We will wager you will be delighted. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.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The Leonard is the leader in the industry. Made for 45 years. Super-insulated! Send for Mr. Leonard's book, "Selection and Care of Refrigerators", together with our free catalog and actual sample of porcelain.

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Unexcelled for ice or electric refrigeration—equipped for installation of electrical unit

A DAY TO BE GAY!

[*Continued from page 39*]

liquid. Mix until smooth, adding sufficient color to make the desired shade. If preferred, finely-minced parsley or watercress can be added to the creamed butter.

STUFFED GREEN CELERY

1 bunch celery
1 cream cheese
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 green pepper
Green coloring

Wash celery and cut into four-inch lengths. Mix together cheese, salt, paprika and pepper and add enough green coloring to make desired shade. Add a little cream or milk if necessary to moisten. Fill pieces of celery with mixture and score top of filling with tines of fork. Chill and serve as salad, a relish or an appetizer.

MINT SHERBET

½ cup lemon juice
2 cups sugar
1 quart milk
Spearmint flavoring
Green coloring

Mix lemon juice and sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add chilled milk, mint flavoring and green coloring. Put in freezer and freeze, using 1 part salt to 5 parts ice. Serve in sherbet glasses and garnish with fresh or candied mint leaves.

PISTACHIO ICE CREAM

1 tablespoon flour
1 cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 egg
2 cups scalded milk
1 quart cream
1 teaspoon almond extract
1 tablespoon vanilla
Green coloring

Mix together flour, sugar and salt. Add beaten egg and mix well. Add hot milk gradually. Stir until smooth and cook over hot water until mixture coats spoon. Cool. Add cream, flavoring and enough green coloring to make mixture a bright green. It will be a little lighter in color when frozen. Put into freezer, filling can ⅔ full. Freeze, using 1 part salt to 8 parts ice.

FANCY COOKIES

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
Grated rind of ½ lemon
3½ cups flour
4 teaspoon baking-powder
⅛ cup milk

Cream shortening and add sugar gradually. Add beaten egg and lemon rind. Sift together flour and baking-powder and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Chill 1 hour then roll out to ⅛-inch thickness on slightly floured board, rolling only a small quantity at a time and keeping remainder of dough in ice-box. Cut in shapes of pigs, hats, pipes or shamrocks. Sprinkle with green sugar and bake on greased pan in moderate oven (325°F) 12 to 15 minutes or until a delicate brown.

GREEN SUGAR

Put a cup of granulated sugar in a bowl and drop into it one drop of liquid green coloring. Then, with the finger-tips, rub color carefully into the sugar. If more color is needed, add it a drop at a time, rubbing it in well. If the green sugar is kept dry it will keep its form and color.

SPICED CANDY POTATOES

½ pound powdered sugar
1 egg white
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ pound almond paste
¼ pound powdered cinnamon

Sift sugar to remove lumps. Stir in unbeaten egg white and add lemon juice. When thoroughly blended, combine with almond paste. If mixture is too soft, add more sugar. Shape with fingers into small potatoes and make little depressions with point of toothpick. Roll in cinnamon to represent skin of potato.

POTATO SALAD

6 large potatoes
2 small onions
2 sweet cucumber pickles
1 green pepper
6 tablespoons salad oil
2 tablespoons cider vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon black pepper

Wash, peel and boil potatoes. When cold, slice thin. Slice onions very thin, chop pickles fine and shred or chop green pepper. Mix potatoes, onions, pickles and pepper. Make a French dressing by mixing together oil, vinegar, salt, paprika and black pepper. Mix with vegetables and let stand in very cold place 1 hour. Serve on lettuce with or without mayonnaise, as desired. Thinly sliced cucumber may be added for variety and salad may be garnished with green pepper rings, sliced cucumber and pickle fans.

SHAMROCK CHEESE BISCUITS

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup grated cheese
1 egg yolk
2/3 cup milk

Mix and sift flour, baking-powder and salt. Cut in shortening with knife or rub in with finger tips. Add grated cheese and mix well. Beat egg yolk and add to milk, then add gradually to flour mixture to make soft dough. Roll out on slightly floured board. Pinch off dough and shape into small balls of uniform size. Put three balls together in greased muffin tins. Bake in hot oven (400° F) 20 minutes or until brown. Serve hot.

Only Paddy and his Pig are more Irish than the Saint Patrick's Day party we have just had printed. So if you want to give the jolliest kind of an affair send a two-cent stamp for our new party, "An Irish Minstrel Show." Address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City

GREEN JELLY STRINGS

2 tablespoons gelatin
1 cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
½ to ¾ teaspoon peppermint flavoring
Green coloring

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add sugar, flavoring and enough green coloring to make it the desired color. Pour mixture into shallow pan to about ¼-inch thickness. Set in refrigerator until firm. Cut in thin strips and roll in granulated sugar. Keep in cool dry place until ready to use. Roll a second and third time in granulated sugar, if necessary.

OTHER ST. PATRICK SUGGESTIONS

Pistachio nuts cut fine make an attractive garnish or a fancy sandwich filling. You can use chopped parsley and water-cress not only as a garnish but to add color to some sandwich fillings. Novel March Seventeenth timbale cases can be made by dipping the edge of a Swedish timbale in white of egg, then in parsley.

The best way to cut sandwiches or cookies in such fancy shapes as pipes, pigs, tall hats or shamrocks is with fancy cookie cutters. If you can't get these, cut patterns from cardboard or stiff paper, lay them on the bread or dough and cut around them with a sharp knife.

Use standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.

"Look! They're entertaining again!"

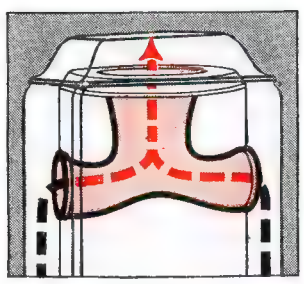
FOR the third time in two weeks, there's a line of cars in front of the house. Their home is rapidly becoming the most popular in town. Although a year ago they rarely entertained. Some people called them "unfriendly," but one or two others guessed the reason—their living room.

But now!—that room is something to be proud of. The ugly old stove is gone. Instead, there's a handsome Estate Heatrola, its graceful design and gleaming mahogany finish lending just the correct note.

Goodbye to sneezes

Before, the house was half hot and stuffy, half cold and damp. The family called the winter months the "sneeze season." But now, the whole house, upstairs and down, is cozy. Heatrola's moist, circulating heat keeps the apples in the children's cheeks, keeps away colds, saves doctor bills.

Saves fuel, too. Heatrola uses no more fuel than a single stove—it saves, on an average, 45 per cent over antiquated methods. And it's so convenient to tend, so easy to keep clean.



The INTENSI-FIRE—*exclusive with Heatrola*

The Intensi-Fire Air Duct is a patented device built into the Heatrola, directly in the path of the flame. It tremendously increases Heatrola's heating capacity, without using a single extra pound of fuel.

Avoid late-winter illness

The worst months for colds, "flu" and other more serious illnesses are just ahead. Exchange the risk of illness for Heatrola's healthful comfort now. See your Heatrola dealer—he will tell you how you can do so. And more easily than you ever dreamed was possible!

No Need to Wait!

Are you one of those who need a better method of home heating, but have decided that you must make the old stove "do" a little longer? Then see your Heatrola dealer today—or write us—for details of the extraordinary "Enjoy-It-Now" Club offer. It is an offer so liberal that you simply cannot afford to deny yourself Heatrola comfort any longer.

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☐ Send me the details of your "Enjoy-It-Now" Club offer.

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"That's It!"

How the eye of the man who knows lights up when the waiter sets the familiar Heinz Ketchup before him!

He knows that whatever else is served to him will be good—that the best places serve the best—therefore Heinz Tomato Ketchup.

His wife knows it, too. So she sees to it that the home table is graced with this same *quality* condiment which looks so good and tastes so good—always.

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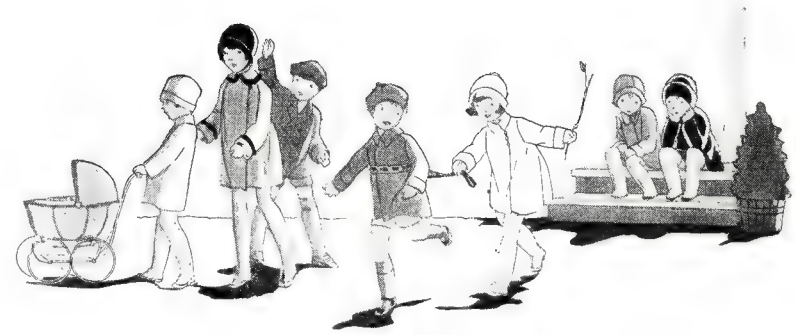
57

HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP
The taste is the test

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

WHEN IN PITTSBURGH VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS



Besides judging height and weight, we should ask how a child looks and acts

WELL-FED — YET UNDERNOURISHED!

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

Illustrated By Katherine H. Shane

BETWEEN thirty and sixty per cent of the school children of this country are undernourished. In addition to these there are a great many more who are not quite badly enough off to bring them into the undernourished group, but who are considerably below the standard of good health.

There has been much discussion as to what the disorder known as malnutrition really is. One of the symptoms much emphasized in the early wave of enthusiasm over malnutrition was the matter of under-weight. As the study of child health has progressed it has become increasingly apparent that the problem of judging whether a child is undernourished or not is more complex than simple height-weight-age tests, and that behind malnutrition may lie other causes than an inadequate diet.

No infallible weight-height-age tables by which to judge a child's state of nutrition can be devised. One's body build is the result of inheritance, not of nutrition, except in cases where nutritional disease may have prevented normal development. Small size for any given age is not a sufficient basis for concluding either that the diet is wrong, or that a child needs medical attention. In addition to height and weight, we should ask how the child looks and acts.

The signs of malnutrition are paleness of the skin, softness and flabbiness of the muscles, an expression of fatigue, a disinclination for activity, faulty posture, and so forth, as well as under-weight. The signs of health are the opposite of these, a glow on the cheeks, clear skin, bright eyes, alertness, firm texture of the flesh, symmetry of form, good posture and enthusiasm for things which demand activity.

Some believe that malnutrition is the result of conditions which can be removed by surgical or medical means. Many children who exhibit all the signs of malnutrition and who have infected tonsils and perhaps adenoids which interfere with breathing, gain in weight and improve in appearance after having the diseased tonsils and adenoids removed. From this evidence the unwarranted deduction has been drawn that the diet is not an important matter in determining malnutrition.

Directly opposed to these who overemphasize the importance of surgery and decry diet are those who insist that the infection of the tonsils and adenoids are only secondary results of malnutrition caused by improper food. They point out that a child can bear a wonderful burden of infected tonsils if it is properly fed and takes sufficient rest.

There is an element of truth in each view. Before malnutrition can be eradicated it will be necessary to control better than is now possible the infectious diseases of childhood. But greater attention to the child's diet is an equally indispensable part of the program.

First of all is the proper feeding of the infant so that its physical development will be uninterrupted and as nearly perfect as possible. Especially should the bone disease rickets, (which at least half of American children have to some extent) be avoided. This is easily prevented by giving all children cod liver oil, which *is not a medicine* but a source of a dietary essential. By skillful feeding the child should be protected against digestive disturbances which physically injure the digestive apparatus and result in impaired digestion and assimilation and consequently in the lack of bodily vigor.

The wise parent will seek to understand the child and to gain its full confidence. It is most important to find out what the child cares for and what he fears. Trifling matters are often the cause of much distress in children. When a child feels, more or less constantly, that he is unjustly treated, his digestion is unfavorably affected and his character development is adversely influenced. Apprehension and even fear play a far more important part in the life of many children than parents remember or realize. A child who is assigned much school work to be done at home frequently fails to relax enough to enjoy play after school.

Over-fatigue is one of the most serious causes of malnutrition. There is a great difference between ordinary healthy fatigue which comes from physical activity and the over-fatigue which impairs the body tissues to a degree beyond that which can be repaired during a night's rest or even during several days. Such over-fatigue is the result of repeating too often bodily and mental activity beyond this danger point. Each time this happens, the child passes farther from normal condition and the longer this is continued the more difficult it is to return to normal health. Over-fatigue in children is far more common than we realize.

Many parents are guilty of permitting children to go with insufficient sleep, and of letting them have evening entertainment which encroaches on their rest periods. Again, many parents do not understand the meaning of restlessness, tossing in the sleep and nightmares. Instead of indicating that the child "doesn't seem to want to sleep" they are signals demanding more rest. Nothing should interfere with a long rest of ten or twelve hours.

Another common mistake of parents is subjecting children to the major emotions. We have mentioned fear. Anger, resentment, humiliation, pain—all these have a profound and detrimental effect on the nervous system and through it on the processes of digestion and assimilation. They are often contributing causes of malnutrition. Meal time is the worst possible time for correcting or reprimanding a child. Every child, if rightly approached, will cooperate in any plan which it is convinced will work to its benefit.

The immaculate purity of Elizabeth Arden's Preparations protects and promotes the health of your skin

PURE? Miss Arden herself often tastes her Orange Skin Food to test its perfect consistency and smoothness. A watchful regime like that of a food laboratory safeguards the making of every Elizabeth Arden Preparation. The creams are made of fine oils such as are specified for medicinal purposes or for table use. The colors which tint the powders are vegetable colors, approved by the government for use in foods. Fresh eggs give Venetian Anti-Wrinkle Cream its mellow richness. Lemon juice is poured into the making of Bleachine Cream. The creams are beaten for hours on end. Ardena Skin Tonic and Special Astringent are "seasoned" for months, to assure their blended smoothness.

No wonder these Preparations are effective! Their formulas are based on a scientific knowledge of the skin. The steps of the Elizabeth Arden Treatment supply every need of the tissues. These steps—Cleansing, Toning and Nourishing—should be the basis of your home treatments each morning and night. They will keep your skin clear, firm and smooth.

Arden Patter. *For applying Special Astringent and Skin Tonic with telling resilient strokes. Important for use in your home treatments. $5.*

Venetian Cleansing Cream. *A light pure cream which melts with just the warmth of the skin, penetrates the depths of the pores where it dissolves and dislodges all those impurities which cause blackheads and coarseness. Softens and soothes the skin, leaves it smooth and receptive. Use every morning and night as the first step in your treatment of the face and neck. $1, $2, $3, $6.*

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Venetian Orange Skin Food. *Pat this rich nourishing cream generously on the face and neck each morning and night. It rounds out wrinkles and lines, gives the skin a smooth well-cared for look. Excellent for a thin, lined or aging face and as a preventive of fading and lines. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.*

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Never need your hands say "Dishpan"

"I see you know the secret, too"

"WHY try to keep our hands white and soft," women said, "and then for an hour and a half each day expose them to irritating soaps in the dishpan?"

It was in this way women began using Lux for dishes!

Wash your dishes in Lux and your hands stay smooth and white—blessedly rid of that tell-tale "dishpan" look.

The free alkali in so many soaps—regardless of whether flakes, chips or cakes—dries up the beautifying oils Nature placed under the outer skin to keep your hands from getting rough and red. There is no free alkali in Lux diamonds!

One teaspoonful whips quickly into all the foamy suds you need for a whole pan of dishes. The light Lux suds rinse off so quickly, leave your dishes, glassware and silver so sparkling, that you will say Lux makes dishwashing both easier and quicker. Of course your nicest dishes are safe with Lux.

Save your hands. Always keep a package of Lux on your pantry shelf. One teaspoonful is plenty for all the dishes. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

135 dishwashings in the big package

FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION

BY JOHN FARRAR

NO. II

EVELINA

Illustrated with a portrait of Miss Burney's heroine painted by Neysa McMein and appearing on the cover of this magazine.

IN the great fiction of the ages we can look for man's ideal woman and find her. We can look also for woman's idea of what man's ideal is. Do women really think that man likes the clinging vine? Is it indeed true that the twentieth century male is still ensnared by the soft anxious-to-be-cared for beauty?

Judging by the novel, mankind apparently never tires of romantic young ladies who dance their way into fortune and happiness through a circle of adoring males. All through the history of fiction, especially fiction written by women, these coy and often fainting heroines have been leading their heroes to the altar; and although the ages have changed their costumes, the ladies who practice the art of gentleness have not vanished—not even with the advent of bobbed hair.

When shy little Fanny Burney, twenty-five year old daughter of a music teacher, crept off to write secretly her romance of a seventeen year old beauty, she knew enough of life to realize that no matter what the change in the status of woman might be, it is the clinging, innocent, intelligent but not always brilliant young miss who wins the coveted cavalier in the end. "Evelina" is one of the gayest novels ever penned; and what its heroine represents in the history of woman kind (unlike Moll Flanders, whose story appeared in McCall's for February) is really anti-feminism. Miss Burney has told us definitely, with fine humor and broad comic sense, that she does not approve of the society of her day, and that she finds "masculine" females highly irritating. Yet, curiously enough, it was Fanny Burney who opened the profession of writing to women.

The ward of a country parson, Evelina at seventeen is sent off to be introduced to London society. Her patroness finds her a "little angel," "Her face and person answer my most refined ideas of complete beauty."—Yes, Evelina is thoroughly refined. She does not faint so often as Clarissa Harlowe, but faint she does, and swooning is one of the most effective methods by which the eighteenth century heroine arrived at success with her lordly admirers. Today swooning has gone out of fashion. The flappers of F. Scott Fitzgerald do not often indulge in it; in fact, come to think of it, I do not believe that I, myself, have ever seen a woman faint. Yet, in spirit, "Evelina" may be found among the flocks of each season's debutantes far and wide across the world, although they may not be sending their admirers rushing for the "hartshorn and water" to revive them in a difficult moment. "Evelina" was not so innocent of the charms of innocence as she would have us believe. Her triumph over more brilliant young ladies in the social world may not have been studied; but she knew her method, and I think that you will agree with me that the method has not gone out of style. She is, so to speak, professionally "womanly." At the approach of men she blushes; she becomes tongue-tied and lets her beauty speak for itself. The coarse manners of some of her relatives shock her into tears. She wishes to be proper in all things; and we find Fanny Burney (who is really no one else but "Evelina") chiding the younger generation of her time and making one of her characters say of a certain young gentleman, "There must have been some mistake in the birth of that young man; he was undoubtedly designed for the last age, for he is really polite!"

Strangely enough, although "Evelina" is greatly interested in clothes, although she tells us much about the time spent in powdering and frizzing her hair, although we are repeatedly told with becoming modesty of her great beauty, there is little actual description of silks, satins or even of definite personal appearance. Imagining her to have yellow hair, I can yet find no proof positive. Since "Evelina" was really Fanny Burney, there was little time for thought of such things.

If you wish to find protests against the increasing independence of women, look into the fiction of this season and of several seasons ago.

I can imagine "Evelina" writing to a bosom friend in 1926 and saying, "My dear, it's all very well to have a career, but if you want to be a success at a dance, keep it in the background. Indeed, I find myself most shy in the presence of men. I can find little to talk about, but, somehow—isn't it strange, my dear?—I'm never without a partner!"

Next month Mr. Farrar will characterize Elizabeth Bennet and her sister, who appear in Jane Austin's great novel, "Pride and Prejudice." And Miss Neysa McMein has painted an exquisite picture which will be used on the magazine cover.

THE WOMAN QUESTION

[Continued from page 27]

there are probably some very unsuccessful mothers in all walks of life. The success is by no means dependent however on the number of hours each day spent in the nursery. There is as we all know a type of aggressive and egotistical woman who prides herself on her executive ability and enjoys running almost anything. But such a woman does not represent the greater number of those who are slowly making a place for themselves in the professions which were once closed to them. They are no more self-sufficient or domineering than were their mothers.

Such women, if they are unmarried, are often lonely, long for children, and in many cases adopt them. If they are married and mothers they devote most of their free time to their children's education and deal with their children's problems intelligently and sympathetically, and with the wisdom that comes of a wider experience.

White, creamy Snowdrift invites the pie-maker to shorten pie crust with it. Snowdrift makes perfect pie crust, tender and light. If you want the crust to be flaky, do not mix the Snowdrift and flour too thoroughly.

PLAIN PIE CRUST

2 Cups Flour · ¼ Teaspoon Salt

⅔ Cup Snowdrift

Enough Ice Water to Make Dough

Sift together flour and salt and cut shortening into flour with silver knives. Add ice water to make dough, using as little as possible. Roll lightly on a floured board to about ⅛ inch thickness and bake in a very hot oven.

For $4.40 you can WAX-POLISH *the* Floors *of* Six Average Rooms

Easily-Quickly-Electrically

—without Stooping, Kneeling or Soiling Your Hands

TELEPHONE your dealer that you want to RENT a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher for one day. There will be a $2.00 rental charge. And tell him to send a half-gallon ($2.40) of Johnson's Liquid Wax with it.

That's ALL you need to bring 1500 sq. ft. of flooring to bright gleaming beauty. It makes no difference whether the floors are old or new—of wood, linoleum, tile or composition. Nor how they are finished—with varnish, shellac, wax or paint. *All floors* respond wonderfully to this rejuvenating Johnson's Wax *Electric* treatment.

It's so simple *anyone* can do it. Just spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax. This cleans as it waxes. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floors—you will be amazed at the beauty of the lustrous, deep-toned polish so easily and quickly produced. The speed of the brush is responsible for the beautiful burnished accomplishment.

And after you have once gone over your floors with Johnson's Liquid Wax and Electric Floor Polisher you will find it easy to *keep* them in this same sparkling, wear-resistant condition.

WAXED floors will give your home that indefinable air of refinement. Your rooms will take on new charm and distinction. The decorative value of your rugs and furnishings will be greatly enhanced. In fact, the whole house will look more beautiful and artistic when the floors glow with an electrically polished coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax.

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For $2.00 a day your neighborhood store or your painter will RENT you a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. This wonderful machine practically runs itself—you simply walk along and GUIDE it with your finger tips—you don't have to push it or bear down on it. With it you can wax-polish *all* your floors in the same time it takes to do a single room by old-fashioned hand methods.

Or, you can buy a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher outright for your own exclusive use. The investment is small for so great a convenience. Ask your dealer for a Free Demonstration. Or write us.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Floor Finishing Authorities" (Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

DISCOVERING A LOST CITY

[*Continued from page 20*]

feverish taste. Souk and Leung promised a long illness, even worse, if I got up. But I would not listen. The morning was warm with crystal-pure sunlight; and a few hundred yards away, on the forest slope, was Wat Phu.

The mountain, called Lingaparvata, faced the east, and its worn approach followed the course of the sun: a fact that was immediately significant when I reflected that the great buildings of Angkor, with the exception of Angkor-Wat, looked toward the sunrise.

In the early morning the sacred lake (itself another significant fact, for did not most Hindu temples have a tank near by?) was like blurred pewter. To the east the mountains of Boloven were becoming bluer as the day opened sleepy eyes.

I walked along the causeway, followed by Souk and Leung, and a porter carrying my camera. The balustrade, smoky-dark in places, was indisputably of Khmer design. The half-obliterated Nagas—sacred serpents—that once had formed the railing, were smaller than those at Angkor but had five heads instead of seven.

On either side of the approach were stretches of low ground that evidently had been sunken gardens; perhaps filled with jasmine-flowers and tiny lotus-pools in whose green-padded mirrors strolling monks were caricatured in blurred, darting mimicry. Now the jungle had sucked up the lotus-pools and strangled the jasmine; and where the monks had walked blue dragonflies made veins of fire in the sunlight.

At the end of the causeway, on the first level of the terraced rise, were two ruins, one on either side. In the merciless sunlight, they were tragic, broken pyramids with gray piles of tumbled stone along their upper terraces to hint at proud towers that once mocked the blue. Vines sprayed them like some green fluid shot into the veins of dead things.

As I entered the building a swarm of insects droned up from the weeds and floated off like singing sparks. Over the entrance was a crumbled tower. The gate itself was well-preserved, and on either side were slabs exquisitely carved. Inside, I had the feeling that I had entered a fortress, for I found myself in a narrow space between walls, like a moat surrounding an embattlement. The outer wall was about six yards high and three feet thick. No cement had been used in its construction, the blocks of stone having been fitted together with such cunning that they had held through centuries. I followed the moat-like enclosure to its northwestern corner, into a small roofless chamber. Through a breach in one side I could see behind the inner wall into a wildly overgrown courtyard lying stricken in an agony of silence that seemed actually to throb.

I turned away from the courtyard to its walls which at least were carved with a semblance of human life. In places the stone slabs became filagreed panels, and over the door was a mass of fretwork with a seated image in its midst. The figure was not Buddhistic but Brahmin.

Returning to the stone approach, I passed between several sculptured lions to a slightly higher level. The first flight of the mighty series of stairways loomed ahead. Its stones were worn and vine-grown, mounting to a terrace from which another stairway, set back some distance from the edge, climbed gradually up the mountain to the last grandiose flight. On either side were heaps of broken stone lying in a symmetrical formation indicating that here two buildings had flanked the approach as on the lower level, but structures much less pretentious.

After a rest I went on. A number of low steps finally flattened out into an incline before the greater stairway. On a dwarf terrace Nagas lifted their plume-like heads, and between them the staircase began, seeming flung up almost perpendicularly into the greenery that flaunted from its dizzy top. My imagination crumbled under the magnificence of this stairway grander than any at Angkor. As I climbed, my vision seemed to mount ahead of me and then fall back giddily. The stones were worn and grass grew between them; most of the time I had to move sidewise, often I rested. Breathless, I reached the top, flinging myself down between two stone Buddhas and staring below at a landscape that danced behind yellowish flecks of vertigo.

This last level was a natural one, a broad plateau on the side of the mountain, and behind it a cliff rose sheer to the sky, draped with pendulous vines and trees that seemed to emerge miraculously from crevices and ledges. The plateau itself was rank with jungle, sunk in green shade that was almost dismal. A short approach led from the tremendous staircase to the temple. The building itself seemed packed away in foliage, like some precious thing preserved in evergreen herbs. The stones were so grayed that in places an entire wall took on shadow, merging into a formless background for the few pilasters and slabs that caught triumphant rays of sunlight and stood out in panels of tawny filagree. The tall, slender trunks of palms vanished in overhanging green. Creepers flowed down the walls and over the roots of trees. All around the temple banana-plants spread themselves luxuriously, their broad leaves glowing in translucent, veined fans of pale jade as the sunlight burned behind them. It was as intensely tropical as the jungles created in the dreams of the very young.

I moved toward the entrance, thrilled by this fulfillment. The front was a carved façade of triple doors, the middle one lower than the other two and with the torso of a giant image visible in its frame. This middle door was set back between sculptured pilasters and two slender pillars of turned stone close to the frame, with a few weed-grown steps leading up to it and over the lintel a carved panel with a god seated on a three-headed elephant in the center of it. Above this frieze a series of ledges graduated inward and up to a crumbled mass that once had been a tower. From the front I could see that the three doorways led into three parallel passages that continued to the rear.

I passed through the middle door into what had been the penetralia but now was a roofless courtyard enclosed in moss-stained walls. The giant image whose torso I had seen from without, sat cross-legged on an altar between two pairs of columns, and was fully ten feet high. In front of this enormous figure sat three other Buddhas of lesser size. All were covered with goldleaf and wore spiked head-dresses that mounted in bristling array to a crowning point. A large fiber mat was stretched over them; mats were on the ground below them; and the latter was strewn with fruit, rice and other offerings. On the right-hand side was a tablet inscribed in what I imagined was Sanscrit, preserved in a frame built like a spired pagoda. These curling characters gave me a sensation half fear and half joy; for surely they explained something about Wat Phu.

But more commanding than the tablet was the great image dominating the three lesser ones. It was a figure of Buddha, but its face expressed nothing of the benign character of the Master of Kapilavastu. There was something tormenting about its placid, smiling immobility. It sat there as though enjoying a cruel joke on humanity. It was Nature ridiculing idiotic Man.

Doors led out from each wing of the penetralia, and on either side of the shrine was a passage connecting with the roofless remains of a little chamber behind the sanctuary. There, on a shelf in the vines, were at least half a hundred miniature images of wood and stone. Opposite to this shelf of gods, a single white lily was framed in a doorway opening into a thicket. A few yards behind the temple the cliff rose through the jungle into bewildering heights of green.

Returning to the sanctum (from which the tank, far below, could be seen) I noticed that the light seemed grayer, and I gazed up out of the enclosure at a sky swollen with clouds. A stealthy wind was running its fingers through the trees.

"*La pluie*," Souk warned.

Viewed from the outside, the building was a dark, torn ghost of a temple haunting the green dusk. The walls were inset with numerous panels that seemed to crawl with carving. On [*Turn to page 59*]

A witch, according to the dictionary, is one who "exerts power more than natural; an irresistible influence." In this sense Ipswich is truly "The Modern Witch" of hosiery, for Ipswich sets the standard for beauty, fineness and durability in smart hosiery.

THE MODERN WITCH*
weaves a spell
in fine, full-fashioned hosiery

THE Modern Witch of Ipswich has woven a potent hosiery charm in a new full-fashioned hose of pure thread silk.

It has a truly bewitching perfection of weave and perfection of fit. Its fine, even texture will remind you of imported French hosiery, for it has been fashioned on specially-made imported machines.

No small part of this hosiery charm is the sleek perfection of fit—shaped in snugly at the ankle and instep, with an extra fullness at the calf and at the garter hem and, most important of all, an extra length of silk above the knee. The reinforced garter hem and slipper sole insure long wear. In all the smartest shades now being worn in Paris.

And remember, back of the Modern Witch is the century-old Ipswich secret of unrivalled durability and exceptional value that distinguishes all Ipswich hosiery.

IPSWICH HOSIERY
The Modern Witch

IPSWICH MILLS, *Ipswich, Mass.* LAWRENCE & CO., *Sole Selling Agents*

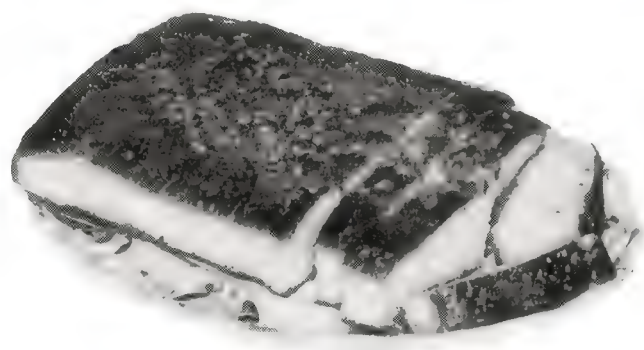
BREADS IN GREAT

At luncheon HONEY COFFEE CAKE *is often served with the main course. One may also serve it with coffee in place of the old-fashioned desserts which take hours to make.*

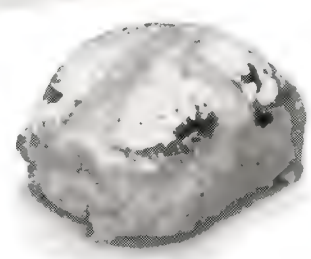
THE most savory meat, the most succulent salad, the most enticing dessert—would taste flat and become monotonous if you had them too often. This is equally true of the most delicious bread.

But now without any extra trouble you can give your family the very same wide variety of breads that restaurants noted for their excellent food make such a point of serving.

Just ask your baker for his "specials."



HONEY COFFEE CAKE *is a rich yeast bread covered with honey and ground almonds*



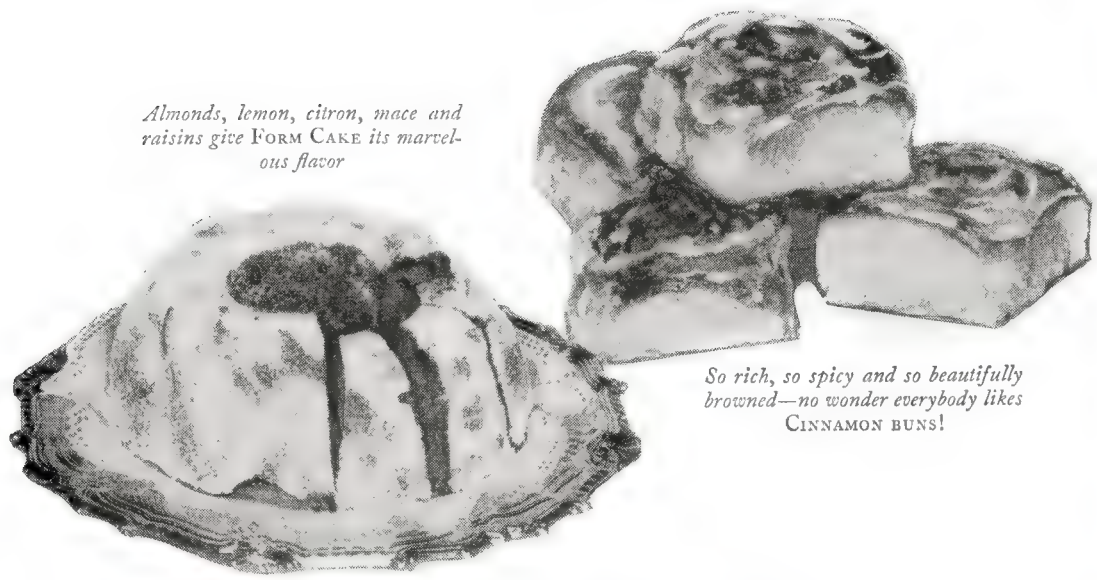
Spicy, fragrant HOT CROSS BUNS, *every day during Lent, fresh from your baker's oven*

His crisp, fragrant rolls, buttery-brown buns and rich tender coffee cakes, fresh from the oven, taste so good—so incredibly good.

New breads for breakfast, new breads for luncheon, for tea, for dinner and for late supper—what an inspiration you will find them when you are planning menus. Your whole family will sit down to meals at home with a little thrill of expectancy, for variety is the real secret of interesting meals.

VARIETY *for every meal*

Almonds, lemon, citron, mace and raisins give FORM CAKE *its marvelous flavor*



So rich, so spicy and so beautifully browned—no wonder everybody likes CINNAMON BUNS!

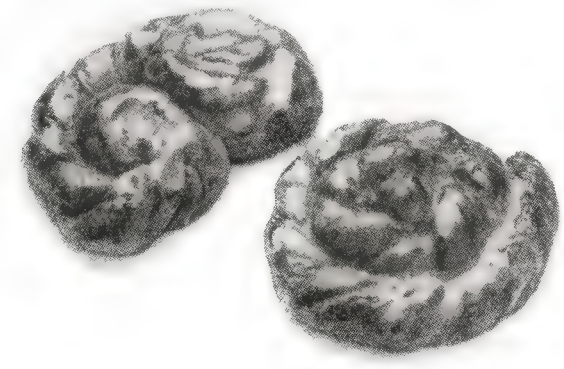
THE MOST ENJOYABLE MEAL of the day—tea, with its friendly informality and its good things to eat. PECAN ROLLS, HOT CROSS BUNS, BUTTERFLY BUNS and FORM CAKE. Both your family and your guests will adore them. And your baker makes dozens of other interesting breads for tea—rolls and buns and rings as well as sweet crusty loaves of white, wholewheat and raisin bread. It is so easy to add a pleasant little surprise to all your menus now, merely by varying your bread orders.

Ask for Your Baker's "Specials"

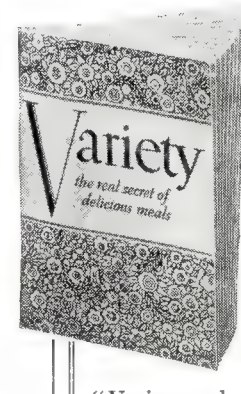
Your own baker makes all these breads and many other delightful varieties. He uses fine ingredients and bakes these breads beautifully because of his daily experience in their preparation.

Either your baker or your grocer can now supply delicious breads for every occasion. Ask for their "specials." Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast just as your own family used to do when everybody baked at home. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities.*

BREAD SUPPLIES so much of a child's energy that it is important to prevent it from ever seeming monotonous. Your baker's BUTTER HORNS, CINNAMON BUNS, RAISIN BUNS, and FILLED BUNS will delight the children, for they are made of the same fine ingredients you would use if you baked them at home.



So rich and tender they fairly melt in your mouth! BUTTER HORNS *are a delicious buttery-brown under delicate vanilla icing*



FREE! Send for the booklet which tells all about these new breads, when to serve them and how easy it is to get them . . .

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Desk 40—701 Washington Street
New York City

Please send me free:—
"Variety—the Real Secret of Delicious Meals."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

THE POST BOX

BY EMILY POST

ILLUSTRATED BY THE OGILVIES

JUST for once, don't you think we might put aside the brides-to-be and devote this page especially to the "hostess problems" of the newly-weds? Beginning with three letters that are so much alike they can be grouped above one answer:

Letter No. 1. Dear Mrs. Post: Our problem is how to entertain fourteen guests at a house-warming dinner party, with only six dining-room chairs and scarcely room for more to sit comfortably at table! The living-room is quite good sized but if we put the dining table in it and stretch it out with all its leaves, the living-room furniture couldn't go in the dining-room. And yet to invite only four people wouldn't be much of a house-warming! What can we do?

Letter No. 2. I especially like the suggestion you give in your book for a buffet luncheon and am writing to ask if such a thing as a buffet dinner would be possible. If so, will you tell me how the invitations should be worded?

Letter No. 3. I wish we might invite a few more than our dining-room holds because the preparation for a few is just about the same trouble as for double the number. However, I am planning to have a dinner for eight. The menu I have selected is: Grapefruit cocktail, and then chicken salad, buttered peas, hot rolls, pickles, jam, cake and coffee. Would a dish other than salad be permissible? My husband does not care for salads at all, and he says that most men don't think much of them either.

My suggestion to all three is to invite as many friends at a time as they want to, to a buffet dinner (or lunch, or supper—depending upon the menu for the difference in the three). The buffet meal is recommended not only as the solution of the small dining-room but as one of the very nicest entertainments possible. I can't imagine anyone who would not gladly accept such an invitation as:

Dear Mrs. Kindheart
We are having a buffet dinner (our first party) on Tuesday evening at seven o'clock, and we hope very much that you and Mr. Kindheart will come.
Affectionately yours
Mary Newhouse.

For a larger supper the invitation is sent on a visiting card.

Buffet supper, Tuesday March sixth, at seven o'clock.
Mr. & Mrs. John Newhouse
22 Blank Street
R. s. v. p.

Or the message is telephoned: *"Will you come to a buffet picnic, or stand-up supper next Tuesday?"*

In preparation, the chairs are taken away from the dining-table which is placed against a wall. On it a damask cloth or a fancy "luncheon-set." Flowers in the center and candles at either end of the flowers. Dishes of sandwiches, salad, cakes, coffee service, piles of plates, groups of cups and saucers—all invitingly arranged. At the dinner hour, the hot dishes are also put upon the table.

Concerning the menu of Letter No. 3, I agree with "Husband" that chicken salad as the one "meat course" is not appetizingly promising! Neither is it appropriate. I should choose instead a substantial HOT dish of curried chicken, a real goulash—you can even have a big roast that any man present is only too willing to cut slices from.

If you are likely to give a number of such parties it would be well to have several "nests" of small tables. These you can arrange beforehand next to as many chairs or sofas as possible in the living-room, and hall, and sun-porch—wherever, in fact, there is a corner to hold seats for at least two.

When the door into the living-room is opened, your guests are told to help themselves, and sit wherever they like. You must see, of course, that they are not shy about looking after themselves and that they find places to sit. Usually the men "help" the women, but the women also help themselves. Also the host and hostess (whether there are several servants, or none,) pass dishes to those whose plates are lacking or emptied.

From a fourth hostess comes the following:

I want to serve an afternoon tea in honor of a friend who is coming to visit us. How many tables should I have and how should they be set? Club sandwiches are hard to make a quantity of. If it is correct to have them, how should they be eaten? Please tell me how the tea should be made and poured. In fact, I should like to know ALL about giving a tea. Should places be set at the tables as in tea rooms?

To begin with, there is never more than one tea table. If you are expecting less than a dozen guests, you sit at a table in your living-room and pour the tea yourself. If you are expecting more than twenty guests, set the table in the dining-room and ask two friends—choosing especially those who have attractive, gracious manners—to "pour" for you. The tea equipment is identical whether on a card table in the living-room or placed at one end of the dining table.

For a large and formal tea, the dining table is set with either a cloth or lace set. Flowers in the center; chocolate service at one end; tea service at the other, and in between, dishes of breads and cakes. At the chocolate end, nothing is necessary except a big pitcher of chocolate, a bowl of whipped cream and cups and saucers. But at the tea end there should be a good sized tray and on it a water kettle with a lamp under it. Besides the hot-water kettle there must be a teapot, tea cannister, pitchers of cream, a bowl of sugar and a small plate with slices of lemon neatly arranged on it.

The most important item of the tea service is BOILING water, and plenty of it. The least amount of water not actually bubbling as it is poured over tea leaves turns the flavor to hay! (A fact that not one hotel in a million takes note of). Nothing is easier than tea-making. Rinse the pot with boiling water. Put in a rounded teaspoonful of tea leaves to a cup, pour on a small quantity of actually boiling water. Let it stand about thirty seconds, pour on additional boiling water—and pour at once for those who like it "weak," or let it wait a minute or two for those who like it strong. After it has stood, but not for too long a time, the tea can be made drinkably weak by pouring only a little into each cup and adding boiling water.

When offering a cup, you ask, "How do you like your tea?" Guest answers, "Strong, with lemon and one lump," or "Weak, please, no sugar but quite a lot of cream." And it is poured accordingly, tea in cup first, then water, then sugar, then a slice of lemon, or else little or much cream.

Club sandwiches are not suitable at all. They are much too substantial and clumsy to eat. Tea sandwiches should be very thin! Small soda biscuits, buttered bread rolls, or rolls with broiled bacon between are very popular—but difficult to provide in continually hot relays! Any plain cake is suitable.

At a large tea there must be someone detailed to continuously bring fresh cups and saucers, and water must be kept boiling in the kitchen kettle so that it will quickly again come to a boil in the replenished smaller kettle on the table.

No one "sits at table" for tea in a private house. Guests balance their food on their knees as best they can, unless a little "nest table" is placed near, or the edge of a piece of furniture happens to be handy.

For today's last letter I am choosing one that I find especially appealing:

My sister and I live in a rooming house—just a room and a cupboard that is our kitchenette. We have a folding sofa bed—and the place is quite presentable—I mean you would not know it is a bedroom. What we are wondering is this. Could we ask our friends who knew us when we had a really nice home to come to such meager entertainment as we can give? Or is it better just not to try to make any return to those who invite us to meals in their homes, or to dinner in restaurants? We can't afford to ask anyone to anything but a lunch counter—and THAT isn't a very attractive invitation. If you were in our place, Mrs. Post, what would you do? We just long to be hospitable. But how can we?

In your place, my dear, I would certainly ask the friends you care for (and no others are of importance) to come to your own "home-in-a-room." For instance, a card party is a matter of no outlay except two packs of clean cards, two pencils, and a pad divided in half. Or for an afternoon or evening party, at which you could just talk or play games surely you could make a pot of tea, or a pitcher of lemonade, and provide a few little cakes or cookies from the bakery. Where people who do things "meagerly" fail, is in their attitude. They mentally, if not actually, apologize—which is fatal. In other words they fail to understand that hospitality is after all a thing of the spirit and not lavishness of provision.

Shall I tell you a secret? The recipe for successful party-giving is never to out-grow a child's enthusiastic imagination. Truly, the spirit of "let's pretend" which enters into the play of all children, is the very spirit which animates the subconscious mind of the ideal hostess. Unless you really love the game of hospitality, unless you delight to have the friends you like share your festival—your party even though it be given in a palace with ninety lacqueys and a ton of the choicest viands would be but a procession of over-richly laden minutes. Whereas, if the enthusiasm of your welcome springs from joyous friendliness, you need have no fear that those who have accepted your hospitality once, will not look forward to doing so again and again.

DO not forget that McCall's Homemaking Booklets include "A Book of Manners" (10 cents) and "The New Hospitality" (10 cents). Both answer many questions on social usage. Write to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Get them safely through

the Danger Period 10 to 18

This free running
IODIZED SALT
prevents simple goiter

In many communities, perhaps in yours, as high as 70% of the school children are suffering from goiter and its attendant ills.

Yet protection through the danger period..10 to 18..is so simple, so easy.

Just restore to the diet that trace of Nature's iodine so often missing from foods and drinking water.

This can best be done, say health authorities, by the use of iodized salt. Morton's Iodized Salt was prepared at their request.

It's not a drug not a medicine, but our famous free running salt with a trace of iodine added. It looks the same, tastes the same and pours the self-same way.

Ask for Morton's Iodized Salt and use it for every salt purpose.

Morton's Salt, iodized or plain, comes to you in a triple-wrapped package with a handy hinged spout. Purity, flavor and convenience are thus assured.

Morton Salt Company,
Chicago, U. S. A.

MORTON'S SALT

IODIZED OR PLAIN

WHEN IT RAINS
—IT POURS

Try Southern
California
This Summer

Give yourself the benefit of these new scenes, of an unusual and delightful environment, of *different* interests and activities.

AWAITING you, is the most attractive summer land you've ever visited. The average mean temperatures in a central city for the past fifty years (U. S. Weather Bureau records) are as follows: June, 66; July, 70; August, 71; September, 69—a grand average of 69 degrees for fifty summers. Humidity is always low. You use every day of your vacation, for there's *no rain*. And you sleep under blankets nine nights out of ten.

Here, mountains and sea form a background for everything you do. Golf on the finest courses. Tennis on perfect courts. Camp beside mountain streams. Go fishing, shooting, hiking, horseback riding. Visit Old Spanish Missions, see a Pilgrimage Play, or attend an open-air concert—whatever whim or fancy dictates is at hand and at its best.

Here are 5000 miles of paved highways. Motor to places hundreds of miles apart just as simply as you would drive about your own home town.

Stay in rose-covered bungalows, hotels, apartments or convenient boarding houses. Rates are very reasonable.

Come via Los Angeles and San Diego, return by way of Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane. See the Great Pacific Coast in one memorable trip.

See your nearest ticket agent and plan your trip today. Special low rates on all railroads from May 15th to October 31st.

We have issued probably the most complete book on vacations ever printed—52 pages, illustrated. Just send coupon below and get a copy free.

In a wistaria garden.

The city of Los Angeles with a population of well over a million, is the largest city on the Pacific Coast and is the hub of one of the country's richest agricultural communities.

The growth, wealth and marvelous resources of Southern California are indicated by the following facts and figures pertaining to the County of Los Angeles alone:

Value of Agricultural and Live Stock Products (1925), $85,912,744; Value of Citrus Products (1925), $23,241,503; Oil Production (1925), 140,000,000 bbls.; Harbor Imports (1925), 4,156,177 tons; Harbor Exports (1925), 16,154,566 tons; Total Harbor Tonnage 20,310,743.

A producing season of 365 days a year permitting year 'round crops.

Southern
California
All-Year Vacation Land Supreme

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Dept. 3-S, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California Vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked;

☐ *Los Angeles* ☐ *Orange* ☐ *Riverside*
☐ *San Bernardino* ☐ *Santa Barbara* ☐ *Ventura*
☐ *San Diego*

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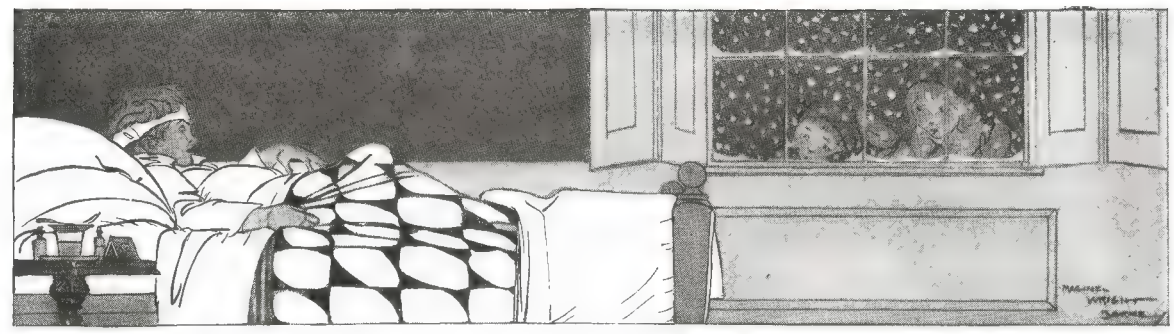


CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

PART I

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of "Short Talks To Young Mothers"

ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINEL WRIGHT BARNEY

IT is a mother's duty to know where the danger zones that affect her child's health lie. With a more thorough understanding of these childhood foes, she can better guard the health of her child, and so too the health of other children in her community. To know just where these enemies are likely to lurk is to be better able to ward off disease, and, in the case of sickness itself, a knowledge of the course the disease ordinarily follows may greatly lessen its perils.

There are certain contagious diseases common to the human race which few escape, and in the majority of instances these diseases occur during child-life, and in most of the contagions the incidence of the disease is seasonal.

In my own observation covering many years, in the vast number of cases the period of greatest frequency is between January and May. This does not mean that the different types have any peculiar or specific activity during the winter or early spring months. The explanation probably rests in the close indoor contact of susceptible individuals at this time of the year. The great disseminators of scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, chicken-pox, German measles and whooping cough are the schools, children's parties, moving picture shows and other forms of entertainment that bring children together in close contact.

That such is the fact carries with it the suggestion that extremely delicate children and those recovering from any serious illness should not be permitted indiscriminate association with other children.

The very young are in a measure protected; nature appears to supply a certain degree of immunity to scarlet fever, diphtheria and mumps. I have seen but few cases of diphtheria in patients under one year of age. My youngest case was in association with another physician, in an infant six weeks old. Diphtheria at this age however is extremely rare. Likewise it is rare to see a case of scarlet fever in a child under one year of age. Many years ago at a New York children's institution where I was resident physician an outbreak of scarlet fever occurred. In one of the wards there were thirty-four run-about children cared for by four nursing mother orderlies, all with infants under four months of age. Owing to the negligence of an official the disease was well advanced before it was discovered, and all the occupants of the ward were exposed. The ward was quarantined and every child had scarlet fever excepting the four nurslings who remained in the infected ward during the two months of quarantine.

I have never seen a case of mumps in a child under one year of age, and have known of many infants who have been exposed by older brothers and sisters. With measles and whooping cough the very young are not so fortunate. The youngest infant may have whooping cough and it is one of the most dangerous diseases of every life, particularly so during the winter months. There is always bronchitis with whooping cough in the nursling and the combination makes the development of broncho-pneumonia a danger. In fact broncho-pneumonia with whooping cough takes many infant lives yearly.

Likewise in measles the young infant possesses apparently but little immunity, and measles in infant life is very serious for the same reason whooping cough is. Bronchitis is an invariable accompaniment and a fatal broncho-pneumonia is often the result in those of tender age. Every means possible should be used by parents to prevent measles and whooping cough in the infant members of the family.

Chicken-pox is not a dangerous illness even in the nursling whose age offers but little protection.

I am often approached by parents with the suggestion that inasmuch as the contagious diseases have to be gone through with by everybody, it is a useless trouble to observe quarantine. In other words the child has to have the disease sometime—why not now? This reason is falacious from different standpoints. In the first place the child does not have to have it. In a German village there had been neither whooping cough nor measles for sixteen years. There were four hundred children under 14 years of age, and not one of them had either measles or whooping cough. Of this number three hundred and forty-four became ill with measles and three hundred and sixty-six with whooping cough which means that the susceptibility to whooping cough was 95½% and to measles 85¾%.

Further, if one has to have measles or whooping cough, it is best postponed until after the fifth year when the chances of complications are much less. Aside from the danger of developing pneumonia, there is the added peril of an ear involvement, which is a frequent complication at every age. Every child with whooping cough, regardless of age, is in danger of ear complications. Ear abscess and mastoiditis in a considerable percentage of cases are the result. Granting that a child may have to have measles or whooping cough sometime in childhood, it is never wise to force the time; it is better to postpone it as long as possible. The child may be fortunate, and chance will select a better time than the present.

German measles is a most contagious disease, but it is of little consequence; the rash sometimes resembles that of true measles but this is the only similarity. There is but slight indisposition, the temperature may range from 100 to 101°F for a day or two, and the child is well in a week.

In diphtheria and scarlet fever, we have means of prevention through vaccinations, which are being carried out with marked success.

These will be described in detail in subsequent articles in this series for mothers.

SUNSHINE

BY LOUISE THOMAS

SUNSHINE, my mother says, makes flowers grow—
They would stay baby-flowers with just rain.
And sunbeams chase away the cold, damp snow
And bring the green grass back to us again.

Sunshine is fine for everyone but bats.
My mother told me this; and so I know
It's good for kittens learning to be cats,
And little girls, like me, who want to grow.

Lovelier when your smile shows the sparkling *MOUTH of YOUTH-*

We begin to lose it in our earliest years . . .

The numbers show where the important little mouth glands are located, three on each side. The natural fluids they produce are the real guardians of your gleaming white teeth and healthy gums. ***But too soon we lose this protection.*** Even in childhood the Mouth of Youth may begin to go. The foods we eat are cooked, cut in small pieces with knife and fork and much too easily chewed and swallowed. They slow up the mouth glands. Long before our teens, cavities appear and decay begins. But Pebeco cleanses and purifies, even where the toothbrush cannot reach. Daily use of Pebeco renews for you the lovely Mouth of Youth.

You enjoy every thrilling moment so much more when you know that you are popular

How gaily confident you are when you know your teeth are shining white, when others think your smiles adorable! Now your mouth can be *kept* young.

"I like the sharp clean taste of Pebeco," is what pleased users say. "It makes me feel so sure my teeth are always at their loveliest."

THE gleaming white teeth, the sound, hard gums and even the brilliant smiles of youth —all depend on six little mouth glands.

For when these function properly they produce the fluids which Nature intended to neutralize food acids and prevent decay. On them depend the shining whiteness of your teeth and healthy, sound pink gums.

But these tiny mouth glands slow up.

Our soft foods cause them to become less active. There is too little chewing in modern diet to keep them exercised and vigorous. From childhood on, the mouth glands are gradually ceasing to provide protective fluids. Then decay begins, gums start to soften dangerously.

The formula that corrects this was worked out in Pebeco. As you polish your teeth with this tooth paste, you get the full pungent taste of Pebeco's principal ingredient. This slightly salty substance safely restores the normal vigor of the mouth glands. You can feel its soft crystals instantly dissolving in purifying fluids.

Brush your teeth daily with Pebeco. A clean, tingling after-sensation tells you that your whole mouth is refreshed, your mouth glands are responding to the sharp and salty taste of Pebeco.

Made by Pebeco, Inc. A Division of Lehn & Fink Products Company, Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

PEBECO *keeps the Mouth Glands young . . .*

Free Offer: *Send coupon today for generous tube*

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. U12, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

This coupon not good after March, 1928

Are YOU AFRAID *of* BEAUTY?

HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

LET'S put the question to ourselves in another way: "Am I afraid to be beautiful in my own way, if that way will make me different from other women?" Clare Eames would say that deep down in our hearts we *are* afraid; we haven't the courage to be our real selves, to express that God-given quality that lifts us out of a rubber-stamp, cut-by-the-pattern class of prettiness.

By all conventional standards, this brilliant young actress would not be called beautiful. As we sat together in the incandescent glare of her dressing-room, she laughingly pointed out to me those characteristics which are supposed to mar prettiness, the unsymmetrical features, the high-bridged nose, the curiously arched brows, the prominent cheek bones and the long neck. And yet this combination of qualities has set her apart from other women; has given her face an unforgettable beauty. You will recall, if you saw the film, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," how she made Queen Elizabeth memorable. It was as if Elizabeth's ugliness had suddenly been made interesting, at moments even beautiful.

No, Clare Eames does not think in terms of prettiness; but she has her own code of beauty. It owes little to the fashion of the moment; it concerns rather the person under the stage make-up and black wig who is Clare Eames herself.

"Beauty to me is a thrilling force," she said. "It's like electricity. Some women are charged with it. It illumines everything they do. And yet how many—both on the stage and in private life—are groping in candle-light! These are the women who have never felt beauty throbbing through them with its peculiar thrilling quality. They see it only in clothes, jewels, furs, in the luxurious setting which men have made for them. Sheer beauty, the force that leaves one breathless after its passing, they do not know.

"Once I went to a party rather against my will. I knew that most of the guests would be strangers, but there were family reasons for my making an appearance there. Among those women, of the group which we are pleased to call 'the leisure class,' I felt somehow strange and alien. They didn't quite know how to take me and I, in turn, tried to keep my enthusiasm for my work out of the conversation. But it must have shone through, for during a pause in the talk, one of the women turned to me with the air of one who wants to say something encouraging about art and artists.

"'Do you know,' she remarked, 'I took the trouble the last time I went to Paris to look up the Venus de Milo in the Louvre, and I was amazed to find that she wasn't nearly so tiresome as we used to think. She's quite glorious, really.'

"What *could* I say? Here was a woman who was ashamed of being moved by the exquisite proportions of that sculptured figure; she was like those others, afraid of beauty. Though she had every means at her command to find loveliness all over the world, she was still 'living by candle-light.' Sometimes I think we American women are more afraid of being electrified by beauty than the women of the older countries. Is it because we're afraid to seek out the beauty in ourselves that we pattern our persons and personalities on a stereotype model? We're like children about any beauty that departs from this model. You know how self-conscious boys and girls are, how they crave uniformity and shrink from being thought 'different' from the crowd.

"Only the other day I picked up a rotogravure section of one of the newspapers and glanced at a page of photographs of women of the so-called smart world. It struck me suddenly how very much alike those faces were, all pleasant, faintly smiling, with neatly coiffed hair and expressionless eyes. I wondered if a Chinaman, looking at this page, could tell one from another!

"I'll admit that it takes courage to step out of the procession and find your own peculiar quality. Now, I'm not advocating that we make ourselves freakish and strange. But I am saying firmly that we do not make enough of those differences that lie in each of us, differences in contour that make us what we are, that give us that precious individuality which makes life interesting. Most women exaggerate the things about themselves which are most like the prevailing mode. Whether it suits them or not, they adopt the style of coiffure, of make-up, of silhouette, of expression, even, which the mode of the moment decrees. You may argue that there must be pioneers who set the styles. Yes; but those women create something for themselves, first, then the whole world of women runs after, pell mell.

"This method of acquiring loveliness wholesale is the path of least resistance. It takes much thought and imagination, in fact intense concentration to be true to yourself rather than to hundreds of thousands of fashionable women. And yet, once you recognize those attributes you've been hiding for years—that high forehead, that mouth, too large or too small, that rugged arrangement of features which is strength rather than weakness, the little things which make the You that is You and the Me that is Me—you will find it easier to build a new frame for beauty, one that takes each peculiarity and makes it a mark of distinction.

"And the strange thing about it is that awkward, homely women can often be much more effective than their regular-featured sisters who are blessed with ordinary good looks. The secret lies in the interesting frame which they build for their type."

By this time the creamy powder had been deftly patted on all over her face and neck, and Miss Eames' maid came to help her into the ivory satin ball gown which the Empress Charlotte, Maximilian's ill-fated consort, wears in the first act of the play. As she stepped into the shimmering billows of silk and tied the bodice just below the shoulder line, in the charming fashion of 1860, she touched the costume affectionately. "I've been saying some hard things about clothes and our slavery to them," she smiled, "but this, this *is* beautiful." I knew that she did not see the dress merely as a costume to wear effectively on the stage, but as a symbol of that short, glamorous court which Maximilian of Austria set up in Mexico long years ago. Clothes can never be just clothes to Clare Eames. She wisely ignores the vagaries of the mode and chooses only those costumes which suit her regal, striking bearing.

(PHOTO BY NICKOLAS MURAY)

Clare Eames, as Charlotte, Empress of Mexico, in the Theatre Guild's production of "Juarez and Maximilian"

As she waited for the last call for her appearance on the stage, she continued thoughtfully, "We've been taught too long that being beautiful and giving pleasure are the same thing. It's hard to explain, but there is really a world of difference. Pleasure is a fleeting thing, while beauty may dominate one's life. We can dedicate ourselves to beauty. We can begin by doing all things beautifully according to our convictions. Too often we do only the things which will make people like us. That's not seeking beauty, in my opinion. Sometimes we must risk being disliked in order that we may be true to the real beauty within us. With an actress, this philosophy may narrow her public, and I believe it is just as true of people in other ways of life.

"I know I haven't defined beauty to you. Much of what I'm saying may seem vague. But I've never yet come across a satisfactory definition of beauty. I always feel that if one does not see beauty clearly, it is as hopeless to try to teach beauty as it would be to show the colors of the spectrum to one who was color blind or to play a symphony to one who was stone deaf.

"And yet one thing is fundamental. We must also see beauty *outside* ourselves. It's a feminine failing to think of beauty only in terms of yourself. Yet there it is all around you—in books, in the theater, in music and in painting. All nature and the arts bring it to you. It's like learning a new language, one that makes one understand one's self better.

"I don't believe that loveliness can be plastered on from the outside, using the pattern that the mode of the moment sets for us. And yet isn't that what most of us do? We fancy that if we can have enough Paris-inspired gowns, lingerie and perfumes, jewels, furs and costly cosmetics, we will automatically become beautiful. But these are only the little slaves that work for beauty. You—the real you—are the mistress who directs them to make a setting which is yours and yours alone, not a poor copy of some one else's."

Far down the corridor the call bell for the first scene rang. Miss Eames gathered up the folds of creamy satin and threw them over her arm. At the door she stopped for one final word: "Tell the women of McCall Street to have the courage of their own beauty!" Waving good-bye with her free hand she swept off into the black shadows of the wings.

As I walked out of the theater alone, I was grateful for the things Miss Eames had given me to think about—thoughts on beauty which I gladly pass on to all McCall readers. Let's remember her message, "Be true to yourself," and begin right now to clothe our personalities in the beauty which is their birthright. It may be hard at first, but it's worth it.

DON'T be afraid to be different! Some of the most striking women today, on the stage and in private life, have achieved distinction because they deviate sharply from type. Your own differences may be the very things about you which make you despair. First, take stock of yourself. Then study our HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERY WOMAN. It begins with first principles—diet, exercise—and it does not stop until it has given directions for beauty care from head to feet! Now examine your beauty shelf in the bathroom. Has it the working equipment necessary to keep you looking your best? This month's "Quest of Beauty" gives suggestions for a bathroom shelf dedicated to good looks. We shall be glad to send it to you, if you will enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. And last, look into your mirror. Are you using the make-up which suits you, or are you imitating someone else's? Our Make-up Chart will help you. Let us slip it into your HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY or enclose it with your letter, without charge. Address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

FILM—ENEMY OF YOUR TEETH
AND YOUR SMILE

TO WHICH MANY SERIOUS TOOTH AND GUM DISORDERS ARE CHARGED

The new way to combat the film on teeth — the source of many tooth and gum disorders — which numbers of leading authorities suggest

Now Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic properties, is known to experts as a major beauty aid

As film coats go, teeth whiten and brighten; and as they brighten, smiles become charming. Thus Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is, at the same time, urged as of immeasurable importance as a daily adjunct to beauty, both in Europe and America.

SEND COUPON FOR 10-DAY TUBE

IN a film that forms on teeth, science has discovered what is believed to be a chief enemy both of sound teeth and of healthy gums—a viscous, stubborn film that ordinary brushing has failed to effectively combat.

Thus thousands who have taken greatest precautions, even from childhood, with their teeth, still are largely subject to tooth and gum disorders.

Many of the common tooth and gum troubles, including pyorrhea, are largely charged to this film. To combat it, a new dental care is now being widely advised.

What FILM is—
its effect on teeth and gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Glistening teeth and healthy gums, according to many authorities, follow as a natural result when film is removed daily this way.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing was found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and removes film—Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Please accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

FREE — Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1053, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2334

PEPSODENT

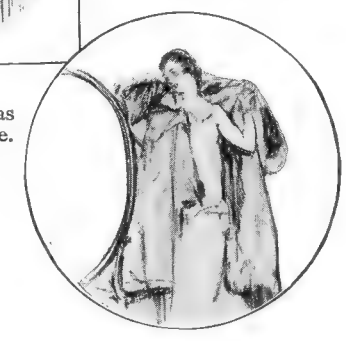
The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Woman's Greatest Hygienic Handicap

As Your Daughter's Doctor Views It

Easy Disposal
and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

Because of the utter security this new way provides, it is widely urged by physicians—ABSOLUTE SECURITY, plus freedom forever from the embarrassing problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SIXTY per cent of many of the commoner ailments of women, according to some medical authorities, are due to the use of unsanitary, makeshift ways in meeting woman's most distressing hygienic problem.

For that reason, this new way is widely urged today. Especially in the important days of adolescence. On medical advice, thousands thus started first to employ it. Then found, besides, protection, security and peace-of-mind unknown before. Modern mothers thus advise their daughters—for health's sake and immaculacy.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

**Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.*

Kotex Regular 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

DISCOVERING A LOST CITY

[*Continued from page 49*]

the outside of the two projecting flanks that formed the sides of the main entrance-way was a mass of sculpture crowding about a shrine where an Apsara stood in deep relief. These Apsaras (sacred courtezans of the Brahmaic gods) were different from those at Angkor-Wat. They were about three feet tall, and instead of the conventional tiara-shaped head-dresses usually adorning these mythological creatures, they wore strange caps that were tufted with either leaves or feathers. Each held a lotus-flower in her right hand, and the stem curved behind her neck and showed the blossom over her left shoulder.

On the outer sides of the two doors set back slightly from the main entrance, were panels bearing mailed warriors holding swords and enshrined in the midst of elaborate scrollwork. The windows were very curious. Part of the way down they were closed with blocks of stone, and then three ornamented, ridged bars appeared in relief against slabs of rock, giving the effect of curtains partly lowered over segmented windows.

At intervals on the walls were figures of warriors, Apsaras and gods; and between them vine-gripped pillars supported ridges that once had borne the weight of towers. The entire structure, set there in dank twilight, achieved an effect of splendid desolation.

That night while I lay on my cot watching for the moon, the headman of the nearby village came bringing a young Laotian of a type quite different from the majority I had seen. His skin was a pale, tawny color that seemed to glow in the firelight like the dull pallor reflected from the shade of a paraffin-lamp; nostrils narrow and sensitive, cheekbones high, given a certain breadth by large wide-set eyes. Souk explained his presence.

"The head-man of the village brought him, monsieur, because he says he knows something about the people who built Wat Phu. He is from Luang-Prabang."

The fellow did not kneel, as did the head-man of the village, but touched his hand to his forehead and smiled.

"I went to school at Vien-tiane, monsieur," he announced in fairly good French. "Also I have been to Hanoi; I was the 'boy' of Monsieur—who belongs to *l'Ecole Francaise d'Extreme Orient.*"

This was unusual, for Laotians, generally, are too proud for the occupation known as "boy," which means a personal servant or valet. I told him to sit down, and he carefully chose a grassy spot and squatted after the manner of his people.

First he showed me his identification card, which is required of each native by the French Government, and it bore the name Pheng; then he proudly asserted that he knew something about the Khmers. His master in Hanoi had told him a little, and had given him some French books on the subject. Also, he had learned much of the history of Laos at Vien-tiane and Luang-Prabang; only he called the latter "Muang-Luang," meaning affectionately "my town." And there were traditions and songs among his people which told of the time when Laos was attacked by the dark people of Cambodia—the people whose descendants, it may be, built the present capital Pnon-Penh, where stands the newer palace of the King of Cambodia. The country of the Khmers had at one time extended well beyond Bassac, and they had built temples there. Wat Phu was one of them. The Khmers had even penetrated as far as Luang-Prabang. Proof of this was the fact that one of the sons of the present king of Luang-Prabang had found some pieces of Khmer sculpture there. He did not know when the Khmers had been at Luang-Prabang, nor had he any idea when Wat Phu was built except that it dated back "many, many hundreds of years."

This was the first information of any substance that I had had, if it could be depended upon. I asked the Laotian if this on of the king was still in Luang-Prabang.

He replied that he was living in Vien-tiane, and his name was Tiao Phetsarath.

We talked for some time, and then he gave that careless salute and went off with the head-man of the village.

I felt elated. One thing I had decided: from Wat Phu I would return to Bassac and go on up the Mé-Kong to Vien-tiane, perhaps to Luang-prabang; for I knew then that I had been waiting for even the slightest excuse to lengthen this adventure.

In the April issue of McCall's Mr. Hervey will conclude his account of his experiences in search of the Lost City of the Khmers.

PROPHET OF THE FLAMING HEART

[*Continued from page 17*]

repellant spot the sacred shrine to which countless pilgrims have since repaired. A Madonna in the wilderness, in her was the Wesley courage which did not know the meaning of retreat. Her household became a school of manners, morals and religion. She taught every child its letters and allowed none to cry "loudly" after it was a year old.

Wesley had a distinguished career at Oxford University, where he was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College, and after an illuminating episode in Georgia, the last of our American colonies, he returned to England on December 2, 1737. During the tedious voyage westward across the Atlantic of the good ship *Simmonds,* he had ample opportunity to observe the Moravian brethren who were among his fellow passengers. Their patient willingness to serve the sick and their humility aroused Wesley's curiosity. University graduate and ordained clergyman though he was, these uncultured German pietists had a spiritual supremacy unknown to him. It was a far cry from Oxford and the careless clergy of England's established Church to a few radiant souls on a lonely tempest-tossed ocean. But they revealed to Wesley the great truth that the divine rule obtains in no human spirit until it has made for itself that recreating contact with the living Christ which is the essence of His Gospel.

He landed at Deal, in Kent, on the first of February 1737, with his clerical complacency shattered, and afterwards passed through a period of restless discontent, not to say vehement agitation.

Here again his inward chafings and subsequent release closely parallel those of St. Francis. On the twenty-fourth of May, 1738, a date always kept by Methodists as marking the close of their Founder's night of vigil and wrestling, he arose at five a. m., opened his *New Testament,* read there certain gracious promises, and went in the afternoon to St. Paul's Cathedral. "Out of the deep I have called unto thee, O Lord," was the supplication of his own burdened heart. He left the cathedral to enter upon a strange and moving experience, uncolored by hectic emotions and stamped with reality. His words that tell it have since re-echoed in countless hearts, many of which have known their inmost meaning. "In the evening I went very unwillingly to a Society in Aldersgate Street where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. . . . . While he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ *I felt my heart strangely warmed* . . . . Then was I taught that peace and victory over sin are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation." Sceptics who are disposed to belittle Wesley's feelings, or who attribute them to emotional superstition, should stop to consider that he had an exceedingly practical and sagacious mind. He belonged to a school of saints who have never divorced their holiest raptures from sound sense and moral expression. It is not too much to say that what happened in that little meeting house in Aldersgate Street on the May evening of 1738 changed English speaking Protestantism.

Nor did Wesley's conversion occur one hour too soon. The age he faced as he left Aldersgate Street was one of "decay of religion, licentiousness of morals, public corruption, profaneness of language—a day of rebuke and blasphemy, of destitution and want of [*Turn to page 60*]

When Venus made her reputation as a beauty, they didn't pay much attention to ankles!

THE far-famed Goddess of Beauty was beautiful, no doubt. But, the much-press-agented mother of Cupid made her reputation long before the world had made up its mind as to what did, and what did not, constitute real beauty in ankles. And it is well that this was so. For, Venus' ankles would cause no more excitement on Fifth Avenue today than a traffic jam — that is, unless Venus chanced to wear Onyx Pointex.

Pointex has the rarest of hosiery qualities. The distinctive Pointex heel creates an illusion of slenderness. It accentuates ankle grace. It gives to ankle lines a new, sleek, trim smartness. It allows ankles to look their best, stockings to wear their best, by virtue of the reinforcement that Pointex places just where the shoe delivers its greatest punishment to the stocking.

No wonder you see the distinctive lines of the Pointex heel on the smartest of women everywhere. Remember, if you want your ankles to look their best, you must wear Pointex.

Doubled splicing of the heel and tripled reinforcing strands of silk in the seam, are new features that practically double the wear of Onyx Pointex.

"Onyx" Hosiery
"Pointex"
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Safely arrived...

Nearly all the healthy babies you know, nearly all the healthy mothers you know, were protected by "Lysol" Disinfectant during the supreme crisis of both their lives—the time when the baby was born.

For over 30 years hospitals and physicians throughout the world have prescribed "Lysol" Disinfectant in cases where life itself depends on complete and certain disinfection.

You can use in your home exactly the same disinfectant which the medical profession has relied upon for a generation. Do not experiment. Protect your home and your health with "Lysol" Disinfectant. Its strength never varies, every drop is potent. Its results are certain. It cleanses as it kills germs.

Send for the three booklets offered below. They give simple rules for preventing the spread of common diseases, safeguarding baby during the critical years, and for scientific bodily care. Every wife and mother should be familiar with the facts they contain.

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Please send me free The "Lysol" Health Library, including the booklet, "When Baby Comes."

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THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

They meet that night in the royal garden, under the moon, and the *Princess,* scanning her *fiancé* at somewhat closer range, begins to look upon him with more than sisterly emotions. As final proof of his devotion, the *Prince* reveals his name to her.

Morning dawns. The court gathers on the great garden terrace of the palace to learn whether the *Unknown Prince* is to gain a wife or lose a head. "I have guessed his name," says the blushing *Turandot.* "His name is love."

Reading over this synopsis, I am struck by the excellence of the story as operatic material—much more struck, I may add, than when I saw and heard *Turandot.* For if the opera fails of success (and my guess is that it will never enjoy a measure of popular favor comparable to that accorded *La Bohême* and *Butterfly*) its failure will be due partly to the shortcomings of the score and partly to the unforgivable mishandling of the story. For Puccini, who was ever famous for his shrewdness in setting librettos that were "good theater," has in *Turandot* allowed his zeal for effective single scenes to destroy the dramatic values of his story.

Most of the first act is given over to the gruesome formalities attendant upon the execution of one of the unsuccessful suitors, *Turandot* appearing only long enough to dispatch the trembling wretch to his death. The love scene between *Turandot* and the *Prince* is preceded by the torture and suicide of a slave girl, the Princess watching the proceedings with complete indifference.

A score of great lyric beauty and emotional appeal might have softened the rigors of the libretto, but lyric beauty is what the *Turandot* score lacks. It is possible that Puccini, as he grew older, grew likewise a little scornful of the incessant tunefulness of his earlier scores, and that in *Turandot* he deliberately set out to write music of less immediate appeal and weightier intellectual import.

But Puccini was emotional, not intellectual, and pure dramatic music—in the sense of non-tuneful music at any rate—was not his forte, and the *Turandot* score, however sincere and courageous an attempt, is not a successful one. The music is reasonably appropriate, and is occasionally exciting, but it is not really illuminating and never genuinely moving.

The Metropolitan gave the work a sumptuous production, the focus of which was Maria Jeritza, looking incredibly Chinese and handling an eighteen-foot train with an effortless skill that was alone worth the price of admission. Giacomo Lauri-Volpi was scarcely subtle as the *Unknown Prince,* but he sang a difficult rôle with clarion effectiveness. Joseph Urban's scenery was gorgeous, as his scenery generally is, and the stage direction was one more tribute to the extraordinary gifts of Wilhelm von Wymetal. Tullio Serafin, conducting, gave the score a reading of superb color and vitality.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 27*]

In the place of Thomas Nelson Page's highly idealized stories of Southern chivalry, the reader now has Miss Ellen Glasgow's *Barren Ground.* Men like T. S. Stribling tear into the little towns and emerge with fine novels such as *Birthright* and *Teeftallow,* instead of *The Leopard's Spots* and *The Clansman.* There is hardly a Southern State that has not participated in the uprising against the false romanticism of the Civil War aftermath.

* * * * * *

Mr. Stark Young came from Texas, minus a sombrero and a Colt's .44, and emerged as a writer on aesthetics. Two years ago he published one of our finest travel books in *The Three Fountains.* Known widely as a critic of the theater, in this volume Mr. Young got himself a reputation as a stylist and a writer of marvellous descriptive prose. The mannered and lazy folk of the South of Europe were in line with the people Mr. Young was born to understand.

It was inevitable that he should do such a book as his recently published *Heaven Trees* (Scribner's). Here, in a small volume, is a gentle and delicate comedy of Dixie manners of seventy-five years ago. *Heaven Trees* is a plantation in Mississippi, and Mr. Young restores it with a loving hand. Its vistas and its gardens, its trees and its odors are described with utter charm and distinction. Its people are painted in leisurely yet genuine touches. *Dr. George Clay,* master of *Heaven Trees* with his overweening love of strong drink and his superb indifference to fate, is a portrait that explains the folly of the Civil war more readily than all the fiery arguments that every Southerner shouted for fifty years.

* * * * * *

As a reviewer, I doubt that any great reading public takes *Heaven Trees* to its bosom. The book is not set for instant appeal. It is the sort of thing destined for a permanent place on the shelf of time, an evocation of a past day, written too beautifully to contain the ecstatic dialogue and the quick, sharp description of cheap entertainment. Those readers who know Mrs. Glaspell's *Cranford* will welcome its memories and portraits of a provincial scene. Its humors are gentle, its ironies implied, its criticisms left unsaid.

Heaven Trees is an imaginary memoir, done with a fine historical sense, an inward one, for the past. If there were some sort of prize for Belles Lettres, to stimulate novelists to write with distinction and style, *Heaven Trees* would win it easily.

THE PROPHET OF THE FLAMING HEART

[*Continued from page 59*]

depth or earnestness; of poetry without romance, and philosophy without insight. Its public men were characterless and treacherous. Its very merits were of the earth, earthly."

SIDE by side with the statesmanship of Pitt, Burke and Fox, Clive's conquest of India, and Washington's triumph for freedom in the Colonies stands the still greater triumph of evangelical religion under Wesley's inspired leadership. He enlarged indefinitely the scope of the Gospel's power and possibility. He delivered it from the man-pleasing place-hunting prelate and parson, the cleric of disgraceful life, the narrow sectarian who poured out his Sunday streams of sour cant. What he had received from devout Moravians in Georgia or Germany he transmitted to his countrymen. With the instinct of his Lord, Wesley went directly to the poor and the neglected. He despised the Court at Saint James' Palace, where clergymen in cassocks sneaked up back stairs to beg favors and offer bribes to harlots of royalty. He left godless old King George II yawning under his canopy in his Chapel Royal.

Yet no sooner had Wesley, imitating Whitefield's example, taken to the open air after being shut out of the churches, than his mitered antagonists were hot on his trail. It led straight to scenes of squalor and misery which they had long since deserted. This did not hinder them, however, from falling foul of the novel evangelism nicknamed Methodism. The sight of a clergyman in gown and bands preaching the Gospel in the open air at first enraged and then captured the multitudes. It was a magnificent triumvirate—John Wesley, the statesman and guide—Charles Wesley, the poet of the soul's deliverance from sin into holiness the political and religious destines of and Eternal Life—George Whitefield, the Danton of the open spaces.

I nominate Wesley for an advanced place in the reverent affection of all true believers. When the Church of Christ is once more one, as she shall be, I predict that Wesley, the Prophet of the Flaming Heart, will be among the spiritual glories of holiness and religious conquest in the calendar of her noblest servants.

Everybody asks me

"How do you do it?"

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The Selby
Shoe Co.

YOUR first impulse may be to envy this young Chicago woman her wonderful happiness. But we are telling her story here only because it shows clearly the delights that life should — *and really does* — hold for other women.

"Every day is a glorious adventure," she writes. "I've never been so happy before. I sometimes have to stop and pinch myself to believe it all is true.

"I just never seem to get tired any more. I'm on the go all day long, with hosts of charming friends. I have my clubs, my charities, and my political work, yet I have not had to give up my girl friends, nor have I had to neglect my husband or my home.

"The girls are constantly asking me: 'How do you do it?' They think I am unusual, because I can take care of my home and yet have the energy and time to do things outside.

"But it has not always been this way with me. I used to be just like them, never able to go through an active day without being all worn out.

"It seemed that I was always resting up for something to come, or because of something that had taken place.

"Then I started wearing your Arch Preserver Shoes, which so delightfully combine correct style with the comfort and foot health I so much needed. I have been able to forget all about my feet. I never have a foot ache, never feel draggy and useless.

"These shoes really have made me young again; they have given back to me the happiness that all women should be enjoying."

Can a pair of shoes make such a difference in a woman's life? Do you think this young wife is an exceptional case?

Thousands of women have had similar experiences. These thousands of women have proved that the importance of their feet can not be overestimated.

A little foot ache, nagging constantly, sapping your nerve energy and destroying physical strength, spoils everything. You simply can't enjoy yourself as you should, with such a handicap.

On the other hand, eliminate the foot abuse that causes aches and discomfort and leg weariness and you feel as if you had been freed of a great overwhelming burden. You seem to have unlimited energy; you get a real zest out of doing things; you are young, and happy and carefree!

The Arch Preserver Shoe eliminates the common foot abuse that ruins feet. The concealed, built-in arch bridge provides a natural support for the foot structure. There can be no straining and weakening of the arch.

The flat inner sole (crosswise) allows the blood-vessels and nerves to function normally, without interference. This means foot health and vigor.

You may think your feet are weak. Most likely they are only weakened by abuse. You'll be amazed at the quick result the Arch Preserver Shoe will give.

Furthermore, this shoe enables you to enjoy foot happiness without sacrificing appearance. Correct styles for all occasions are created by our New York Studio, in collaboration with our Paris correspondent. The Arch Preserver Shoe *combines* foot health and comfort with correct style. No other shoe can give the same advantages because this shoe is patented.

The Arch Preserver Shoe is also made for misses and girls, thus enabling you to preserve their youthful foot health.

Send the coupon below for the name of your dealer and our interesting booklet, "A New World."

The Zelli *The Corinne* *The Sylvia* *The Lorelei*

Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. Not genuine without it. It is your guarantee. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All sizes. All widths. AAAA to E.

Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. Made for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—
bends where the foot bends

The Selby Shoe Co., 525 **7th St., Portsmouth, O.**
Please send postpaid your booklet No. M-25, **"A New World"** and name of your dealer.

Name.....

Street and No.....

P. O. .....State.....

I usually buy my shoes from.....

The RADIO FAIRY TELLS *the* STORY *of* THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BY HELEN MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD

IT was vacation time at last. Caroline hurried home from playing Farmer in the Dell so as to be ready for Tempa, the radio fairy who was to come that afternoon to tell her a story.

No sooner had she closed the library door than a little tinkling laugh made her look around. But she saw no one. She heard it again, and looked up towards a bookcase, and there back of a bust of Shakespeare, sticking her saucy head out back of his ear, was Tempa. She danced forward and flew over to the loudspeaker.

Caroline laughed gleefully. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she said. And then soberly, "Now what are you going to tell me today?"

"Well, Caroline, I am going to tell you about a man from your own country today. He really should have been born long ago when knights fought for truth and right in armor, but since he was born not so very long ago, right here in America, he couldn't do that. He wore the usual things a child and a man wear here, but always around him he carried a shining courage that was as bright and gleaming as the armor of any ancient knight. His name was Theodore Roosevelt."

"I studied him in school this year," cried Caroline. "He was a President."

"Yes, and he was a great many other things, Caroline. But listen—shut your eyes. Here we go."

Caroline found before her eyes a picture of a narrow back yard, with trees and little paths here and there. In one corner was a big cage full of parrots and pheasants. On the piazza a peacock walked back and forth with a proud tail, and on a little sunken porch a monkey was bumping around. In a big chair, wrapped in blankets, sat a little boy with a delicate face, looking very unhappy. Caroline was just beginning to feel very sorry for him when Tempa began to talk.

A LOVELY yard in an old-time house, and Theodore sitting there,
Who seldom could play as the others did, but must always rest in a chair,
And be content to watch the games, pretending he didn't care.
He wasn't able to go to school, but his eager, active mind
Kept him trying every single day some game he could play to find.
So when he was too ill to play, he made other children come,
And he made himself happy and cheerful instead of unhappy and glum.
They gathered around him in his chair and wonderful tales he'd tell,
Adventures of people in other lands, of men who were strong and well,
Who lived in the woods and hunted game, tales of horses and men,
And so engrossed were the children they forgot to play again."

The picture changed to the inside of a stage-coach. Tempa explained to Caroline that in those days many of the smaller towns had no train service, and the trip to them still had to be made by old-fashioned stage-coaches. It looked dark in there, and it was empty except for three boys. One was little Theodore, now about twelve years old, and still thin and sick looking, sitting hunched up in a corner. The others were two lusty little chaps, jumping about and giggling.

THE family sent little Theodore off for a holiday
To make his pale cheeks rosy with outdoor air and play,
He was alone in the stage-coach except for two little boys,
Who shouted and jumped about on the seats and made a lot of noise.
When they saw the thin child in the corner, just made for them to annoy,
They proceeded to bother and tease him, the helpless, sick little boy.
It wasn't that pluck failed Theodore, but he waited as long as he could,
Enduring their kicks and punches—then up in his corner he stood.
He went at those boys and he fought them for it wasn't courage he lacked,
But he felt his weak strength leave him and into his corner he backed.
And what hurt most wasn't his body, the worst was to have to know
That they didn't really have to hurt him, to give him a knock-out blow."

Now came a picture of Theodore, sitting on the edge of a lovely lake, sitting very quiet and evidently thinking hard. After a while he got up, squared his shoulders, threw out his chest. Caroline could see the firm, determined look in his eyes.

HE spent his vacation brooding about that unpleasant day,
Until he remembered something he once heard his father say,

'You have a good strong mind, but your body is weak, Theodore,
And to build the body is difficult—you must work at it more and more.'
He remembered the exercises his father had urged him to do,
But he'd wanted to sit and tell stories—it was easier far to do.
Now he made up his mind to do them, and make himself right and not wrong."

The next picture showed young Theodore in running tights, with gloves on his hands, punching a bag for all he was worth. He had to stop very soon, but in a moment he went hard at it again. He looked so tired and he was working so hard that Caroline suddenly clapped her hands hard as if she were seeing something very brave in a real motion picture.

"That's the way you ought to feel about it," said Tempa approvingly. "That's the way I used to feel when I watched him working so hard all by himself."

SO the little boy grew older, but he never stopped getting strong;
There was never a game too strenuous, never a lesson too long.
Till little by little he conquered; the weak little body grew straight,
And he sat no more in the armchair—he was busy early and late.
Still faithfully exercising, boxing with all his might.
If the boys in the stage-coach now met him they'd really have had to fight.
And when he was frightened at something, and wanted for help to call,
He pretended he had the courage—and that is the best way of all.
Later, no need for pretending, for soon our young Theodore
Looked out at the world triumphant, never afraid any more.

THE years sped on, and the sick boy grew to a healthy man—
Out in the mountains he worked, as hard as any cowboy can.
When war came, he was ready. Bravely he led his men,
Until the need was over and he came back home again.
He held important positions, he was senator, governor too,
And he always fulfilled his duties with the best that he could do.
Then the American people, for whom his life had been spent,
Gave him their highest honor and made him their President.
So the little boy who was sickly and wanted to rest all day,
Learned by physical effort to find a better way;
Learned that sitting and dreaming was an easy way to shirk
Learned that health and happiness come only through constant work."

Tempa stopped. "Oh such a long story. But I like to talk about him. He was a nice little boy and I used to tell him stories about heroes myself. I wasn't a radio fairy then because there were none invented but I used to talk to him when he was dreaming in his chair in the garden."

Caroline was looking serious. "It must be wonderful to make yourself strong like that. I guess I'll do the exercises we used to do in school, even if it is summer now."

"Good girl," said Tempa approvingly. "Now I must run. The little boy in Florida is waiting for me. Goodby."

These FOUR delicious dishes can all be made from *ONE* single package of Knox Gelatine

A SURPRISE a day—for four different days! *All* can be made from *one* single package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine. What other package at your grocer's will do so much? And just as delicious as these four are hundreds of other delicacies which may be made with it. Not only fruits and vegetables, but meats, fish, nuts, and other things combine perfectly with Knox Gelatine—because it is unflavored, uncolored and unsweetened. For over forty years Knox Gelatine has been plain—pure—and good. It is *all* gelatine and *only* gelatine—you add the fruit color and fruit flavor when you add the real fruit. Know Knox Gelatine. Know how different it is . . . Know how many glorious dishes you can make with it, to delight your family, to surprise your guests, to satisfy your own love for cooking fine things . . . *Send for Mrs. Knox's Books* . . . There are surprises on every page—suggestions for all kinds of menus and occasions—answers for all your dessert and salad problems—practical economy hints. Write for these valuable books today—they are free if you mention your grocer's name and enclose 4c postage...Charles B. Knox Gelatine Company, 108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, New York.

[1]

BUTTER SCOTCH RICE PUDDING

(*6 Servings*)

½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup rice
2 cups milk
1 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoonfuls butter.

Wash the rice and cook it until nearly tender in a double boiler with two cups milk scalded and ¼ teaspoonful salt. Meanwhile cook together in a shallow pan one cup brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls butter until it gets very dark brown but not burnt. Add this to the rice and milk and finish cooking until the rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak the gelatine in ½ cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve it in one cup hot milk. Strain this into the cooked rice mixture and turn into a cold, wet mold.

[3]

SALAD-DESSERT

(*A Double-Course Dish for Six Servings*)

½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine
4 tablespoonfuls cold water
1 tablespoonful butter
Yolks of two eggs
3 tablespoonfuls sugar
½ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful paprika
Few grains cayenne
⅔ cup milk
⅓ cup vinegar
2 tablespoonfuls canned pineapple juice
1 cup prepared fruit (oranges, cherries, canned pineapple, grapefruit, pears, etc.)
1 cup heavy cream.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Whip egg yolks and salt, add gradually vinegar, sugar, butter, cayenne and pineapple juice. Whip lightly. Heat milk in double boiler and gradually add the above mixture. Add soaked gelatine, and when mixture thickens, remove from fire. Stir occasionally while cooling. When beginning to set, whip and fold in whipped cream and fruit cut in small pieces. Turn into wet mold. When firm, remove to bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise to which a few spoonfuls of whipped cream or a beaten egg white has been added. Mold may be tightly sealed and packed in ice and salt if a frozen salad is desired.

Use Sparkling Granulated Gelatine for general use

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

Same Sparkling Gelatine with Lemon Flavoring in separate envelope but not mixed with the Gelatine

[2]

FRUIT WHIP

(*6 Servings*)

½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup fruit juice
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
½ cup sugar
1 cup fruit, cut in small pieces
Whites 2 eggs
Few grains salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in hot fruit juice (canned pineapple, cherries, raspberries, or any fresh fruit or combination of fruit juices). Add sugar, lemon juice and salt. When mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit cut in small pieces and drained. Beat, and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet mold or pile in glasses and garnish with whipped cream and pieces of fruit.

[4]

TOMATO JELLY

(*6 Servings*)

½ envelope *Knox* Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 tablespoonful onion juice
2 cups tomatoes
Stalk celery
Few grains cayenne
Few grains salt
1 tablespoonful mild vinegar.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into wet molds and chill. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing.

Tomato Jelly Perfection: When Tomato Jelly begins to stiffen, add one cup shredded cabbage, one-half cup chopped celery and one-half green pepper or pimento, finely chopped. Turn into wet, individual molds.

Favorite Salad: When Tomato Jelly begins to stiffen, add one-half cup chopped celery and one-half cup blanched and chopped almonds. Turn into wet, individual molds.

Fifth in a series of articles on Town and Country Planning

Silhouettes by Clara Elsene Peck
Drawings by Otto R. Eggers
Cartoon by Fontaine Fox

Good architecture, spacious surrounding, healthful conditions, beauty, comradeship, are factors in education

As a CHILD THINKETH

By Marcia Mead, *McCall's Architectural Adviser*
Collaborating with George B. Ford, *Director City Planning Department, Technical Advisory Corporation, New York City*

BY the time a child outgrows the romper stage of his development his parents find themselves confronted by the vital question of schools. Some parents whom I know have just bought a home which they consider meets their needs. It is comfortable, light, airy, well arranged and conveniently located for the father to go back and forth to business. The one thing that they did not seem to consider was where their little boy of four and their little girl of three should go to school. For there are no kindergarten or primary schools in the vicinity. Little children should not have to go more than half a mile to school. Children who attend the junior high school should not have to go more than a mile or a mile and a half. Senior high schools may be farther away and serve a larger territory. In going to and from school it should not be necessary for our boys and girls to cross railroad or trolley tracks nor heavy traffic lanes.

City Planning is so new a venture that even those cities which have adopted a plan, have not yet had time to correct or rebuild the unplanned sections. If newcomers would refuse to live in a neighborhood which does not provide proper school facilities, it would spur the community to action in the matter. Examine the school in your own neighborhood.

See for yourself if the building is located in a swampy section or near factories where the atmosphere is unhealthy; the school rooms inadequately lighted or poorly ventilated. The toilets may be unsanitary, and the drinking water impure. In case of fire is it possible for all the children to escape?

Next in importance to the school building is the school playground. Is there plenty of outdoor space for romping and games? No formal exercises ever invented will do as much for children's minds and bodies as will supervised, vigorous outdoor play. The school system that does not provide for this is very deficient in one of the essentials.

It is true, of course, that conditions are much better than in the days when we trudged through the snow to the little old red schoolhouse and huddled around the box stove. But they are far from ideal. In fact, we have gone to the other extreme, for the little old red schoolhouse at least had plenty of open space around it. We have continued to build in this country schools a little larger, a little better equipped, with a more detailed curriculum, while our children are scurrying around street corners and alleys, taking unnecessary chances with motor traffic on their way to school.

The average school board, while it is made up of representative citizens of the community, consists of busy men who give such time as they can spare to the matter of schools. Few of them have conducted schools or taught children, nor have they time to get the children's point of view as to what they need or would like to have, which is quite as important as what we wish to give them.

A conference of children held in connection with a program for schools and presided over by one of their number would be enlightening in many respects in regard to what a school should be. Some of their suggestions, I am sure, would prove enormously constructive. This is one reason why women should be on school boards, for they seem to realize better than most men how to minister to a child's unspoken needs.

What are the right school conditions and how shall they be brought about?

It will not be long now before every city has its planning commission, a part of [*Turn to page 66*]

ANGELO PATRI SAYS:

I WOULD build a school—a school athrob with an idea—the flowering of a people's hope for their children, an expression of their deep desire to afford youth a taste of all that is good, all that is lovely, all that inspires to health of mind and body.

The very foundation stones will be laid in the tradition of high purpose—the freedom of the human soul to aspire, and plan and endure and achieve. Mass and line and color will etch that message across the sky.

The playgrounds will be sweet open spaces with cool shades and shifting sunny patches. There will be grassy places with splashing water hard by and wee creatures friendly to childhood will live there—bunnies and robins and grave tortoises.

The classrooms will be low-windowed and flooded with sunshine. Sprawly tables and inviting chairs will huddle in intimate groups. Books and pictures will make beckoning signs, the music of the masters will drift through—globes squatting low will tell tales to inquiring fingers.

Big laboratories will disclose secrets to children reverent and understanding of mysteries. Shops filled with tools, snug to the hand, will season knowledge. Some niche there shall be for each child for this is his school, built for his growing.

The American school is more than a building. It is the symbol of a people's ideal. It breathes the spirit of all that we have been and all we hope to become, at our best. The flag that flies on its towers pledges "our lives, our money, and our sacred honor," to the cause of childhood. In that spirit and in that cause I would build a school.

Only one pair of feet
One pair of hands
to do it all!

Here's the help you need —a HOOSIER

BREAKFAST. Lunch. Dinner. Three times a day. Seven days a week. Fifty-two weeks a year. Year in, year out!

It's not only the killing monotony of doing the same things over and over, days on end. You rebel against that, of course . . . How it numbs the mind, exhausts the spirit!

But it's the grinding, gruelling work of it! Nobody who hasn't cooked and washed dishes and cleaned for a family knows just what hard work it is.

Steps, uncounted steps to get those meals. Standing, standing for hours. Stooping, reaching, darting here and there—yes, actually doing two things at once!

And only *your* feet, only *your* hands to do it all! No wonder your muscles ache by night, your feet drag. No wonder you're too tired to do anything but rest.

Help for you!

But after all, there's a bright side to the picture. There *is* help for you! Help which saves untold steps, which gives you leisure to do the things you want to do so much.

2,000,000 women are today enjoying new leisure because they have this help in their kitchens. *A Hoosier!*

The Hoosier is your working center—the one vital piece of equipment which makes it possible to route and systematize your kitchen work.

It's a combination of work table, pantry and cupboard in which all the things you need to work with are assembled right at hand.

Saves 1,000 steps a day

Think of the time and steps this saves—1,000 steps a day! It cuts the time you spend in your kitchen by 40%. No running from table to pantry to cupboard, then back again. They're all right here together, *concentrated*.

There's wonderful storage room for supplies and utensils, for the dishes you use every day. There's a spacious expanse of work table. A dozen working accessories. Conveniences you can never have with makeshift built-in cupboards.

Have this help you need so much—*now!* Have time to play, time to rest. The Hoosier store in your town has just the model for your kitchen.

New low prices—easy terms

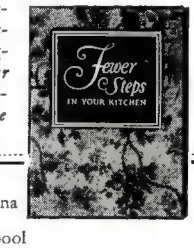
Don't think a Hoosier is an extravagance! Hoosier prices are not high. One of the most popular models costs only $37.25. *And it's such an easy way to buy —just a small down payment and the balance on terms to suit*

HOOSIER

THE WORKING CENTER IN 2,000,000 KITCHENS

FREE—THIS HELPFUL BOOK ON MODERN KITCHENS

This is an interesting book of real help on kitchen planning, furnishing and decoration. It gives practical suggestions you can apply in your own kitchen without extravagance. Send for it—it's free



The Hoosier Manufacturing Co.
327 McCook Street, Newcastle, Indiana
British Address: Louis Matthews,
Hoosier Store, 3/5 Preston St., Liverpool
Please send me, free, your new booklet:
"Fewer Steps in Your Kitchen."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

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Why our diet damages our gums

NINE-TENTHS of these widely prevalent troubles of the gums, dentists say, can be definitely ascribed to this regime of soft cookery under which, as a nation, we live.

Our soups and sauces, our vegetables and our puddings—all are cooked to a soft consistency. We are "choosy" about the cuts of meat we buy. The roughage and the fibre have departed from our food. Our diet, so soft and so delicious, has lost its power to stir our gums to health.

And our national bad habit of eating too hastily does our gums no good. For, deprived of the natural massage that careful mastication would give, our gums have grown soft and tender.

It is from these two causes that gums grow logy and dull. The blood does not circulate, the gum becomes unhealthy. "Pink tooth brush" appears. Other troubles threaten.

Why massage with Ipana is so good for the gums

Dentists advise gum massage because it stirs up the gum tissues to health, because it speeds to the depleted, softened tissues a fresh supply of rich and wholesome blood. Dentists recommend massage with Ipana Tooth Paste because Ipana, through its ziratol content, is of definite value in toning and strengthening gum tissue that is weak and undernourished.

Give Ipana a full month's trial

Ask your own dentist about Ipana. He knows it. In fact, the 50,000 dentists to whom our professional men have shown Ipana are responsible for its start.

The ten-day tube the coupon calls for is gladly sent. But a full-size tube from your druggist's, containing enough for a month's use, makes the better test of Ipana's power to care for your gums and to keep your teeth white and brilliant.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. E-37, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1926

As a CHILD THINKETH

[*Continued from page 64*]

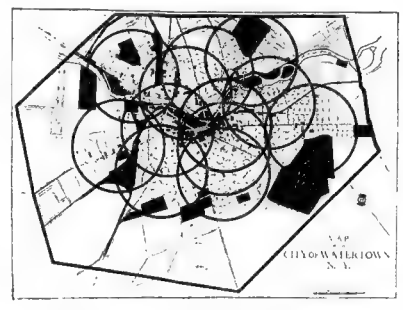
whose job is the study of schools. A school distribution survey should be made as part of the general city plan.

Nor should schools be located near hospitals for the sake both of the sick and of the children themselves.

It should not be necessary for children to go through heavy or dangerous traffic.

In the development of a school system, the plan should look ahead for twenty-five years at least and school buildings should be located where permanent residence districts will be built up. If there are good schools in a locality, there people will come to live.

School playgrounds should be large enough for all kinds of activity and for every class of child. The small children should be able to conduct their play without being disturbed or overrun by the older children. Every kind of game should be possible which is suited to the age of the children who use the ground. A physical education system which develops eleven players and 1,000 spectators will never go far in raising the physical efficency of America.



This map shows an overlapping of elementary school districts as the result of having no building program. Each circle has a half mile radius

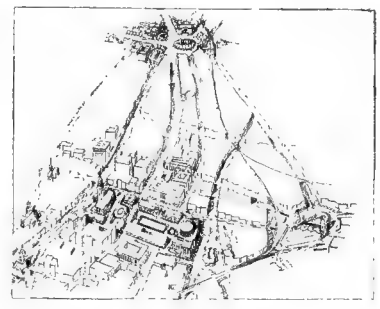
STRAYER AND ENGLEHARDT,
Educational Advisers

The usual procedure when the demands for a new school have become insistent is the appointment of a building committee which gives a few Saturday afternoons to looking over the vacant lots in the neighborhood. Sometimes the end of a block is vacant or sometimes the middle of a block, but seldom the actual acreage needed for building and play space. The minds of the committee are occupied with the number of class rooms needed and the number of teachers their funds will provide. Their ultimate vision is of rows of children seated demurely at their desks doing sums. They forget that those active little minds will grow dull if the blood is not kept coursing through their bodies by exercise and play in the open air. Too often the building committee actually decides upon the cheaper location for reasons of "economy" although it may be the poorest site for school purposes.

The District School of bygone days

Out of their limited experience a sort of program of requirements is drafted, the amount of the appropriation determined upon, and several architects are invited to submit sketches for the building. Eventually the committee selects the picture they like best or they have private conferences with the architects, when the architect who puts up the best story gets the job. Thus neither the school nor the architect gets a fair chance.

The heart of Worcester showing the future civic, art and business center of the city



The best results as a rule will be obtained by retaining at the beginning an architect of known experience and integrity. He should sit in at committee meetings, conduct the necessary research, and draft the building program. He should also assemble the work of the various experts and consultants needed, and combine the whole into plans for attractive buildings and grounds, which can be covered by the appropriation available.

There are certain specialists who should be called in connection with the planning of schools; one of the most important is the Educational Adviser. The field which is comparatively new, has been developed by Professors George D. Strayer and N. L. Englehardt, of the Department of Educational Administration Teacher's College, Columbia University, who out of long experience with schools, and extensive research, have drafted standards by which the needs of a community can be measured.

The various State Universities, the National Educational Association, and the Federal Bureau of Education at Washington are conducting extensive research in connection with school planning, and are glad to assist in any school building program.

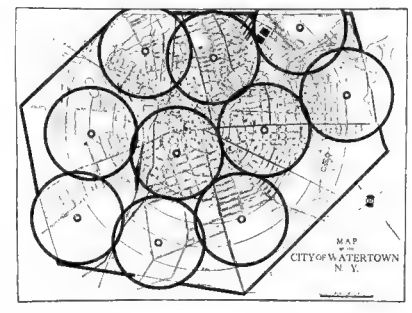
When it comes to a matter of the school building itself, the architect should be free to call in such other experts as may be necessary; the structural engineer for the steel framing and fireproofing that the building may be strong and safe, the heating and ventilating engineer, the sanitary engineer, and the electrical engineer.

Then there is the matter of equipment for the various departments, and too it is not enough to have a beautiful building. The surroundings should be beautiful and the landscape architect should be called in for outdoor constructions and planting.

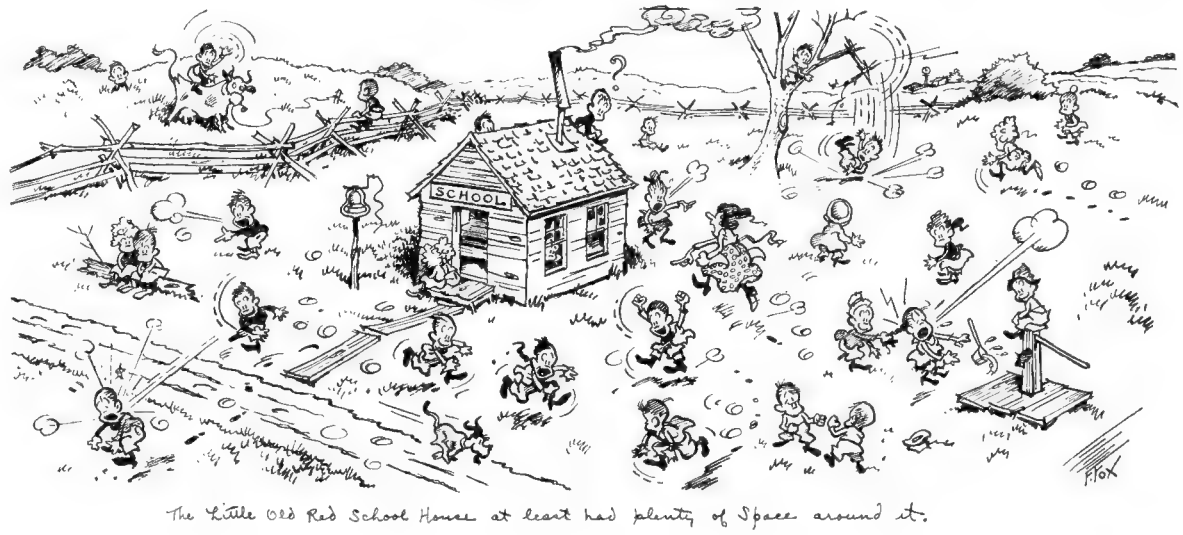
In all of these details the educational adviser will have much to say from the educational standpoint. Aside from the special use for which any kind of equipment or accessory is intended, its educational value should be made use of. The arrangement of the planting could well serve the nature study classes; the architecture, the various constructions, the pictures, could well serve as examples of building, planning and art; all of these details should be a part of the daily life of a child.

Proper foresight in planning would have made this ideal arrangement of elementary schools with no overlapping. Circles are a half mile in radius

STRAYER AND ENGLEHARDT,
Educational Advisers



Many cities are providing five acres or more of land for their elementary schools and ten acres or more for the high schools. Some cities have done much better than that. For example, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, which has four elementary school sites of twelve to forty acres.



The Little Old Red School House at least had plenty of Space around it.

He knows what he wants—
but he just can't explain it

Yet even when we grow up, how easy to miss the thing we want most if we don't make our meaning *clear!* On canned fruits, for instance, there's only one way to be sure—only one way to let your grocer know the quality you want. And that's to buy by *name.* If you specify DEL MONTE you leave no room for doubt. You describe your needs exactly—the same dependable quality—no matter when or where you buy.

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NOTHING mysterious about Evaporated Milk. Just the best full-cream milk, sold in sealed containers instead of bottles—which keeps it for you as pure and fresh as when it left the dairy.

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EVAPORATED MILK

DESIGN YOUR GARDEN TO MAKE IT NOTICED

BY DOROTHY GILES

Author of "The Little Kitchen Garden"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGARET SCHLOEMANN

THERE was a day, and not far distant, when a flower-bed was all that America knew of a garden. Sometimes the bed was filled with a lively composition of cannas, coleus, cockscomb and salvia; sometimes it inclined patriotically to scarlet geraniums, marguerites and blue ageratum; usually it was circular in form, though stars were also popular, and anchors appeared now and then, especially in seaport towns.

Whatever its form, the flower-bed was a feature of the lawn where it shared honors with a cast-iron stag at bay, a grinning pickaninny hitching-post, some trimly barbered specimen shrubs, and if the owner belonged to the magnate class, a pair of painted iron urns on very tall granite pedestals.

So much for the garden taste of the nineties—"the mauve decade," whose chief interpreter was Oscar Wilde and whose floral emblem was the tuberose.

Today the flower-bed has followed the stag and hitching-post along the path to oblivion. We no longer dot our lawns with specimen shrubs, thereby destroying the fine symmetry of their green expanse, in short we are beginning to "garden finely," which, as Lord Bacon observed, is a greater art than to "build stately," and one more slowly achieved.

What is the difference between a group of flower-beds and a garden? Does the former constitute the latter? And what does a garden need to make it a garden beside flowers? These questions lead into the fascinating terrain of landscape design, some principles of which must be understood by every one who plans a garden.

First, let us consider the garden as a whole, a complete unit composed of many parts. Indeed, the well-designed garden is as self-contained as the well architected house. And, like a house, the foundation must be laid soundly at the building.

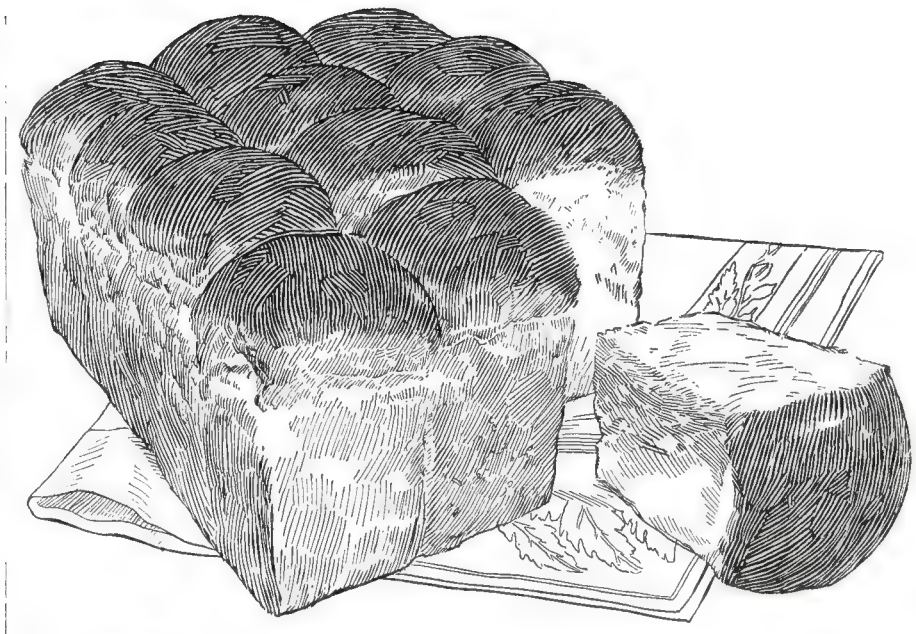
The shape, type and design of the garden must be governed by the site. A piece of ground which slopes naturally, or which rises into a little knoll, or breaks out into juts of rock, is best "developed" along its own characteristic type, and not beaten down to the dead level of mediocrity by a tractor and a steam roller. Consider what a charming garden might be conceived along a path leading down a little slope to a bit of marshy ground that has been drained to form a tiny pool, ringed round with irises, forget-me-nots and sweet scented lemon lilies (hemerocallis flava), particularly if the slope on either side the path were planted thickly with low shrubs —daphne cneorum; erica; cotoneaster, azaleas, interspersed with such stout perennials as peonies, clumps of German iris, phlox, tiger lilies, and many early flowering bulbs.

How much more satisfying, how much more individual, is a garden such as this, than one made by filling in and leveling the same spot, and then planting it in a stiff imitation of the Italian, Spanish or Georgian manner!

Once the garden site has determined the garden type, four factors demand consideration: the background, the vistas, the balance of light and dark masses, and last of all the floral content of the beds.

Let us consider these factors one by one in the order of their importance to the garden scheme. First, the background, which is to the garden what the frame is to the picture. Every gay-colored flower planting, whatever its size or shape, gains in value by being seen against a well-balanced background of shrubbery, trees or trellis. In the very little garden the grape arbor may be made to serve the double purpose of providing fruit for the family and, if a long flower-filled border be placed along one side where tall groups of Auratum, and Can- [*Turn to page 109*]

IF you are planning a new garden this Spring, or if you are rearranging the garden you already have, you will want our McCall Garden Club Designs for a Small Garden. The set of three plans drawn to scale and complete with plant lists will be sent on receipt of ten cents. The plans include: (1) A design for a long border suitable to be placed against a clipped hedge, a massing of shrubbery, or along a path or drive. (2) A design for a curved bed to surround a bit of green sward with a bird bath or sundial. (3) A plan for a corner planting which may be used in composition with the border, or in duplicate pairs to create a little garden of formal design. Address The Garden Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



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COLD WEATHER. Weariness. How you need a steaming hot drink to revive your flagging spirits! How you appreciate that trail of warmth down your throat! How soothing and restful and friendly it is!

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There is something about the English Cottage which pulls at one's heart strings

THIS HOUSE WINS THIRD MENTION IN McCALL'S COMPETITION

WON BY JAMES W. MINICK, *Collaborating with* MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Architectural Adviser*

AN excellent interpretation of the old English cottage is found in this charming little up-to-date home. There is something about the English cottage which pulls at one's heart strings and in his sketch of the completed house Mr. Minick has suggested bits of wall here and there, a gateway and garden treatment, which, if one can afford these additional details will add greatly to the charm of the setting.

It is not enough to build a house on a level piece of ground. We must visualize it with trees and planting and gardens which will tie it to the site just as if it had grown up in the spot.

The living-room of the house which is always the heart of the home, is attractively arranged here with good spaces for furniture. Its alcoves and cozy-corners make possible an appreciable sense of privacy, not always to be found in a small house with only one living-room for the family. A group may sit by the fire, one may lounge by himself in a chimney alcove and read undisturbed, while the children may play games or prepare their lessons at the dining-table. It is indeed a homey room.

The bedrooms are airy and are so situated as to get the benefit of the prevailing generous breezes. Closets and storage space have been provided.

The main walls of the house consist of rough troweled stucco on hollow tile. Fieldstone or stone from the cellar excavation may be used for the chimney base while common brick may be used for the top. Porch timbers and siding should be stained like weathered oak. The roof is of variegated slate with a predominance of soft browns and reds.

The total width or frontage of this house is about 30 feet which makes it suitable for a lot with a frontage of only 50 feet. It has a total cubage of about 18,000 cubic feet. The cubic foot cost will, of course, vary in different localities.

This house in some respects is not as compact as some of the other plans submitted in the competition, but the design is excellent and, if followed faithfully, will make a most attractive home.

TWO complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for the Third Mention house will be sold for $30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series.) Extra sets of plans and specifications, $5. Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs send for McCall's Service booklet, The Small House (price ten cents), showing four to seven-room houses costing from $8,000 to $16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, $15 a set. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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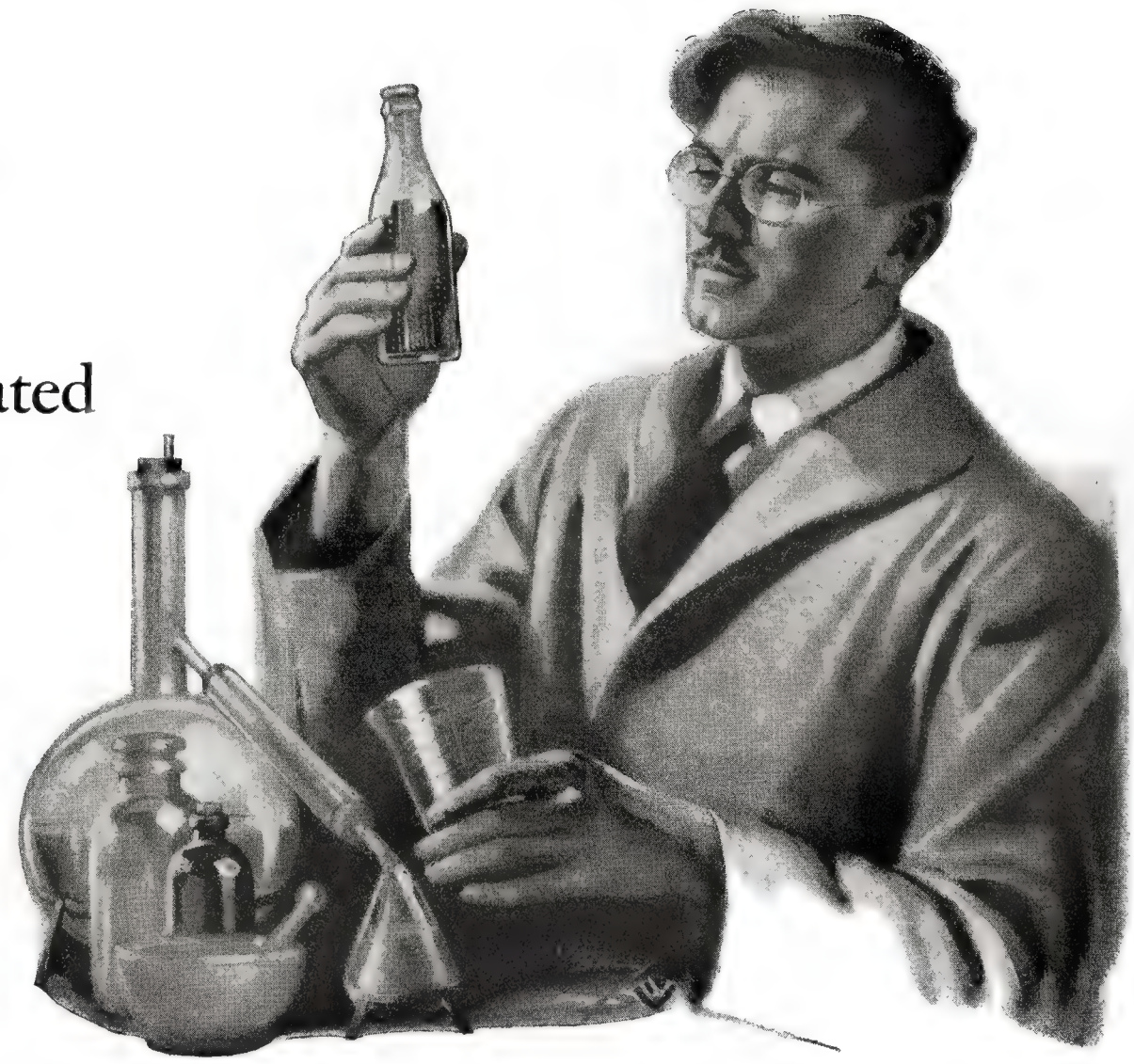
"Bottled Carbonated Beverages* have real food value"



★ The interesting process of carbonation is simply a matter of charging your drink with health-insuring carbon-dioxide.

"I WONDER what it is in a bottled carbonated drink that creates such an *instant* invigorated feeling." Perhaps you've asked that very thing. A good many of us have. And now science gives us a *definite* answer.

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. . . . . *So you see* the stimulation *isn't* artificial. It is as real and wholesome as can be. For the bottled carbonated beverages contain besides the finest sugar, pure water and wholesome taste-tempting flavors. That's why doctors prescribe them.

Miss VERA KENDRICK, *Springfield, Mass., noted hospital dietitian, says that bottled carbonated beverages form an important part of the daily diet in many hospitals. "These drinks," she declares, "contain more calories than many foods in common use, and are very beneficial to the health."*

Perfect carbonation, which is possible only when the drink is bottled, not only adds *sparkling tang,* but also serves to prevent germs that may lurk in even the purest water.

. . . . . *But the bottlers* are not content with the *best* ingredients. They go a step farther and, in their plants, maintain standards of sanitation, more exacting than State and Federal pure food laws. The bottles are scientifically sterilized, and the delicious drinks are hermetically sealed.

. . . . . no other food product is handled with greater care than these bottled carbonated beverages that you may know as soft drinks, soda water, soda pop, charged water, tonics and ginger ales.

But . . . regardless of name . . . remember always that if the drink is *carbonated* and *bottled* it is good and good for you!

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These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West and we all know the *ginger ales.* Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!

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TARBAU: A TRUE STORY

[*Continued from page 11*]

We went on deck and soon afterwards I saw Miss Rahlo meet him. He took off his cap to her and passed by. There came consternation to her face, then she went to her mother. Tarbau did not appear again before lunch, and when they went to the dining-saloon, they found he had changed his table and some one else sat in his place.

"What's happened?" I said to the Purser. "Tarbau is no longer with the ladies."

The Purser shook his head. "Heaven only knows! He's changed his seat himself. It looks as though he's off the trail. The girl is pale and the mother flustered. I wonder what it is. He don't seem to be playing fair."

After lunch I went to Mrs. Rahlo and showed her a letter to her husband, and I was introduced to the daughter. Mrs. Rahlo was a woman of a quiet, kind and gentle temperament; but Alice was alive with feeling, of a sensitive, nervous type that would be impulsive and might be rash. It was clear she was resenting Tarbau's conduct, and it was noticeable to the other passengers who knew of their passionate acquaintance. I felt sorry for the girl, but I knew that Tarbau had done the right thing. Later that afternoon I had a few words with him.

"It's the hardest thing I ever done," he said, "but I'm glad I did it. I expect she thinks I'm a brute. Say, it's hard to be good in this wicked world. She's upset, ain't she?"

"Of course, she's upset, Tarbau. She'll get over it and you must. It's the only thing to do."

The rest of the journey was difficult. It was only four days, but it seemed like four years. Tarbau kept absolutely away from her, stayed in the smoking-room or his cabin, and only bowed to her when they met. It was clear, however, that she did not mean him to escape. Her mother was indignant. To her it seemed that a rich young gentleman had won her daughter's affections and then deserted her. She meant this when she said:

"I wish her father were here. He'd put it right in his own way. Mr. Tarbau is a cad. I wish I were a man!"

I tried to put Tarbau in a better light, but she bitterly resented him. "I wish he had the courage to explain. He hasn't, and my girl pays the price. Don't you think he's a cad?" she asked me.

"I'm sure he admires your daughter much. What he's done was for her good, as he thinks."

"He should have thought sooner. He courted her for a fortnight in New Zealand."

"Suppose he had won her heart and married her, and he is what you think, wouldn't it have been worse? What he's done now saves all that. Better to suffer a little affront now than a life-long mistake."

The day we entered Sydney Harbor was most beautiful, and there are few, if any, harbors so fine in the world. As we neared the dock Alice Rahlo frantically waved to some one and presently I stood beside her and her mother.

Mrs. Rahlo said: "There's my husband, that man with the grey moustache, waving his stick. He is handsome, isn't he?"

Yes, Rahlo was handsome and pleasant to see, but somehow I distrusted him at once. As Alice Rahlo looked at her father, her eyes beamed, and then I saw her looking round the deck. Presently she saw Tarbau and began to wave her handkerchief again at her father, and Tarbau saw and smiled. He seemed taking the measurement of Rahlo, and I wondered what he thought.

"You must meet my husband," Mrs. Rahlo said. "He'll be glad to know you."

On the dock I was introduced to Mr. Rahlo. He was friendly and said we must meet again soon, and that I must visit them at their house. Leaving the dock, however, I was amazed to see Alice Rahlo take her father up to Tarbau and introduce him. She had set her mother at defiance, had smothered her own humiliations and had made her father know Tarbau. I saw them shake hands, and, distressed, I left for my hotel.

TWO days after we landed at Sydney Mr. Rahlo and Alice came to see Tarbau at Petty's Hotel. Tarbau did not like it, but with his usual strength of will he faced the business composedly. He smiled at them both and he realized that Charles Rahlo had something in his mind which did not mean well to himself, though his talk and his bearing were friendly. Tarbau greeted them warmly, but there was a certain deliberate courtesy in his manner to Alice which touched her sensitiveness roughly. This sensitiveness was increased when Tarbau smilingly declined an invitation to dine with them. Immediately Charles Rahlo, who had been slightly embarrassed by Tarbau's refusal, said: "Well, lunch with me at the Warrigal Club and you shall meet two friends of mine, Dr. Plate and Mr. Demming, who are our fellow-countrymen. Tomorrow at one o'clock, eh?" Tarbau nodded: "Yes, I'm free and I will meet them with pleasure."

Rahlo's face lighted and there came into his eyes a look which the student of human nature would call Machiavellian. Rahlo was very well-to-do, but Tarbau had the reputation of being a rich man, and Rahlo would like to open the safe where the riches were housed. It was quite evident Rahlo wished to leave his daughter alone with Tarbau, and this the gambler did not want. He did not wish to be alone with Alice, and, looking at the clock in the corner, he said: "I have an appointment in ten minutes, which I must keep, and if you are walking my way I shall be glad."

This deceived Rahlo, but it only confused Alice. She felt with injured vanity, and something more, that Tarbau did not wish to be alone with her, so they walked out of the hotel, came through the bright scene and the freshening air to Pitt Street. Here they stopped before a block where there were many offices, representing various trades and professions, and Tarbau had escaped being alone with Alice. Presently, however, as they stopped, a gentleman whom Rahlo knew, spoke to him and he stepped aside, and Tarbau was alone with Alice.

Tarbau instantly began to talk of the beauties of Sydney Harbor and the boat-race to take place between Hanlom and Beach, but Alice interrupted him. "Tell me," she said, "please tell me why you will not dine with us."

"If I told you the truth you wouldn't believe it, girl, and I don't wish to lie to you—no."

With a flame of indignation, her face flushed, her eyes flashing, she said: "Whatever your words may be, it is your acts that are true or false, and they were either false in New Zealand or false on board the boat, or false now—you have your choice."

What Tarbau longed to do was to take her hand in his and say: "You and I shall part no more, and that is the truth," but he did not say so. He was keeping faith with me and with himself. He said: "We have not known each other long, not yet a month, but life is all before us, and life is long."

She flashed out at him bitingly: "I did not know Southern gentlemen played fast and loose—were cowards."

Now a faint flush came to his face as he smiled at her anger for he realized how fully she had given her whole life to him, and it made him glad and sad.

"I am not a coward," he said, "and before the end of everything comes to us, beautiful girl, you will know that courage does not belong to Southern gentlemen alone, but to the citizen of the world who does the true thing in his own stupid way."

The flush passed from her face, and her mouth dimpled with laughter, for she read in his eyes the secret of his life. He cared for her. It entered the deep places of her being. It roused in her elation, and though she did not understand and felt unsoundness somewhere, she grasped the fact that this man, though he played a part, played it with the spirit of fair play and not of villainy.

"I do not understand you," she said, but as her father came back she held out her hand, "but I do not distrust you."

He pressed her hand warmly. "I am what I am, and you are you, and it takes many kinds of people to make a world!"

Next day I saw [*Turn to page 73*]

TARBAU: A TRUE STORY

[*Continued from page 72*]

Tarbau in the hotel lounge. He told me what had happened. He shook his head, smiled and said: "It was no use. Miss Rahlo made me know her father, and he's asked me to their home."

"Are you going?"

"No, I'll keep my word. I've finished with Alice. I'll play fair, but she's heavenly, and I'd like—but it's no good! I won't! No, I'm fighting shy, but I ain't so sure of her father. He's a queer cuss, with treason in his eyes. I dunno what'll come of it."

"Nothing, if you keep away, Tarbau. Then it'll be all right."

With that I left him, and the next day I went into private lodgings, so I did not see him for some time save in the distance. One day, however, we met in the Domain—a park of the city—and he said:

"I kept my word about the Rahlos!"

"I know, for Mrs. Rahlo told me you hadn't been to the house."

"Is that all she told you?" he asked, with a queer look. "Is that all?"

"Is there more?"

"Much. Rahlo thinks I'm very rich and he makes me play cards. He's won a lot off me—he and Dr. Plate, and a Mr. Demming. It looks like a plot, but I'm waiting—waiting hard."

A grim look came to his face, his eyes took on an ugly expression. Suppose he should take his revenge—suppose—but presently he added:

"Will you come and dine at Sir Joseph Bank's Hotel at Botany Bay on Saturday night?—don't think I'm presuming—I ain't! I know our social differences but I like you, and you like me in a way, and you may see things! I'll play cards with Rahlo and his friends. Will you come?"

This was interesting, and I'd follow it to the end. "Yes, Tarbau, I will. Have you played with Rahlo and his friends often?"

"Four times, but the gang are after me, and they've got now a thousand pounds off me. I can get it back as easy as easy. Say, they're a pretty tough lot—I got no use for them. Between ourselves, two of 'em have got signs for the game! A dirty lot of men as ever played low on a stranger. But I'll give 'em blazes, and no mistake."

"I hope you'll remember what it will mean to the girl, if you rook her father."

"Rook—rook, who's going to rook! I ain't cheating. I see the way to beat them—no cards up my sleeve—only the pack we're playing with, but I'll give 'em what for. I've got no qualms!"

"I suppose one shouldn't have qualms playing cards. It's a brutal deadly game . . . Well, till Saturday night, Tarbau!"

He laughed, raised his hat and was soon out of sight. It was a queer situation. I was sorry for the girl, for her mother, for Tarbau. I had a feeling that the history of Tarbau and the girl was only just beginning, and that there were startling events to come. And I was not wrong.

THE Saturday night came and I went to Sir Joseph Bank's Hotel at Botany Bay. All were there when I arrived, and after pleasant greetings from Rahlo I was made to know Mr. Demming. I had already met Dr. Plate at the Rahlo's house. Demming was an agreeable man with a face free from dishonesty, but it had craft and shrewdness and some skill. He was a heavy business man with good commercial ability but a crooked person morally, as I had heard.

We had an excellent dinner, and smoked and had liqueurs on the balcony, and about ten o'clock the play began. At first, Tarbau steadily lost—not large sums. He was in high spirits. He pretended to be a little intoxicated, but I saw he drank little and kept a hand on himself. The others drank a good deal. At length Rahlo, elated, said: "This is no good. We're playing too low. Let's make it worth while. I'll play for all I can. What's the good—in so small a way!"

"Oh, all right!" said Tarbau, and he looked slyly across at me with a queer smile, for I was watching the game intently. About one o'clock the game brisked up and sums were lost and won which seemed large to me. I watched Tarbau carefully and I saw no cheating, but I did see signs pass between Rahlo and Demming, and I felt strange things were pending. Tarbau had lost about eight hundred pounds, when the luck suddenly turned in his favor and he won five hundred. Then he lost again, and so it went with varying fortune till about two o'clock. Then Tarbau won steadily. I heard Tarbau say at last:

"No don't give up. The day is young and we've only just begun."

"We've got no more cash," said Rahlo and Plate.

"What difference that! Here's paper and pencil for IOU's. So let's not stop yet."

Tarbau was in good spirits. The night went on. He won four thousand pounds, of which a good share belonged to Rahlo. At last Rahlo moodily rose from his chair.

"I'll play no more!" he said, and he gave Tarbau a malicious look. Plate and Demming were dumbfounded, but they could not challenge Tarbau for all had watched him carefully, as I had done, and there was no sign of sharp practice.

"I'd like you to win back what you've lost—if you can," said Tarbau with soft cynicism in his voice and it made Rahlo livid, but he said nothing.

"I'll play no more," said Plate. "I've got an important case at ten o'clock—no shaky hands! I shan't get two hours sleep now—it's three o'clock. I'll play no more."

"Very well, then, gentlemen, but if you don't play now I don't know when you can again, for I'm starting for Melbourne tonight, and you'll see me no more at present." He suddenly took from his pocket a roll of notes. Counting out hastily eight hundred pounds, he offered them to Rahlo. "Here's what I've won from you over what you won from me altogether. Take it as a gift and play on. If you want your revenge, better get it while it's to be had." There was a cynical rasp to his tone.

"Revenge be hanged!" said Rahlo. "You've got the banner of good luck on you—if it is good luck! And we can't beat you. I'm off home." Suddenly he swung back on Tarbau. "Look here, you're the sharpest player I've ever known, and you made us think you were a mug. You've got a nasty way with cards, and I've seen some good ones in my time!"

"I've no doubt," replied Tarbau, "but you've still a lot to learn. Say, I've played a heap of cards too, but I never saw so slippy a lot as you. I was careless at first, for I didn't know how expert you were, but when I saw you making signs, it gave me the needle, and I tried to see if I couldn't beat you at your own game. By good luck I've done it—by sheer good luck!"

"Do you mean we cheated, Tarbau!" said Rahlo fiercely.

"Certainly not. Too open to be called cheating, and badly done. You couldn't cheat, you don't know how."

This enraged them all, but Tarbau smiled and courteously opened the door for them. "Have a pleasant journey back to Sydney," he said, and nodded to them. They did not shake hands even with me, and the soft light of early morning made uglier their rabid gloom.

I was left alone with Tarbau. He smiled cynically. "Pretty rotten bunch that!"

I nodded. "You had a neat revenge. Was it *all* luck?"

"It was fair enough with them. They made signs as you saw, and as I saw. They were out to do me, and I did them."

"If you don't mind I'll go to bed for a few hours," I said. "I'll sleep until ten or eleven o'clock."

"Right. Come. I'll see you to your room."

At two o'clock that day we went back to Sydney together. When we parted his words were: "Well, we'll meet again—perhaps in Melbourne. When you see Miss Rahlo, don't let her know what a rogue her father is."

That was decent of him, and I said I would remember. He was very thoughtful in little things.

A few days later I saw Miss Rahlo at her own home. She was in fairly good spirits, but there was [*Turn to page 74*]

Do his eyes betray secret thoughts about your figure *that his tongue would never express?*

WHEN YOUR HUSBAND says nice things about your appearance, your figure, does he look straight at you? Or do his eyes drop as his mind goes questing back to the slender girl you were when he courted you?

When you ask: "How do I look?" loyally he answers: "Stunning, dear."

Don't imagine, however, that he has failed to note the changes that a few inevitable extra pounds have wrought in your appearance. He has not forgotten the slimness, the girlishness of your figure before you married him. He remembers—and compares.

You can look slim without dieting, without violent exercise, without drugs

Science has at last demonstrated that what so many women are worrying about is only the *appearance* of weight and age—not the actual pounds and years—an *appearance* that results almost invariably from incorrect posture.

It's all in the line of your spine

When your spine sags at the waistline, your whole body is thrown out of plumb. In order to maintain your equilibrium, your head and abdomen tend to thrust forward, broadening the hips, thickening the torso, and destroying the slender lines of the neck. This position not only suggests weight and age; it is actually injurious to the health. Straighten the line of the spine, and all these defects of body contour disappear.

Louise Gifford's famous "Corrective Movements" straighten the line of the spine

ACTRESSES, business women, and women prominent in New York society go to Miss Gifford for her non-strenuous "Corrective Movements" when their figures need improvement. So renowned has she become through her remarkable work that she has been appointed by the leading dramatic school of the country—that conducted by the New York Theatre Guild—to instruct its students in posture, movement, and body expression. And yet Miss Gifford does not subject them to a course of enervating exercises to take off the pounds. Merely by straightening their spines, she gives to their bodies grace, poise, and youthful resiliency.

Miss Gifford has kindly permitted the makers of the P. N. Practical Front Corset to publish her complete course of exercises in a booklet which she has called "The Joy of Looking Slim." (See coupon below.) She did this because she recognized that this particular corset has as its primary aim the very thing that has made her "Corrective Movements" famous.

The P. N. Practical Front Corset makes you look slender

THE P. N. Practical Front Corset has been specially designed to straighten the line of the spine. It is scientifically correct—stylish, comfortable, beautiful.

The Inner Elastic Vest, a feature that distinguishes the P. N. Practical Front from all other corsets, holds the abdomen in the proper position, supplementing the slendering effect of the corset, and imparting to the body that sculptural firmness that women whose figures incline to maturity so rightfully desire. And yet this comfortable garment permits all the flexibility and ease of movement required by the most athletically inclined.

Strictly speaking, the P. N. Practical Front Corset is not a corset at all. It is in reality a foundation or mould on which beautiful gowns may be draped gracefully, with the assurance that they will look their best. It does not so much attempt to *form* the figure as to *conform* to it, bringing out its natural lines of beauty by helping the wearer correct her bad posture habits. By helping you do that it makes you look slim.

Just try this. Have one of the experts fit you. Note the ease, the comfort, the flexibility, the downright restfulness of the P. N. And then get your little speech ready, for you'll need it next time your husband compliments you. It will be something like this: "That's better, dear. I like you to look at me when you say nice things about my figure."

Maybe he won't know just what you mean, but then again—maybe he will.

FREE—a fascinating booklet by Louise Gifford

"The Joy of Looking Slim"

It describes and illustrates her simple, non-strenuous "Corrective Movements", widely used by famous women for the removal of pounds and years from the figure. Write to I. Newman & Sons, Inc., Dept. M-1 222 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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Only uses electricity a fraction of the usual cooking time. The boiling compartment cooks food with the electricity turned off, and is about the cheapest method of cooking the family meals that has ever been discovered. For instance, a New England boiled dinner only uses electricity about forty minutes, a boiled ham about thirty-five minutes, eight [8] medium size potatoes about fifteen minutes. Will not heat up the kitchen, even when cooking a big dinner.

Set the oven control for the heat desired and the automatic regulator keeps the heat at the same temperature. Never too hot—never too cool—always just right for the best baking and roasting results.

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TARBAU: A TRUE STORY

[*Continued from page 73*]

a wistfulness to her quiet beauty. "I hear you've seen Mr. Tarbau," she said.

"Yes, I spent an evening with him and your father and Dr. Plate and Mr. Demming a short time ago, and they all seemed to enjoy themselves."

"I heard it from Dr. Plate. My father didn't tell me. I suppose he was ashamed to come home at four o'clock in the morning. They played cards, and Mr Tarbau beat them badly—eh?"

"He had some luck, and he made the most of it."

"He gave them no chance of revenge. He went to Melbourne." She said it scornfully, and I took it up.

"Didn't Dr. Plate tell you that Tarbau offered them a chance to win back what they'd lost, and your father said no? He offered your father eight hundred pounds as a free gift to play with."

"No, he didn't tell me that. Dr. Plate only said he had gone to Melbourne the next day." Then came a look of relief to her face, and she looked happier. Down beneath everything was a fondness for the man who had so persistently kept out of her life. "Did my father lose much that night? He's been glum ever since. He scarcely speaks of Mr. Tarbau, and then it's with a bitey edge."

"Well, I'm afraid your father isn't a good loser. He'd won from Tarbau before, so I hear, and Tarbau got even and a little more, I expect, that's all."

"Yes, but Dr. Plate is the same. He has a hateful mind about Mr. Tarbau, and he's very good-natured.

"Disappointment! They thought Tarbau was a greenhorn, and he proved himself a master at cards. It put their noses out of joint."

"He never was a greenhorn, never in his life," she said with eagerness. "I'm sure he never was. He had too much knowledge to be easily taken in. I don't know why he wants to see me so little. But he's a great man, and he likes me. I can tell it by the look in his eyes—I wonder if he's married!"

"I don't think he's married—but you never can tell," I added, intent to disarm her suspicions. "Such men have many sides to their characters. If he is, it's better that he leaves you alone. Do you like him very much?"

For a moment she looked at me with a strange pensiveness, then she said: "I like him with good conscience. He's the most interesting man I've ever met—even including yourself. That's what makes me resent his indifference after—after New Zealand!"

"Then put him out of your life, for nothing will come of it all. He's here today and away tomorrow, and you're well out of it."

A tear came to her eyes. "I shall always miss him, but why doesn't my father like him any more?"

"Perhaps he'll tell you some day. And may I ask you not to say that I've told you anything about that night at Sir Joseph Bank's Hotel?"

"I'll say nothing at all, but I'm glad of your confidence—and company, sir!"

She was by instinct a coquette, and she could turn from one man to another with skill and variety and win interest in herself without strain.

Weeks went on, and then one day in the *Sydney Morning Herald* I saw that Tarbau and a Dr. Smith had been arrested in Melbourne, "for conspiracy to defraud at cards."

Soon after that I met Mr. Rahlo. "Well, have you seen the facts about your friend Tarbau?" he asked with an ugly smile. "'Conspiracy to defraud at cards!' that's the charge against him, and I hope they'll push it home. I'm certain he cheated at Botany Bay, but I couldn't catch him at it, and so I lost a lot. Sharp enough he was, and good-looking, and a gentleman in appearance, but he was an outsider, and I hope they'll gaol him!"

"Well, do you know, I don't think they'll get the better of him. I'm not a betting man, but I'll put up an even five pounds that he won't be jailed beyond his trial."

"I take you," replied Rahlo sharply, "and I'll double it if you like."

"No, it's quite enough for me. I've got faith in the man."

A month later I was in Melbourne, having gone over to see the Great Exhibition and the race at Flemington, where the famous Carbine won the Cup. On the second morning I picked up the *Argus* and saw that Tarbau had been released from gaol the night before, as nothing had been proved against him, but that Dr. Smith had been sentenced to six months in prison for "conspiracy to defraud at cards."

So I had won my bet with Mr. Rahlo, and I smiled to myself. After breakfast, at about half past ten, I went to the Art Gallery at the Exhibition and began to inspect the pictures. They were lent by owners in England and elsewhere, and as I looked along the line I saw standing before a picture by Vicat Cole, called *Ripening Sunbeams,* Frank Tarbau. He seemed intent on it. I went to him and touched him on the shoulder. He turned, saw who it was, and raised his hat.

"Ticket-of-leave, Tarbau?"

He smiled ironically! "Yes, just come out to see the pictures."

"Well, it's a genial reception after all your tough going, as they say."

"I like this picture," he waved a hand towards it. "It's like a happy summer day—but not in this country. It's Old England, where I've never been. It's a little heaven of its own."

"You've got sensitive tastes, Tarbau, You've been living in a gaol, and yet the first day you're out you come to a picture show! That's why people like Miss Rahlo are drawn towards you. Devils are more interesting than angels, and when a human being has something of both, there's no telling! You don't know yourself very well, Tarbau."

He laughed softly and showed his teeth. "I like to do the things Miss Rahlo approves of, and yet I like the devil in me better than the angel—if there is angel in me. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. I'm rough stuff—I'm not good coal, I'm clinkers!"

I laughed. "You're modest too—that's something! How did you escape? What was in your favor that wasn't in Smith's?"

"I didn't talk. I kept my mouth shut, for I knew they couldn't prove I cheated. You saw me play at Botany Bay—did you see me cheat? Did Rahlo and his friends see me cheat? No. Well, I acknowledged I didn't see any harm in playing cards for money, but cheat, oh no! If I didn't cheat, where was the conspiracy? Smith admitted to his lawyer that he did cheat and the fool of a lawyer couldn't convince the jury. He got what he deserves."

"You've saved your skin, but they'll never let you play in Australia again. Miss Rahlo may have no further interest in you."

His eyes kindled. "I don't care a rap about Australia. I'm off to Europe soon. Of course they won't let me play cards here. As for Miss Rahlo, you're wrong. She'll only be sorry for me. I bet if I went today and said I wanted her to marry me, she'd do it. She'd be a fool, but she'd do it. You don't know women—that's what's the matter with you. You've fed on books, but I've fed on real life and human nature . . . Say, come and dine with me tonight, and we can talk more. People crowd in here now, and it ain't pleasant. Will you dine with a gaolbird out to see the pictures?"

I smiled. "Yes, on the old terms, with pleasure!"

"The old terms—as two men that like each other and have their eyes on similiar things. You'll not be seen with me—I've got a private sitting room!"

"Here I am in the open with you, and I feel nothing you could resent. What's your hotel?" He told me and we parted.

I looked forward to my evening immensely. It was impossible not to be interested in him. Now, after all these years, I say, with larger understanding of the world, that I'd rather have gone to Tarbau in an hour of trouble than any man I've ever known. Bad in many ways, he was kind, clever, astute and wholly dependable—save with the cards in his hands. He was Lucifer and the Archangel Gabriel combined.

[*Continued in* APRIL McCALL'S]

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WHY I TOOK *my* CHILDREN *to* FRANCE

BY MARIE LANSDOWNE ROBINSON

THE average woman planning to give her children—if only for six months or a year—the superior cultural and educational advantages that France offers, must always consider the cost. . . Her first question, "Can I manage on the money I have to spend?" is answered in this article—the first of two—by Mrs. Robinson . . . In connection with these articles we have a leaflet, giving explicit information on conditions, places, and prices in France, which may be had without charge. Enclose a two-cent stamp and write to The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

The language—or the lack of it—need not bother you. The children will pick it up as if by magic

WE EMBARKED, the four of us, one day in November 1923. Nothing held us, then, in America and now at least two of us are happily resigned to growing up in France. That's Jack and Jill. As for Jim—he is an out and out little American but he will be a better and broader-minded citizen for his stay in Europe.

Let me begin by saying that if you come on a small boat, preferably one-class, you will be doing the best possible thing. The trip over, out of season, is about $125—half fare for small children. In this way you will meet nice people, many of whom will have been in France before and can give you pointers on the way over that will be tremendously helpful to you during your stay.

Just as there is a time for everything, I believe that there is a proper time to visit Paris and that is not in winter. But winter is the ideal season for the south or the west coast of France and if you land in that season you would do well to leave Paris for later. The climate of the Midi is tempered by the sea on one side and on the other by the wooded hills, generally pine trees, that back the shore. The west coast places, as in the case of Arcachon, get the benefit of the warm Gulf Stream and the pine forests.

You can follow the sun back to Paris in the springtime, when all the chestnut trees are in bloom and the thrushes building their nests along the Champs Elysées.

I went straight to Nice—but I consider that it was a mistake. Cannes, Nice, Deauville are all very well in their respective seasons if you like the gay life and if the daily view of professional beauties, dancers and gamblers means anything to you. To the mother who comes to France primarily for the sake of her children, their education or their health, there is a broader, lovelier field.

So when Mrs. B, an army officer's wife, arrived last winter I was able to give her the benefit of some of my mistakes. Her son, a child of six, suffered continually from colds and consequently lowered vitality. When she realized what a period of sunshine, flowers and invigorating, pine-laden air would do for him and just how much her resources would provide on this side, she set out courageously for France, accepting the added responsibility of the motherless thirteen-year-old daughter of another officer. With the aid of a French friend, I set her on the road for Théoule in the Maritime Alps, a charming little hamlet, neither hot in summer nor cold in winter, situated on the Mediterranean about ten minutes from Cannes. There she obtained two rooms and board for all three of her little family at $2.50 a day! Her recent letter to me is so clear and informative that I must give you her exact words:

"Regardless of the climate, I imagine that we live much more cheaply here than in Paris, for Théoule is off the beaten track. Our board is 350 francs a week for the three—Janet, Teddy and me. (A special rate for a long stay.) Then I count ten per cent for service (385 francs a week) plus the laundry which averages 60 francs a week since the children wear washable things the year round (445 francs). And then 3 francs 50 for each bath. Anything in addition, is optional. Tea, for instance, is four francs for each of us but I much prefer to keep some crackers or cake on hand rather than to let the children have tea or chocolate. Then we have daily French lessons—very good—for 6 francs an hour.

"The children constantly are broadening their horizons. Of schools I know nothing as I am teaching both children myself. For a person in moderate circumstances who comes with the same aims, teaching fills up the time.

"The weather is divine, there is a riot of flowers at every turn and we go bathing in the Mediterranean every day. The cuisine of the little hotel is excellent and the rooms have been freshly and attractively done over.

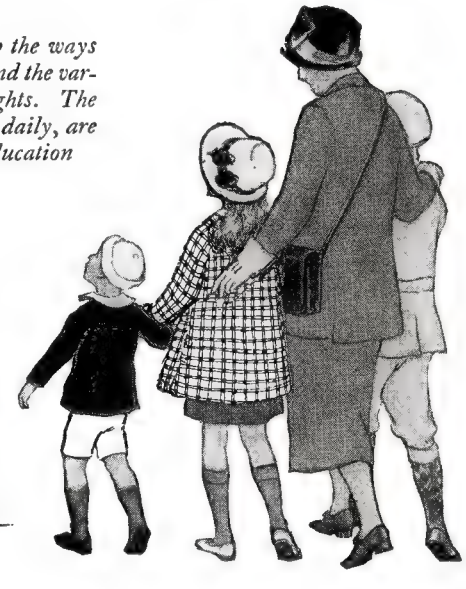
"I have $150 a month for the two children and myself. This covers board, service, baths, French lessons, occasional short trips and a few extras. I have my own clothes' allowance besides but the $150 includes the children's clothes. It is ample—but not much, if any, is left over. And I think it could be done more cheaply. I am not a particularly economical person."

It is amazing to think that there are resorts such as Théoule, near the very big ones and enjoying the same advantages, where one may find good board and lodging *in the season* at twenty-five francs—or a dollar and a quarter a day. Near Biarritz there is the equally famous Saint Jean de Luz, very much frequented by English people. Smaller but just as attractive and in as close touch with the big resort are Bidart and Guethary, sunny little Basque villages, each with a fine sand beach of its own. Arcachon, the great watering-place near Bordeaux, is good for convalescent or anaemic children as the climate is temperate and the air tonic and sedative at the same time. Here again one need not go above twenty-five francs a day! Just a few of the winter and all-year-round resorts I could cite you in the lovely country of the Esterel and the Var are Saint Raphael, Le Trayas, Théoule and Boulouris sur Mer—and on the shore between Marseilles and Hyeres there are San Salvador, La Seyne sur Mer and Carque Iranne.

Think of the impressions possible for growing children! You have the whole Basque coast stretching out before you, with Biarritz near by and little sallies into Spain by train. The red rocks of the Esterel with the blue Mediterranean at your feet, and orange blossoms, mimosa and roses all blooming together; the country of the Landes, where men walk across the marshes on great stilts and gather rosin from the dwarf pines in the same fashion that we gather maple sirup in our native Vermont.

And in the summer, Brittany, with the great beaches and the queer little fishing-boats; where the [*Turn to page 109*]

Let them absorb the ways of the country and the various lovely sights. The things they see, daily, are themselves an education



Now come

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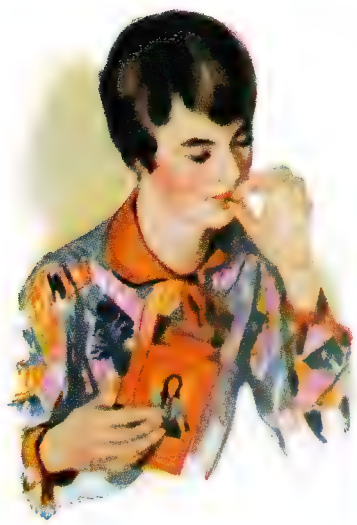

THE FRESH GRAPE TASTE in raisins deliciously tender and plump. Seedless raisins were never like these

TO CEREALS they give a transforming goodness

So much of the natural quality of the grapes was lost in seedless raisins. You never got it. And still you used raisins. Seedless Sun-Maids always gave your dishes a richness you liked.

But now there's a new kind—Sun-Maid Nectars—like no other raisins you've ever seen.

How you will love them! And what countless ways you will devise to use them!

For here is what you find when you open the carton. Plump morsels, amber in color, and glistening as fresh grapes glisten on the vine.

A familiar fragrance greets you, tempts you to the taste. How totally different from ordinary seedless raisins you find these Sun-Maid Nectars. How superior.

Tender—your teeth barely touch them to cut through.

Not dry, but moist—as if the nectar in the grapes had suddenly jelled.

And their flavor! Rich, sweet with fruit sugar, it's the taste of grapes full ripened in the California sun. Ripened to that hour when their bulging skins take on the amber of perfection.

Here, indeed, is a transforming goodness for your cakes, pies, puddings, cookies. And for your cereals—do test it in cereals! Extra goodness that takes but a moment to add.

Ask your grocer for Sun-Maid Nectars. Be sure you get them. Perfected by an exclusive process, they are the only seedless raisins that have these qualities of the fresh grape.

For *seeded* raisins equally distinctive—seeded raisins that aren't sticky, that bring you all the flavor of the *Muscat* grape—ask for Sun-Maid Puffed.

SUN-MAID

NECTARS ⟦*Seedless Raisins*⟧ *in the red carton*

PUFFED ⟦*Seeded Raisins*⟧ *in the blue carton*

—as a cereal
Serve ALL-BRAN with milk or cream—and add fruit if desired. Let it soak a few moments in the milk to bring out all its nut-like flavor. Sprinkle it over other cereals too. Just two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN eaten daily—in chronic cases with every meal—will effectively relieve constipation.
—bran muffins
2 tablespoonfuls shortening, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sour milk. Cream shortening and sugar, add egg. Sift flour, soda, baking powder, and salt. To creamed mixture add ALL-BRAN, then milk, alternately with dry ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven (370° F.) for 20 minutes. Yield: 12 large muffins.
ALL-BRAN Bread
1½ cups Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, 1½ cups boiling water, 1 tablespoon shortening, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅓ cup molasses, 1 yeast cake, softened in ½ cup lukewarm water, 4 cups flour.
Pour boiling water over ALL-BRAN. Add shortening, salt, and let stand until lukewarm. Add molasses and softened yeast. Add flour. Beat well. Let mixture rise until double in bulk. Beat, and turn into buttered bread pan. Let rise again. Bake in moderate oven (400° to 370° F.) fifty minutes.
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ROSELEAVES AND MOONLIGHT

[*Continued from page 12*]

Later, what with her father's death, the money troubles and Delilah's complaining about the flat and the neighborhood, Lizzie hadn't much time to choose the one roseleaf of romance that had brushed by her fingertips.

And even if Delilah had not complained, there wasn't enough money now to keep the flat going. So they took four smaller rooms on a rather worse street and Lizzie at twenty-five, went off to find a job in the same store with Delilah.

Not long after Lizzie had gone to work, Delilah got a second raise. That meant trouble. It had before.

"Lizzie," said Delilah, "there's just this about it—I can't live in this dump any longer. I'd like to know what chance a girl has, bringing a man to a joint like this."

"Now listen, Lilah," Lizzie said, "you know we can't afford a better, and we got to keep house or desert Aunt Mary."

Delilah carelessly swung her silk-stockinged legs from the perch she had selected on the kitchen table. "Well," she said, finally, "I knew when I started out you'd take it like this—so I'm prepared. I can afford to live in a decent place and I'm going to do it. Bess Jordan and Kitty Ryan and a girl friend of Kitty's are going to take a flat together uptown—and I'm going in with them! Send Aunt Mary to an old ladies' home and come along, or stay here till she passes out! I'll give you something each week—I'm not deserting."

Lizzie had never had much luck in persuading Delilah against her will; so Delilah, bag and baggage, deserted the walnut furniture, Lizzie, and Aunt Mary, and went to live uptown. Aunt Mary lived for a year after that. Lizzie got a raise in salary, but she stayed in the housefurnishings.

Then came a certain Friday.

"New buyer comes in today," called Miss Johnson. "I saw him at the meeting yesterday. Some looker!"

"We better get the stock dusted," commented Lizzie, uncovering the tables.

After she had arranged the tables, Lizzie went behind the locker and sought out a mirror. The best she could do however was to fasten up two stray wisps of hair, and use a little powder. When she came back to the counter, Miss Johnson was talking to the new buyer.

"This," said Miss Johnson presenting him to Lizzie, "is Miss Carson the best saleslady on the floor."

Mr. Williams smiled at Lizzie. There was a suggestion of old time courtesy in the way he bent forward a little as he repeated Lizzie's name, "Miss Carson."

Twice during the afternoon he came and leaned across the counter to talk to Lizzie; not once did he so much as stop to talk to Annie Murphy, or Miss Johnson.

Just before closing time Lizzie looked up to the transom above the double boilers and saw a steady, grey downpour of rain. Mr. Williams, too, glanced up and then smiled across at Lizzie.

"No umbrella?" There was a definite hint of anxiety in his voice. "I'm going up now for my umbrella," he said. At least I can see you safe in the station at this end."

There was sudden desperation in Lizzie's upturned face. "Oh, Mr. Williams, you can't do that, you mustn't!"

"Nonsense!" He smiled down at Lizzie. "Nonsense. What I say goes!" So out through the crowd Lizzie threaded her way at his side.

"It's slippery, better take my arm! Now you're sure you've only got a step—sure?"

"Honestly, Mr. Williams, only a step."

When she poked the latchkey into the door of her apartment a half hour later, there was about her a peculiar air of abstraction. She lit the light and examined herself critically in the crooked mirror. On the side of the dresser hung a handkerchief bag of rose-colored silk. Timidly she took it down and held it near her face.

"If I hustle," said Lizzie aloud to the sunshine next morning, "I'll have time to wash and iron the cuffs and collar!" Then she scrambled out of bed, felt for her slippers and started the day.

But with her hustling she had only gotten the blue and white stock covers folded, when Mr. Williams, standing at the foot of the basement steps, smiled across at her. Then he made his way directly to Lizzie's counter.

"Didn't take cold from the rain?" There was an anxious little pucker between his eyebrows. "If you'd taken cold, I'd never have forgiven myself for keeping the umbrella when I only had a few blocks."

"Oh, Mr. Williams! You should never have given it another thought!" Lizzie protested.

It was just before lunch time when he sauntered by again, turned, and leaned for a minute against Lizzie's counter.

"Carson—" he said, looking puzzled, "it seems to me I've heard that name somewhere else about the store."

Lizzie's fingers trembled over the lace of her cuffs and her hands were suddenly cold. "I—I have a sister here," she began.

Mr. Williams flecked a speck of imaginary dust from his cuff. "Yes?" he commented. "Well, perhaps, that is where I've heard it. By the way, am I keeping you from lunch? Sure," he said, looking at his watch, "it's five after twelve!" His eyes smiled quizzically into Lizzie's. "But then," he added, "I never feel as if a person was missing much on restaurant food."

"Oh—" Lizzie looked up sympathetically. "It's fierce isn't it? I don't think I could stand it. You see I keep house and do my own cooking. I always did like to mess around in the kitchen."

"Honestly? You know," he went on, "they are funny things, impressions. Now the very first time I looked at you, I thought somehow that you'd be a sort to be a good housekeeper. Sometime, I'm going to throw myself on your mercy and beg for a homemade supper." He started away. Then, over his shoulder he gave her a smile of understanding.

Lizzie leaned limply against the shelves and followed him with her eyes. Then with a peculiarly determined expression she crossed to the elevator and got off at the "ladies' dresses."

Lizzie went to Bess Jordan who lived in the apartment with Delilah. "I guess I need a new dress," she began. "I'm expecting to go out one evening, and I want something dressy. I—I was saving to go to Atlantic city next summer, but somehow I got this dress notion." Lizzie's cheeks flamed scarlet and she hesitated. Then with a breathless rush of words, she went on. "I thought maybe, if you don't think it's too young, rose color."

"Rose color!" Bess Jordan looked at the sleazy black waist. "It's not that it's too young, Lizzie. I just got so used to seeing you in black, I guess I thought—"

"Oh," said Lizzie quietly, "I suppose you're right, it would look kind of funny."

It may have been something that she saw in Lizzie's face but with a sudden warmth Bess Jordan laid her hand on the thin arm. "Now listen, Lizzie, we're both crazy. It ain't a bit too young and I got the very thing you want, a rose georgette that was thirty-nine seventy-five, reduced to nineteen ninety-five."

Lizzie's eyes were suddenly warm and alive. "Could I—could I see it?"

Bess Jordan rummaged about for a minute in the cases and then bore out triumpantly the rose georgette. "It's just your size, Lizzie, and honest, not one speck too young."

Lizzie's fingers faltered softly over the silky lace at the neck and sleeves. "Honest, you don't think it's too gay?"

"Gay! Say Lizzie, we don't talk about things being too gay any more—what we say is—are they jazzy enough. You let me send this little dress home for you, it's exactly your size."

"No," said Lizzie. "I'll take it right along."

On the Sunday which followed that momentous Friday Lizzie was up bright and early putting new, crisp curtains at the kitchen windows; brightening the silver; polishing the stove and singing softly to herself. Perhaps he would come today and they would go out. She was smiling to herself at this thought when Delilah drifted in.

"Well, Lizzie, I don't see you registering any surprise that I take [*Turn to page 80*]

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ROYAL BRAN MUFFINS: Mix well together ¾ cup bran, 1¼ cups graham flour or equal parts graham and white flour, ½ tsp. salt, 3 tsps. Royal Baking Powder and 2 tbsps. brown sugar (if sugar is used); add 1 egg, 3 tbsps. melted shortening, 2 tbsps. dark molasses (if used instead of sugar) and milk to make a soft batter (about ¾ cup). Beat well until thoroughly mixed. Put 1 tbsp. batter into each greased muffin tin and bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 20 min. (Sugar or molasses can be omitted). Makes 12 muffins.

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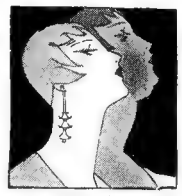

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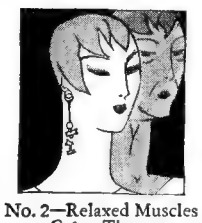

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ROSELEAVES AND MOONLIGHT

[*Continued from page 79*]

a Sunday afternoon off like this to come down to pay you a nice friendly visit!"

"Well," said Lizzie, "it don't say I'm not glad to see you. Why I don't know when I was ever gladder to see you. Ain't you going to take off your hat and coat, Lilah?"

"No—haven't time, Lizzie. I'm just going to stay a few minutes, long enough to tell you something that's on my mind."

It ain't—it isn't anything—*serious,* Lilah?"

"Serious?" laughed Delilah. "Well, I guess there are some that still consider it serious—marriage!"

"You're going to get married!" gasped Lizzie.

Delilah yawned. "Well, I'm making a strenuous effort that way, and that's what I've come to warn you about."

"But Delilah," Lizzie broke in, "you never told me Joe and you—"

"Joe!" cried Delilah.

"Good Heavens, Lizzie!" Delilah waved her to silence with a white hand. "Joe's all right for *romance* or whatever they call it. But see—in six years I've nearly had my fill of that sort of stuff. What I want now is an upholstered limousine and carpets that your feet sink in an inch—not any porch-swing and kitchen linoleum. And I think I've got the old bird that can furnish the goods. The old boy is papa to all these Hobson steam shovels, and well drills. He could stand a little polish, but with me picking his clothes and making him keep his mouth shut, there ain't anywhere we couldn't get. Mrs. James Gilroy Hodson!" Delilah narrowed her eyes and repeated the name slowly, pursing her lips a little.

Lizzie sank limply into a rocker and pushed a stray lock of hair back over one ear. "But Lilah," she argued. "You don't sound as if you loved him, as if you—"

"Listen, Lizzie, as far as I'm concerned I've never met the fellow I'd be willing to settle down in six rooms—all your own work—for, yet! Good Heavens! Lizzie, you got to learn a lot about men. That's your trouble, Lizzie, no personal experience."

Lizzie seemed to slump down in her chair for an instant, then she fixed her eyes on Delilah with a pathetic sort of eagerness. "That's—that's it Lilah—that's why I wanted to ask you about some things. Oh—it wasn't much Lilah—I just wondered if it would look funny not to wear black for Aunt Mary any longer. And Lilah," Lizzie's eyes were very bright, "I wondered if rose color—if a rose-colored chiffon would be too gay."

The corners of Delilah's mouth crinkled into a half-smile. "Lizzie, I don't know what to make of you today. It seems as if you wasn't yourself at all. Here I come with a piece of news I thought would floor you and it don't seem to have sunk in at all. You go off like I'd never opened my mouth. Say, just what *have* you got up your sleeve?"

Lizzie put up a trembling hand to brush back the rebellious lock. "No—no," she denied, "I swear it, Lilah, there's nothing."

Lilah shrugged her shoulders. "Well, there's no crime about it anyhow—nor even about the rouge. The thing is, you won't be surprised if you should get a brother-in-law next week."

Lizzie reached out and took Lilah's hand. "Lilah." She paused, her voice catching, "Lilah," she began again, "if I was only sure—"

Delilah cocked her head a little to one side in its nest of fur and smiled quizzically. "If I'm going to do it for love, old dear, the handsome hero will have to present himself before next Wednesday!"

Lizzie watched her sister go down the stair and out of the street door. Then she went into the kitchen and made herself a cup of tea. When the hands of the clock pointed to ten, she put out the fires, locked the door and went into her bedroom. She stooped and drew from under the bed a grey suit box which she opened. With gentle hands she lifted out the rose georgette, smoothed the soft lace, fixed the tissue paper in the sleeves, and finally, as if loath to part with the sight of it, very slowly folded it, replaced the lid and then went to bed.

Since Monday morning *will* follow right on the heels of Sunday night, dawn broke, the alarm went off as usual, and Lizzie found herself behind the counter in Ginsberg's basement.

"There's no more of this blue and white check, Miss Johnson," called Lizzie.

"Yes, there's a new roll back on the top shelf."

Lizzie had climbed upon a little stool and stretched her thin arms to the shelf when Williams crossed the floor.

She heard him and to keep from falling, clutched the familiar brown shelves. "Oh!" she said. "Oh, you nearly scared me to death, Mr. Williams."

"Here, let me get it for you!" In a twinkling he had reached out a long arm and the oilcloth was on the counter. "Have a nice Sunday?" he questioned.

Lizzie's restless fingers clasped and unclasped the pin in her waist. "I just stayed at home. A girl that keeps house, Mr. Williams, has a lot of little things to do on Sunday!"

"I guess you and your sister," he began.

"Telephone, Mr. Williams!" called Miss Johnson.

It was almost closing time before Mr. Williams again sauntered over to Lizzie's counter.

"Well, almost time to take ourselves out to another dinner. I tell you honestly, Miss Carson, this everlasting eating in a restaurant gets on my nerves."

Lizzie looked up at him for a fleeting second as if she were holding her breath. Then her thin face flushed—and she *dared.* "Mr. Williams! I—I wonder if you'd think it forward of me if I was to ask you to have a bite of home-made supper with me some night."

"Good Heavens, Miss Carson! You don't think *I've* been forward or hinting do you? But say, I'd be delighted."

"Then," Lizzie's eyes were shining, "you'd honestly like to come? Would tomorrow night be too soon?"

"Tomorrow—Tuesday?" He considered. "Why tomorrow would be splendid!"

It was almost ten o'clock that night before Lizzie stopped beating the creamy yellow mayonnaise and poured it into the glass dish. Then she slipped off her gingham apron and went to her room. Once more the rose georgette came out from under the bed. This time however Lizzie took it out of the box and held it up in front of her. Then with a sudden wanton recklessness she unfastened her gingham dress, stepped out of it and had slipped the new, soft folds over her shoulders.

Tuesday night finally came and for about the twentieth time Lizzie crossed from the kitchen to the front window to look anxiously up and down the street. Twice there had been footsteps in the hall and she had gone to the door standing ready to open it at the first tinkle of the bell.

In the kitchen she smiled with timid approval at her reflection in the mirror above the sink. She very cautiously slipped the checked apron from over her head and stood facing the rose georgette. And then came the sharp tinkle of the door bell.

Lizzie looked frantically about for escape, clutching the gingham apron with cold hands. Then with a reckless thrust she tossed it away and started toward the door. With eager fingers she opened it.

"Lilah—" she gasped. "Lilah, I didn't know it was you! I never expected—"

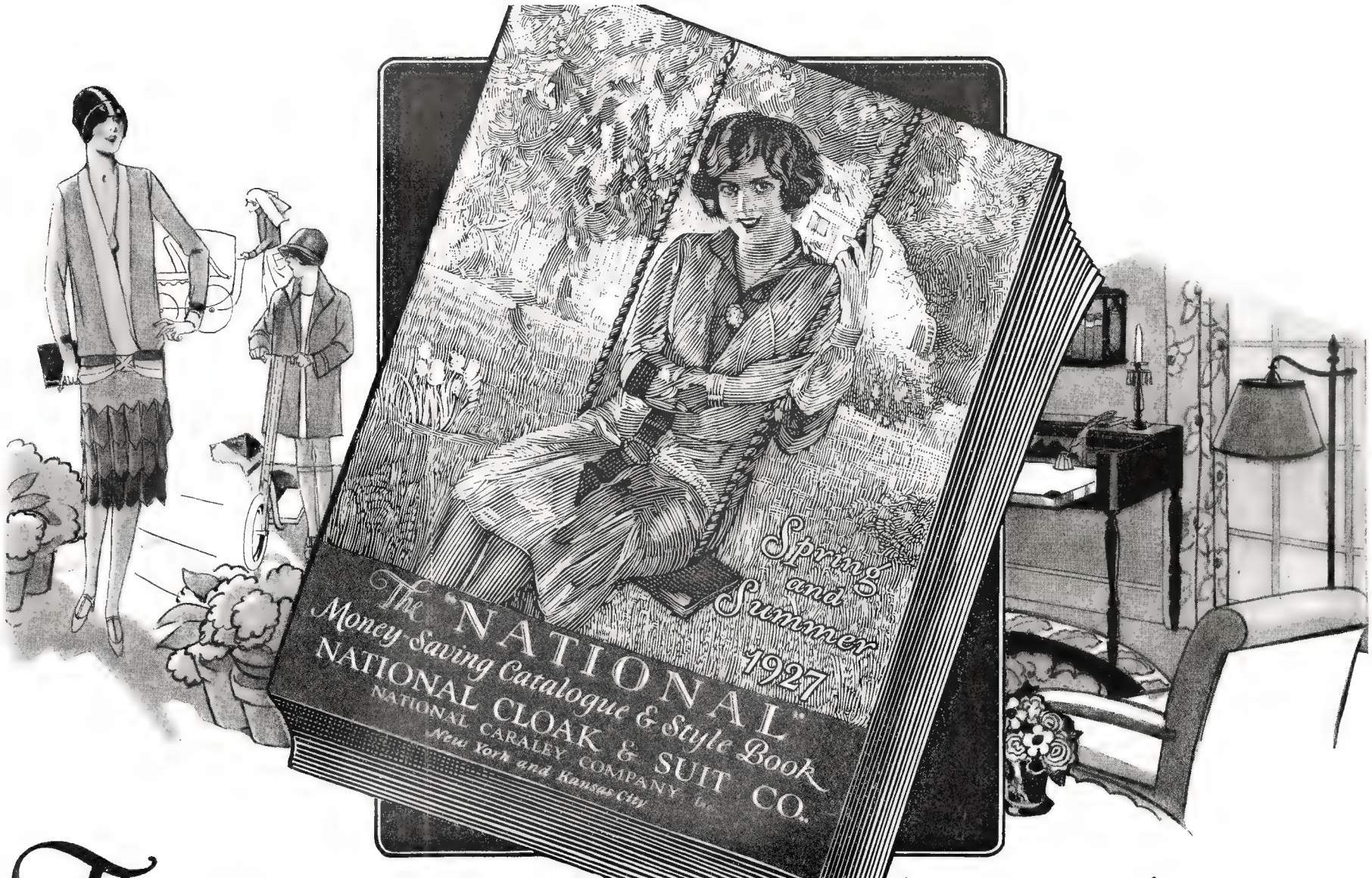
"Well, good Heavens, Lizzie! You don't need to stare at me as if you was seeing a ghost. You're some dolled up yourself tonight."

"Yes," said Lizzie, "I—I'm expectin' company."

"Say, listen old dear, mind if I wash my hands and get a dab of powder while I'm explaining to you?" Delilah turned to the bedroom. "You see I didn't know you'd gone to all this trouble, getting dressed and everything, when I told him it would be all right for some other night!"

"You—you what!" cried Lizzie, still leaning against the table.

"Well," continued Delilah, "you see it was like this. This afternoon there was a buyers' and their assistants' meeting and Murphy not being there I took her place. I met this fellow Williams and he told me about coming here for dinner. Only the poor nut—he [*Turn to page 82*]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ROSELEAVES AND MOONLIGHT

[*Continued from page 80*]

thought I'd be here—that we lived together, you and me! Well, I soon set him right on that score. It seems he saw me the very first day he come and he's been shining up to you to get an introduction, and make good with you—that sort of stuff. But, gee, Lizzie, I didn't think you were such a wise one. Don't you think I see you working for the assistant's job with Johnson going up to the linens next week?"

"Johnson—Johnson goin' up to the linens? You thought I was trying to get her job. You thought I was tryin' that way?"

"Good Heavens, Lizze, I wasn't born yesterday! Well," Delilah went on easily, "there's no harm in it. I'm trying to do the same thing with Murphy, so tonight when Berger offered to take the bunch out to dinner and Williams along with them, I jumped at the chance."

"Listen, Delilah!" Lizzie bent forward, her eyes were as cold and quiet as her voice. "I wish you'd speak more plain."

"Good Heavens, Lizzie!" Delilah jumped up grasping her mesh bag, fastening her veil. "You act as if I'd been caught stealing. I tell you there's nothing to it but that! Just the same as you were trying to keep in with Williams for Johnson's job, I'm trying to keep in with Berger for Murphy's. And Williams, he's trying to keep in with Berger because he's new. He asks to take us out to dinner. Should we refuse, when any night in the week we can come down here? When Williams heard you had no phone, he made me hop right in a taxi and come and tell you. He went on with Berger hoping for a little talk, I guess. Believe me he's no piker—that fellow Williams!"

"But you, Delilah! Remember all the stuff you told me on Sunday about the man from out west? What about him? Why should you be trying for Murphy's job if you're getting married?"

Delilah reached out her slender hand and patted Lizzie's thin shoulder. "Lizzie, there's no use; you'll never get wise. I didn't say the old boy had proposed did I? I said I had a hunch he would. Well, if he does—that for *that!* But if he don't, I'll be better off with Murphy's job and into the bargain I've seen lots worse than Williams."

Lizzie's thin shoulders drew forward as if she felt chilly then she turned to the door. "You—you better go, Lilah—you better go, if you've got a taxi waiting."

"You're not sore are you, Lizzie? I tell you I'll put in a good word for you tonight if I get a chance. Gee, all we can do is our best!" With a little shrug, she reached for the knob.

Lizzie pressed her cold hands against her hot forehead. "I got a kind of a headache. I'll be just as glad not to have to talk. You better go now."

Delilah's mesh bag clinked against her bracelets as she turned the knob of the door. "Well, wish us luck, anyhow!"

For a minute Lizzie stood staring at the door. Then with her hands hanging loosely at her sides she went back to the kitchen, slowly turned off the fires, and crossed to the mirror. "You—you fool!" she kept saying. Then, with a choked sob, she turned, fumbling for the chair, and dropped into it leaning her hot face against the gingham apron.

Twice the door bell rang out with shrill insistence before she raised her head. Then she began with trembling fingers to smooth her hair. "What if, what if—" she whispered.

She opened the door and they stood facing each other without speaking. Each stared with the same puzzled, questioning eyes.

"I guess you don't remember me?"

At the sound of the voice sudden light broke over Lizzie's face. "Why—why—" she cried, "as if I didn't! As if I didn't remember back as far as Mrs. Sparks' kitchen window, as if I didn't! You've hardly changed a bit."

She saw under the grizzled, bushy eyebrows, an amused twinkle in the grey eyes. "Well, seeing that you do remember, maybe you wouldn't mind asking me in."

"Oh!" The color in Lizzie's cheeks matched the rose in her dress. "Oh, I clean forgot my manners. Won't you take off your overcoat?" She glanced at the table set for two. "I—I was expecting company for dinner, but the—the gentleman was detained—on business. I guess though, you've eaten—it's that late!"

He laid his overcoat carefully over a chair back. "Well, I'll tell the truth, I've had my supper. But if you've got a piece of gingerbread or apple pie I'll not refuse."

"Oh," cried Lizzie, "why I've got some apple pie! And a cup of coffee—you'll have a cup of coffee too? If you'll just set down there in the big chair a minute, while I light the fire under the coffee, and fix the pie so's it'll warm—"

"Shucks! There ain't any law against me coming right out there to the kitchen is there?"

Lizzie gasped. "You—you want to come right out to the kitchen?"

He smiled, his head tilted a little to one side.

"It appears to me," he said, "that you take it awful natural, having a man whose name you don't even know, to appear all of a sudden right out of nowhere—a man that didn't even remember your name till about an hour ago."

"Why—" The pink in Lizzie's cheeks deepened in scarlet. "Why," she stammered, I just guessed Mrs. Sparks maybe—"

"Mrs. Sparks! Lands, the last I saw of Mrs. Sparks she was tryin' to protect her chandelier in the parlor from being broke while the men took my trunk out."

"Then," gasped Lizzie, "how did you—"

"Accident! Just pure accident."

"Accident?" a puzzled expression passed over Lizzie's face.

"Now listen here, little lady, I'm going to tell you about the funniest story you ever heard—in a couple of minutes. I better begin by telling you my whole, right and full name, which is James Gilroy Hobson!"

"James—Gilroy—Hobson?" repeated Lizzie slowly. "James Gilroy Hobson—the steam shovel man—the man that Delilah, my sister—"

"Why there ain't anything to take on about, Miss Lizzie!"

"Then you came here," she said in a very quiet, tired way, "to find my sister?"

"Look here," he said, "you look as white as a piece of paper. You ain't sick are you—you ain't going to faint?"

"Sick!" cried Lizzie hysterically. "Sick! No, I'm not sick. I'm just surprised—all night I've been surprised. You see Lilah—she told me about you only the other day, then finding out—"

"That it was the fellow you used to know in Sparks' back window."

"Yes, yes," agreed Lizzie, biting her lips.

"Well now, Miss Lizzie I told you I was going to tell you the whole story. You don't mind if I go back a ways do you? Well," he went on, "it wasn't more than a year after I left here that I got out that shovel patent. After that it was pretty clear sailing. I've been back in New York a lot since but this time when I come back it seemed like as if something just got into me that made me kind of restless or homesick—if I'd had a home! Well, one night while I was waiting for a call there at the hotel, a girl comes up and speaks to the operator. The minute I heard her voice, I said, now that reminds me . . . Then I remembered you. Maybe your sister told you how we met. I kept thinking that there was even something else about her reminded me of you, but I never thought about you bein' related—so different looking and all."

Lizzie looked across at him wonderingly. "You meant it was—I was the somebody Lilah reminded you of?"

"Sure! Well," he went on, "I got through sooner than I thought and I got my tickets to go back home. Then I thought I'd better call your sister since I'd promised to take her to dinner on Wednesday—so I went to the phone. This Miss Jordan that lives there answered. 'Delilah,' she said, 'is out. But I think she's down at her sister Lizzie's' "

"The minute I heard that 'Lizzie,' it seemed to all come over me in a flash. 'What's the address?' " I asked.

"As soon as she's told me though, she said, 'Oh, wait a minute, Mary says you won't get her there, for she was only goin' to stop on her way.' "

But you came [*Turn to page 104*]

Gray hair belongs to yesterday - today there's Notox!

TO say that the modern woman wants to be gray, is to say that she wants to be old—which is nonsense. It wasn't long ago that she had her doubts about hair recolorings—well founded fears of that "artificial" look—fears of marring her hair's natural beauty—

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ALERT, clear skinned, dainty, with the ever present necessity for appearing well groomed—who could be a keener judge of toilet requisites, than the feminine business executive? And these women—thousands of them—are endorsing Resinol Soap. Why? Because they have discovered what its Resinol ingredients mean to the skin.

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LAMPS OF THE SPIRIT

[*Continued from page 21*]

"Too high-brow fer me," said the boy. "I only like to look in 'em an' to feel her clingin' to me. Ain't another girl I know makes me feel so big an' strong an' chesty as Lola Fulton."

The other smiled. He was a newcomer to the outfit, to the country even, and he hailed from somewhere south and east—New Mexico, they said. "I've seen 'em before," he said. "I wouldn't give a *peso* for a stack of such."

But fate was to prove him a liar.

A month later, at a late spring rodeo, Billy of the freckles, hand on shirt-sleeved elbow, pushed him up before a girl on the platform and introduced him.

"Meet my frien', John Emmet, Lola. Miss Lola Fulton."

And the stranger looked down into the up-turned face. It was a small face, pointed of chin, under a fluff of pale gold hair, and the great sea-green eyes that swam up to meet his gaze were baffling in their expression—a strange, excitable expression, half child's, half woman's, wholly dependent. In the dance that inevitably followed, Lola swung in against this stranger like a helpless bird, and the man tightened his arm about her to lift her weight yet more from her little feet.

"Oh, Mr. Emmet," she said breathlessly, "you're the strongest man! I hardly touched th' floor that time! I hope you dance with me again. Don't forget—please, Mr. Emmet."

The dark man walked out-doors and smoked. He leaned against the hitch-rail, wondering. He couldn't recall ever having met a girl like her, so soft in her sleazy clothes, so eager, so breathless with new wonder, so clinging.

"Well, wasn't I right?" said a voice beside him. It was Freckles, mopping his face. "Ain't she th' purtiest thing here, an' th' littlest, th' helplessest?"

"Yes," he said, "you're right. She is."

Sunday at Shadow Slopes Ranch was like fiesta, a party and a visit and a place of courting, only the courting was not evenly divided.

As early as nine o'clock sometimes stray boys began to ride in. The Massey girls, twins and dark as Lola were fair, usually came in their father's buck-board behind his famous buckskins, and Minnie Baker from Cottonwoods at the south. Lola was always the center, the lodestone. Around her the play revolved, the other girls forming a background.

The Boss, watching sometimes from the room beyond where she sat at her big desk, wondered. How was it that the girl Lola, selfish, weak and shallow as she knew her to be, could set aside the Massey twins, as kind and sane a pair of sweetlings as ever trod the range?

The Boss, listening to Lola's high voice sighed and went on with her figuring. She would be glad when the girl married, when some one else took the responsibility off her hands. And yet—what boy of the wholesome group dancing in yonder could she wish to see Lola's husband? None. Not Billy King with his freckles and his curly hair and his happy-go-lucky nature. In two years she would have him broken. Young Pete Hyatt? He, too, was a happy-hearted kid. No, not Pete. Then Alex Hale from the HK brand? Him less than any. Alex was a hot-tempered, heavy-handed chap, even in his early youth. He'd likely kill her when she went on with her sly affairs after marriage—for that she would go on with them was as certain as that she breathed. Her father had done so, even from the first. She was as sure to ruin the heart that loved her as the sun was to rise. And it was a strange thing that only her own household knew it. So the Boss mused this June day, listening to the merriment beyond, tapping her fine teeth with her pencil.

And then into her line of vision stepped a man. He was a lean chap, dark as herself, and tall. And then there came the staccato peal of Lola's surprised, delighted voice.

"Oh, Mr. Emmet," she screamed, "you did come! You did! You did!" And she flew to him across the opening of the inner door.

The Boss, watching, laid down the pencil. An inexplicable sense of disaster stirred in her, a prescience of deep things. This was no callow youth, this was a man, one who knew his way and his nature, who would brook no dallying.

Lola, screaming, dancing, behaving like a nymph of Arcady, was raised to more than usual ecstasy. With an odd sense of excitement in her own quiet consciousness the Boss went on with her figuring.

The merry-making wore itself out and the troupe of youngsters poured out to the wide yard. Billy King got his rope from his saddle and began to whirl circles. The woman closed her desk, and walking to the door stood looking out upon the happy scene. For several minutes she was unobserved. Then young Billy looked up, saw her, nodded awkwardly and lost the magic of his loop. The boys straightened from their lounging attitudes. The Massey twins rose from the bench beside the corral fence. Billy gathered his rope into his hand.

"Guess we'll be clearin' out," he said.

"No need," said the Boss. "There's a moon tonight."

And at her voice the stranger turned and looked at her. For the first time in twenty years the woman felt her pulses stir at a man's glance. No one told his name, however, and presently he was lost with the rest in the clatter of departure, and the Boss, had once more felt the weight of Lola's inherent enmity.

John Emmet came back to Shadow Slopes Ranch. He came at odd times, and alone. Always Lola sat in the doorway, her thin knees gathered in her arms, and listened. And once, coming in late from up in Blue Stone Canyon, the Boss rode up and found him there.

"I do not know your name," she said as he rose, "but you are welcome here."

"John Emmet, Ma'am," he said and coming forward held out his hand.

As they shook hands they seemed strangely alone in the group, and alike. Lola's sea-green eyes narrowed as they stood together. Then the Boss passed and the man sat down again.

As the summer drew on with its drowsy stillness the sense of disaster deepened, in the heart of the Boss. Was the burden of Lola about to be lifted from her at last? Was the girl trying to decide among her lovers? If so, she, the Boss, should, by all the rules of life, have been tremulous with joy. And she was not. Rather she was possessed of a cold fear. Of all the men she had considered for Lola, John Emmet filled her with the deepest sorrow.

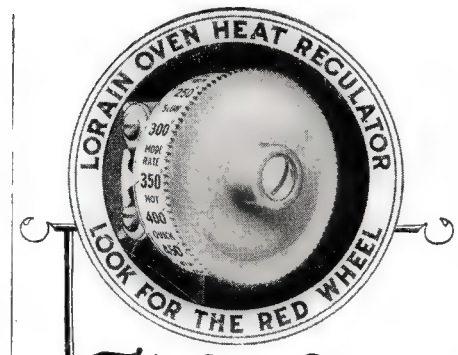
Emmet, like herself, reserved yet capable of great love, of steady faithfulness. This was the man, she shrewdly judged, that Lola was dreaming of. The best of the lot, for Lola's vanity, for her cruelty, for her breaking-on-the-wheel, as she herself had been broken on the wheel of Fred Fulton's inconstancy. So she pondered this new problem while the steers fattened in the hills. And presently she had new food for thought, strange new food, whose taste was bitter.

Lola was changing, Lola the liar, the sly enemy, the light-o'-love of a dozen boys. She drooped and was pensive and the boys racked their brains for word or deed of theirs which could have hurt her. And Lola began to watch the Boss, narrow eyes missing nothing. She saw the gravity of her face when John Emmet came, and for the first time in her imperious and cock-sure life the girl became afraid.

He came to her hand as the others had done, helplessly it seemed, bewildered a bit, but there. And often in these summer twilights when the Boss sat at her desk in the big room with a shaded lamp beside her he would look in from the outer dusk and fail to hear some whispered word of Lola's. And once the Boss, lifting her tired face, was sharply conscious of those eyes upon her, so conscious that a great stab of pain struck to her heart and she rose abruptly, turning out the light.

The sudden inner darkness seemed to extend to all the lone land about, John Emmet thought, bringing a sense of loss. He fell silent, thinking, and the girl in the hammock stirred, reached out a hand.

It was about this time that that one among Lola's boys, Alex Hale, began to approach a crisis. Three times he had implored the girl for a decision, to say to him yes or no, but she could no more do so than she could fly. Sturdy, thick-set, full-blooded, the boy [*Turn to page 86*]



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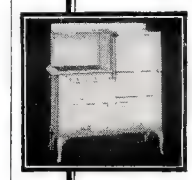
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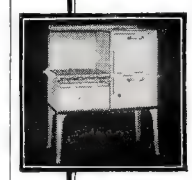
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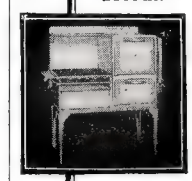
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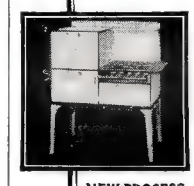
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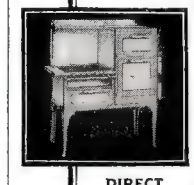
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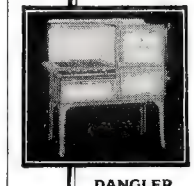
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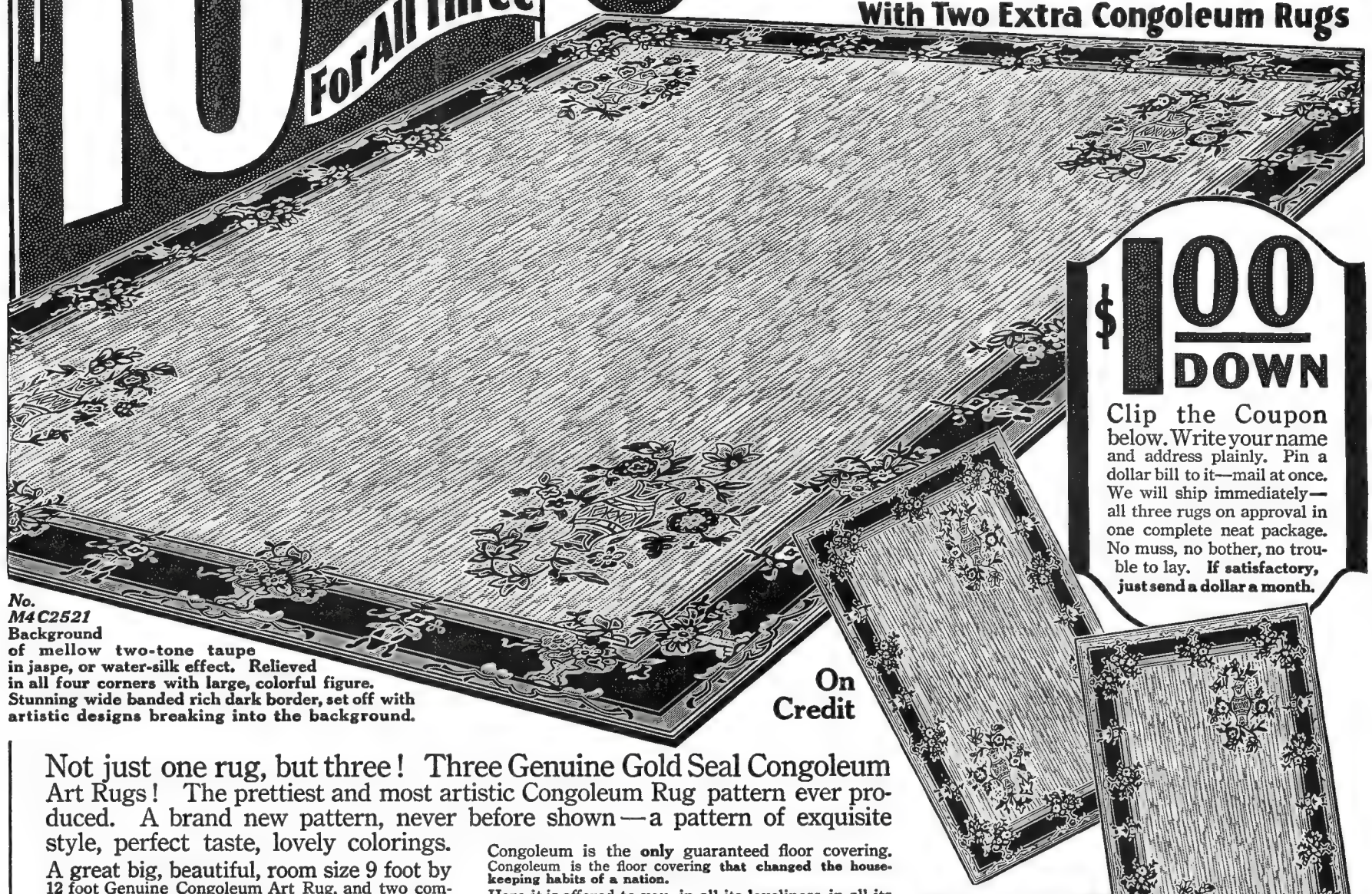

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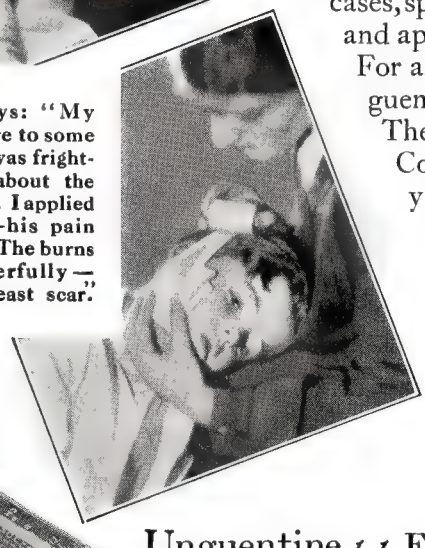

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LAMPS OF THE SPIRIT

[*Continued from page 84*]

worried himself thin and there was a constant line between his blue eyes.

The Boss worried, too. She felt again, vicariously, Fred Fulton's charm and his falsity. Alex was on the rack as she had been.

But John Emmet was not strung out for torture, strange as it might seem. For the first time in her knowledge of her, Lola was playing as square as her intrigues would let her. In this man's presence she was another person and the Boss marvelled. Was it possible that love was, at last, to be her redemption? Could Lola ever really change? And Emmet with his slow easy voice and his dark eyes was unconsciously turning toward the circle of light upon the old desk. The Boss closed her hands tight upon her pommel. The first man since forgotten youth whose eyes upon her had stirred her dead heart—Emmet, Lola's chosen lover. Emmet, younger than she by a half dozen years; Lola, doomed to the slow canker of disillusionment; in her own heart the rich depths of love, everlasting as her life. The Boss rode unseeing that day.

If she should tell John Emmet the truth, what would he do? Would he believe her? Or would she earn from him the same dislike that she had reaped from others? She took off her wide hat and wiped her forehead where the beads of sweat stood thick beneath the band.

That night Emmet gripped her hand harder, it seemed, than ever and there was in his eyes a look of trouble.

But Lola was keyed to crisis herself. She had talked with Alex Hale the day before at the crossroads. So this night, after the riders had betaken themselves to the bunkhouse she drew the man's head into the bend of her siren's arm and whispered to him, breathlessly, excitedly. When, an hour later, Emmet stood up to go she clung against him, whispering.

"Early," she said, "with th' first twilight! Just like a little ride down th' river road!" And Emmet promised.

There was a moon that night. It came early, and with it Alex Hale, silent and taciturn, eaten by his trouble. Lola, in her riding clothes, glimpsed him from the house and slunk in against the wall, her small mouth open, her face for once baffled and afraid. Alex in that mood was not a pretty thing. The Boss coming in from the corral, saw her there and stopped.

"Boss," said Lola swiftly, "you got t' help me now. Alex's out there—an' I don't like the way he looks."

"Yes?" said the woman slowly. "Then why not go out and fulfill the hopes you've raised?"

"An' leave you to John Emmet?" Lola spat the words. "You want him yourself! I've seen! I've watched!"

The Boss took off her hat, passed a hand along her temples and sighed.

"But you won't get him! He's waitin' for me now, down th' river road. He kissed my mouth last night, my hands. We're goin' to town to get a license. We'll be married by midnight. Only that Alex. . . . You got t' keep him here or there'll be blood. He's got his gun, I say!" She waved a hand imperiously.

The Boss looked dully at her. This was what was going to John Emmet, and she must send it. Alex with his cold blue eyes in the yard yonder and his six-gun.

A great sobbing sigh rose in her throat. What would she do? The old habit of thought for others fell upon her. The dullness in her brain cleared—lamps of the spirit—shining. So.

She stepped along the hall, leaned in the outer door of the big room, a little smile on her lips.

"Alex," she called gently, "will you come and talk to me a little while? I want to hear about your mother's garden and the new trees she has planted."

Reluctantly the boy came up, his eyes shifting, his lips unsteadily compressed. Her heart ached for him. In the midst of her questions the faint sound of slow hoofs in the dust behind the corral brought him tensely up, but she called, that second, "Lola—please go in my room and open the windows—it is so hot tonight"—and the lad relaxed An hour later he rose awkwardly.

"Guess I'll take you up, Mis' Fulton," he said grimly, "an' sleep in th' bunkhouse. I want t' see Lola in th' morning."

So the Boss sat alone in the ranch-house door. An hour passed. The tree frogs sang by the water trough, the horses snorted in the corral. The great peace of night was thick upon the world—night and finale.

Suddenly she rose to her feet beside the lintel. There was the sound of horses coming fast up the river road—two horses, almost running. In the very yard itself they came to a sliding halt and John Emmet leaped down, flung loose the other's rein.

"Boss," he said, panting, "here's Lola. I've brought her back. I don't want her. I don't think I ever wanted her. I hope to Heaven you can understand! Only God Himself could have made me see the light—the circle of light on your desk under the lamp. I kept seeing it all the way to Mission Creek. I was slowing up my horse, knowing there was something wrong, feeling my heart get heavy as lead, and then I saw that lamp on the desk and your face bending under it. Can you understand, Boss?" he finished desperately.

The woman in the doorway held out her hand and the man sprang and caught it.

"I," she said thickly, "have always understood. From the first day, from the first hour."

Lola, sitting her horse in cold rage, flung up her head and laughed, wild laughter that carried in the night.

"Sh-h-h!" said the Boss, guarding her still. "Go upstairs, child, and think hard tonight. Alex is waiting to see you in the morning—and he's still got his gun."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, GENTLEMAN

[*Continued from page 2*]

When he came to the White House the great men that he had called around him—Chase, Seward, Stanton looked superciliously upon him; he was of pioneer blood and experience, he had not been to college, he did not know how to wear clothes, he had none of the conventional graces, manners, small talk. They thought to dominate him. But they did not know that this man was, according to somebody's fine phrase, "lord of himself." They had no power to budge him. Before they realized what was happening they found him dominating them, getting the best out of them, preventing their mistakes, or patching them up, once made. One by one they came—Seward and Stanton among the first—to say openly, "he is the best of us."

So do not imagine that he was unconscious of the covert sense of superiority in his associates. He was too observing, too understanding, too given to studying himself and comparing himself with others not to see the difference between his clothes and theirs, his awkward hands and body and their suave exteriors, his ignorance of the world and their easy familiarity.

He knew the power of these superficial differences, but he held so high the interior man that he would not allow himself to be set aside, rebuffed, weakened by his external inferiorities. He planted himself firmly on the proposition that character, intellect, integrity, ability are *first* considerations. When you have these, manner, clothes and all the rest may be sacrificed. The polish of diplomats, scholars, officers of army or navy, never weakened his grip when he came into contact with them. He took men for what they really were—quietly compelled them to take him in the same way.

But there are other tests for your gentleman. What does he do when men revile him, unjustly accuse, intrigue? Fly in a passion—return epithet for epithet—meet intrigue with intrigue? Not your gentleman!

His courtesy, which is in essence a sense of justice, truth, decency, carries him above the injustice, falsity, indecency, that may be heaped upon him.

Possibly no man [*Turn to page 96*]

"It takes the place of APPLE SAUCE with us"

Says MRS. WM. SHULL
Muskegon, Mich.

Roast Pork & Pineapple Sauce

—and 60 out of every 100 women who send us Hawaiian Pineapple recipes specify CRUSHED for cooking uses

Cold winds outside. Windows steaming. Everybody hungry.

From out the kitchen comes sure evidence of roast pork. A savory roast leg of pork. What a treat for a wintry day!

And what a time for that appetizing combination—Roast Pork and Pineapple Sauce—enjoyment of the rich meat heightened, yet its richness offset, by the natural fruit acids and mineral salts of Hawaii's delicious golden fruit.

Mrs. William Shull, 56 E. Walton Ave. Muskegon, Mich.

Mrs. Shull is just one of the thousands of women who recommend it. In fact, it seems that nearly everybody, this year, is serving Hawaiian Pineapple with meats and other hearty foods. Almost every mail brings the suggestion of some new main-course use.

"Did you ever try Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and Sausage?" wrote one woman recently. Dozens of others have suggested "Hawaiian Pineapple Meat Loaf"; literally hundreds, "Hawaiian Pineapple and Sweet Potatoes"; and still others, "Hawaiian Pineapple in the stuffing for roast or fowl."

Excellent suggestions of this type have fairly swamped us. And analysis shows that *sixty out of every hundred women* who sent us Hawaiian Pineapple recipes last season, *specified "Crushed" where the recipe called for a fruit sauce or a made-up dish.*

This preference for "Crushed" is highly significant. It can only mean that women know and appreciate the great advantage of having this matchless tropical fruit available in two different forms for different types of uses: *Sliced*, for service right from the can, for fritters and for quick desserts and salads; and *Crushed*, for service as "Pineapple Sauce" and in sundaes, ices, ice creams, pies, salads, fruit cups, cake-fillings and all other recipes calling for the cut-up fruit.

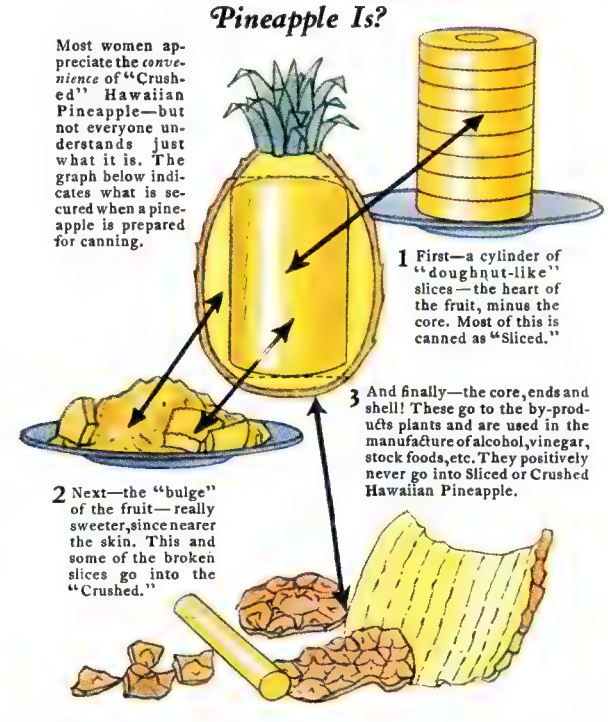
Whether you use Crushed or Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple, of course, you are always sure of this: each is the same fine quality of luscious, golden-ripe fruit—simply packed two ways to meet your varying menu needs. Each is Hawaiian Pineapple at its best—ripened to full sugar content and juiciness, by the tropical sun in the fields where it grows—not to be confused with the so-called "fresh pineapple" which must be picked green and ripened on the long way to market.

For your further convenience, both Sliced and Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple are packed in various sizes of cans. Whatever the size of your family there is a can to fit your needs—quickly and without waste.

Our new book, "Hawaiian Pineapple as 100 Good Cooks Serve It" is brimful of suggestions for serving canned Hawaiian Pineapple—including the best of 60,000 recipes submitted last season by American housewives. Write to the address below for your free copy! Then be sure you have a supply of both Crushed and Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple on hand!!

Do You Know What Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple Is?

Most women appreciate the *convenience* of "Crushed" Hawaiian Pineapple—but not everyone understands just what it is. The graph below indicates what is secured when a pineapple is prepared for canning.


1 First—a cylinder of "doughnut-like" slices—the heart of the fruit, minus the core. Most of this is canned as "Sliced."
2 Next—the "bulge" of the fruit—really sweeter, since nearer the skin. This and some of the broken slices go into the "Crushed."
3 And finally—the core, ends and shell! These go to the by-products plants and are used in the manufacture of alcohol, vinegar, stock foods, etc. They positively never go into Sliced or Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple.

DEPARTMENT 64, ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS, 451 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

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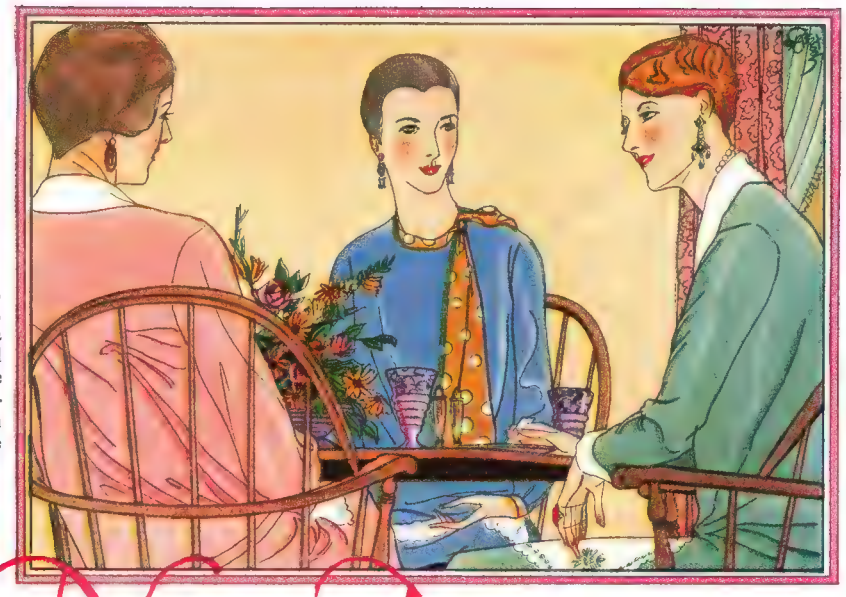
Sliced — For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

Crushed — —For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.



Eight New Ideas for Luncheon

SELECTED FROM

Ida Bailey Allen's New Book

"THE MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING DELIGHTFUL FOODS"

NOTE: To give every woman an idea of the unusual features in Mrs. Allen's New Book of 112 pages, containing over 275 recipes, eight luncheon suggestions are published on this page. It is the desire of the makers of Mazola that every woman have a copy of this book—therefore, it is offered, post paid, for 10 cents—a price which does not cover the cost of production even in large quantity lots. Please see coupon below.

NEW ideas for a change in the daily luncheon are welcomed by all housewives. Realizing this, the makers of Mazola requested Ida Bailey Allen to include over 65 luncheon recipes in her new book, "THE MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING DELIGHTFUL FOODS"—eight of which are given on this page.

Mrs. Allen, who has made cooking her life work, has left nothing undone to make these recipes perfect—and easy to follow. But to get desired results, the ingredients mentioned, particularly MAZOLA, must be accurately used.

In the panel on this page are a few brief remarks regarding Mazola which explain the desirability of using Mazola in these recipes.

SPAGHETTI

1 pound spaghetti
1 can tomatoes
2 cloves garlic
½ cup Mazola
2 tablespoons Karo, Red Label
1 tablespoon Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
Salt and pepper to taste

PUT the spaghetti on to cook in plenty of boiling salted water. Allow thirty minutes. In the meantime, cut the garlic in bits, fry till yellowed in the Mazola, add the tomato and Karo and cook until the spaghetti is done; then rub the sauce through a sieve, thicken with the cornstarch blended with one tablespoon cold water and season to taste with salt and pepper. Put the spaghetti in a flat bowl or on a deep platter, pour the sauce over, and serve with grated Parmesan or American cheese.

VEGETABLE HASH

1 pint chopped cooked potato
1 pint mixed cooked vegetables
¾ cup white sauce
¼ cup Mazola
Tomato or chopped egg sauce

THE mixed vegetables may be any kind, as cooked carrots, turnips, cabbage, beets, peas, chopped string beans, lima beans, stewed corn, onions, etc. If cooked onion is not among the vegetables, a little raw, minced onion should be added. Combine the ingredients. Heat the Mazola in a medium-sized frying pan, pack in the hash an inch deep and fry until browned

MAZOLA is an ABSOLUTELY PURE vegetable oil—and by that we mean, Mazola is pressed from the hearts of fully-ripened golden corn kernels. If you like corn-on-the-cob, you can't help liking Mazola—for Mazola ITSELF is as good to eat as the corn from which it comes. This fact is one reason for the remarkable popularity of Mazola—for frying, for shortening, for all salad dressings. All three uses from a single can—meaning unusual economy and modern efficiency.

FISH LOAF

1 pound canned salmon or tuna fish or 2½ pounds flaked, boiled fish, any kind, or 1½ pounds any raw, white fleshed fish, chopped fine
¾ cup soft bread crumbs
1 tablespoon Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
2 tablespoons Mazola
⅔ cup milk
1 egg
1 tablespoon onion minced
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon minced parsley (optional)

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given and set aside for twenty minutes. Rub a medium-sized baking pan with Mazola, dust with fine dry crumbs, pack in the fish mixture and bake until firm—about thirty-five minutes—in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. Unmould and serve with White or Chopped Egg Sauce, Fried Tomatoes, Spanish Sauce or any creamed vegetable.

Do This NOW!

Mail this coupon with 10 cents and you will receive Mrs. Allen's remarkable New Book, splendidly bound in stiff covers, illustrated and brimming over with tempting suggestions for preparing delightful foods. If you don't feel that this book is worth several times the price you pay, we will gladly return your 10 cents.

MOCK SCALLOPS

1½ pounds halibut steak or cod or haddock sliced ½ inch thick
Fine, dry bread crumbs
Dry Mustard
Salt and pepper
Mazola

REMOVE any skin and bones from the fish. Cut in pieces the size of scallops. Dip in Mazola, dust sparingly with the mustard, salt and pepper and put in a baking dish oiled with Mazola. Cover with the crumbs, pour in a little Mazola using that in which the fish was dipped, and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees F. Serve with sliced lemon, a plain vegetable salad and French Fried or Shoe String Potatoes.

SALMON BISQUE

1¼ cups, flaked, fresh, cooked or canned salmon
1 small green pepper, ground
1 tablespoon onion, ground
1 teaspoon parsley, minced
1 pint water
1¼ pints milk
1 cup canned tomato, sifted
½ tablespoon Karo
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons Mazola
2 tablespoons Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch

COMBINE the salmon, ground pepper, onion, water and parsley and simmer fifteen minutes. Add one-eighth teaspoon baking soda. Thicken with the cornstarch and Mazola blended. Add the Karo and seasonings and thin with milk.

CHINESE ONION OMELET

3 cups chopped, raw onion
½ tablespoon Karo, Blue Label
¼ cup Mazola
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
¾ teaspoon salt
4 eggs

PUT the Mazola in a medium-sized frying pan, add the Karo and onion and cook until the onion is yellowed and tender, stirring often. Add the salt, pepper and cornstarch. Beat the eggs light, pour in the hot onion mixture and drop by generous tablespoonfuls into a good-sized frying pan containing enough heated Mazola to barely cover the bottom. Fry first on one side, then the other, like pancakes, and serve.

SAVORY FISH FILLETS

2 fish fillets about 1½ pounds
1 medium sized green pepper, minced
1 small onion, sliced
1 teaspoon parsley, minced
Juice ½ lemon
¼ cup Mazola
¾ cup coarse white bread crumbs
Salt and pepper

BRUSH the fillets with Mazola and place in a pan oiled with it. Dust with salt and pepper, spread the onion, parsley and green pepper over and cover sparingly with the crumbs mixed with the Mazola. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees F. and serve plain, with sliced lemon and water cress, Sauce Tartare, Bordelais or Bearnaise Sauce.

QUICK CELERY SOUP

1 pint cleaned celery stalks, ground
1 small onion, ground
1 quart boiling water or soup stock
1 pint milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon Karo
2 tablespoons Mazola
2 tablespoons Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
1 egg (optional)

BOIL the celery in the water twenty-five minutes. Add the seasonings and milk and when boiling, thicken with the Mazola and cornstarch creamed together. Pour boiling hot onto a beaten egg and serve with croutons.

The MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING DELIGHTFUL FOODS
by Ida Bailey Allen
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THE MAGIC GARDEN

[*Continued from page 23*]

Amaryllis tried to find a handkerchief and wipe up her face.

"Will you ever," she asked, "will you ever forgive me? Will you ever see me again without hating me?"

"Don't," said John Forrester. "It wasn't your fault. There was nothing in your heart for my boy but love. I could not hate you. No one could hate you. You must not even think such a thing. You must not say it."

"But I've got to think," said Amaryllis. "I've got to think, because, you see, nothing can alter the fact that I did it. If I had not sent the cable to Peter asking him to make friends with John Guido on the boat they might never have known each other. You see, you can't get away from the fact that I did it. I never meant to tell you. I never meant you to know. I was the tenant you had here. There isn't a new flower growing that I did not set, most of them with my own hands. I planned the music room and I planned the studio, because I had to do something to keep from dying until he got back. I had to keep doing something for him every day. You see, don't you?"

"Yes, I see," said John Forrester. "I see. It was like that with him. He studied for you. He played for you. I see."

He could not say anything more because there did not seem to be anything more to say. But once Amaryllis started talking, she did not seem to be able to stop.

"I didn't plan the party," she said. "Peter planned that because Peter loved his boat so. He thought it was the most wonderful boat, and he loved to sail it himself and he did it so well. I can't imagine what happened. I haven't been able to read what happened."

"Wait," said John Forrester. "Give me that paper. Let me see what it really does say."

So he took the paper in shaking hands and sat down and read through the account of the disaster. When he had finished he shook his head.

"It happened in the night," he said. "An explosion in the engine room. The boat was literally torn to pieces, a few fragments washed ashore. The name and the number were on one of them. Something in the engine room. An explosion of some kind. I don't believe it is possible that anyone will ever know."

Amaryllis stood up.

"They won't get them?" she said. "They won't bring them home? We can't even have what's left of Peter and John Guido?"

"If this paper is right, no," said John Forrester. "We can't even lay them where we can go to them. We will have to think of them as sleeping away down deep in the cold, clean water of the sea."

"Oh, I can't!" cried Amaryllis. "I can't! I can't have Peter gone like that! I can't lose John Guido without a touch, without a word! Oh, the beautiful, beautiful lad! I can't have horrors happen to him! And those other boys, all those other boys, they've got mothers and fathers and sisters, and they've got sweethearts. There was Billy Barthol. What's Jane Price going to say when she knows Billy Barthol is never coming again? It was like that with nearly every one of them. I don't know one of those boys whom some girl did not love. I don't believe any one of them was all by himself so that there isn't someone to be hurt. I can't stand it! All their friends will all wish they hadn't gone. They will all blame Peter for taking them. I don't think I can endure it, not any way at all!"

John Forrester took Amaryllis in his arms and held her tight.

"Hush!" he said. "Hush! Try not to think. See if you can't just live for a little while. Your perspective is all twisted. No one could blame Peter. They were all *glad* to go. There was just one thing in the world that worried John Guido about going. He was crazy to go. He had never been on a private yacht like that. He had never had a treat like that in all his life with other young men. All that worried him was that he was afraid to leave the garden for fear you would know he was here, and that you might come when he was gone. He did not know what you knew about him, but the night of the concert in Rome he almost went crazy when he had the red lilies from you and the note, and knew that you had seen him and gone away on account of his work and left him without a word. That almost killed him, and it almost killed me. After that he played, Heavens! how he played! That violin sobbed and it laughed and it danced and it sang! Such playing I never have heard in all this world as John Guido played after he knew that you had been to Rome, knew that you had heard him play 'Amaryllis.'"

Amaryllis lifted her head. "Straight across the street. Did you, about that time, ever notice a big car standing by the day?"

"Yes, we did," said John Forrester. "We noticed it and we talked about it."

"As long as it stood there," said Amaryllis, "I was in the second story of the little house across the street. I was behind the curtain watching when John Guido went down to the street for the paper, or brought in the milk, or the fruit, or the flowers. One day in the market place, I followed him and I saw him buy a big bunch of Amaryllis. I saw him bury his face in the lilies. I saw how the lovely girls of Rome and the tourist girls and the travellers looked at him as he passed on the streets. I saw how they smiled at him, but he saw only his lilies! Oh, I could not have endured it much longer if I had not seen him with the lilies. That night, while he played 'Amaryllis,' Father held me tight in his arms. I could not have stood not to go to him that night, if Father had not held me tight. And now I am not ever going to see him at all! I don't think I can live! Mr. John Forrester, do you think I can go on living?"

John Forrester held her tight and said: "Yes, Amaryllis, you can. But you must take it a day at a time. I don't think John Guido loved you more than I loved his mother, and I had to see her leave me, a little thing, a thing of beauty, see her go out alone in the night in the dark. She was afraid and she clung to me, but I had to see her go, and I have had to live on all these years without her. Yes, Amaryllis, you can endure it. There will be work you can do. There will be someone you can comfort. There will be some way. I have had my pictures and my boy. We will have to find something that will make life bearable for you."

Amaryllis drew away her hands and stood up. She stood very straight and she looked so little and so stricken that John Forrester's heart ached for her as badly as it ached for himself.

"Well," she said, "wherever he is, he knows that I kept my promise. He knows that I did all I knew how to make his house smile for him when he came home."

She stopped and turned straight toward John Forrester. "Did he know?" she asked. "Did he guess?"

A twisted smile ran across John Forrester's face.

"Why, surely we knew," he said. "Of course, we guessed. Nothing in all the world could do the thing that you have done here, Amaryllis, but personal love. There isn't any such thing as a tenant who would come into a house and put rest and peace and serenity of spirit and beauty, such beauty of color and form, and such convenience and comfort, as you have put here. No tenant could put love like that into a house, and those red lilies everywhere until they flamed love to Heaven! You couldn't look to the right nor to the left; you couldn't look out without the whole landscape crying 'Amaryllis!' at you. We hadn't reached the front door before we knew that Amaryllis had set her mark all over the place."

Amaryllis tried to smile.

"I'm so glad," she said. "Oh, I am so glad that he knew! I am so glad!"

"He had the spot selected where he thought you would come. He thought you would come down in the garden beside a bed of striped grass where he made the flower doll-ladies for you. He found the bench there with the little cupids on it and garlands of roses, and he found the platform that you had made to dance the 'Amaryllis' dance on, and the urn with the lilies. He found them, and he knew. Nothing ever could have induced him to go except the thought that it would take you some time to find out that he had come home. You were [*Turn to page 94*]

No More Embarrassment from that Old Annoyance

You need not be uncomfortable about that old embarrassment. Your skin can lose that disagreeable shiny look, instantly

This treatment swiftly and completely removes

Face Shine

BY MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
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Cleanse and dry the skin thoroughly. Smooth Pompeian Day Cream over this surface. Do not rub. It has a surface action and should not be massaged into the pores. Use only a delicate film of the cream; it will practically vanish. Then wipe off any remaining traces with a soft, clean cloth.

Your skin will take on a smooth, cool, *dry* finish—not a trace of "face shine." Now your Pompeian Beauty Powder will go on with velvet smoothness, for Day Cream is a wonderful powder base, and not a single shiny spot remains.

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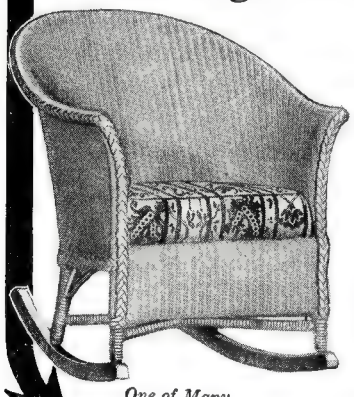

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You and four others may have a Larkin Club. Get mother, sister and a few dear friends to join you. Each gets a valuable Premium in five months time just by buying their foods, soaps, toilet articles and other needs through the helpful Larkin Plan.

Your free copy of the Larkin Catalog tells you just how to start your club quickly and easily. It also tells you about the liberal rewards paid Secretaries who run Larkin Clubs.

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Larkin Co Inc. 498

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As a home lover I want my own copy of your new Catalog No. 26 that you offer to send me free. I would like to see "the world's greatest premium values" and to know how to start a little Larkin Club of my own.

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EMBROIDERY IMPORTANT FOR DAINTY EFFECTS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

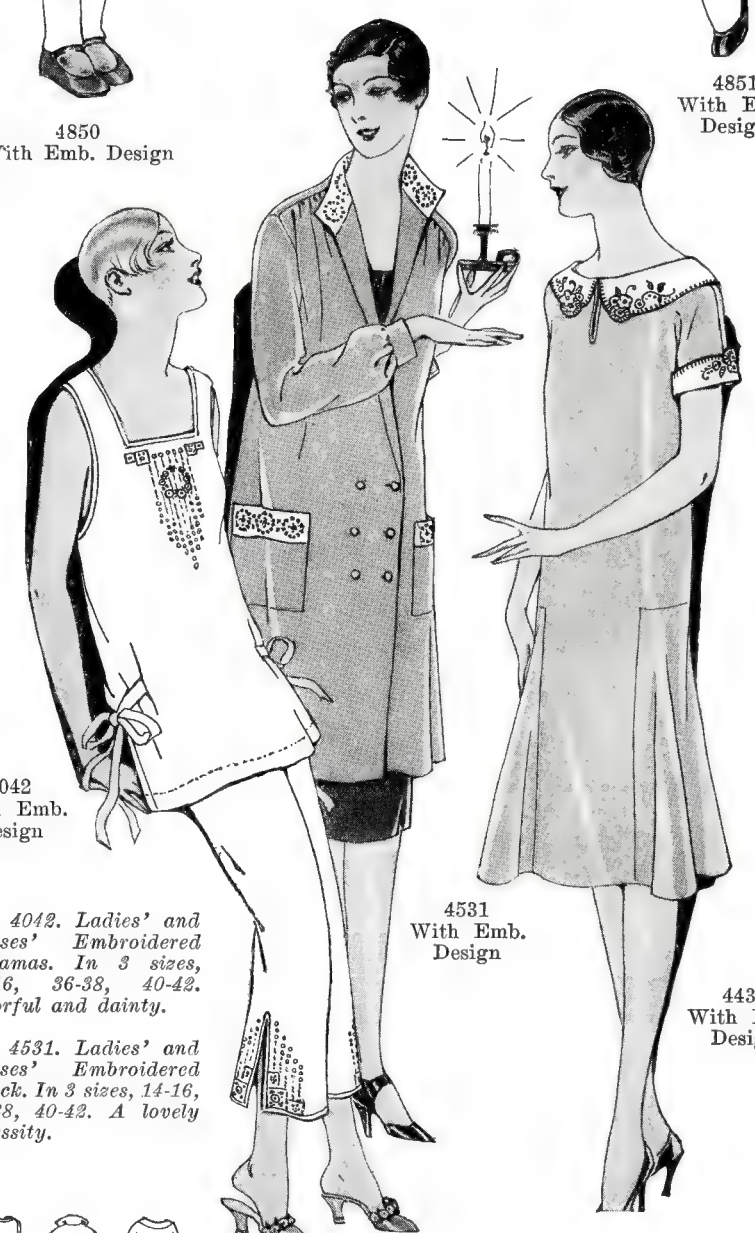
4850
With Emb. Design

Detail 4851

4851
With Emb. Design

No. 4850. Child's Slip-On Embroidered Dress. In 4 sizes, 2-8. Size 4 takes 1¼ yards, 36-inch goods.

No. 4851. Child's Slip-On Embroidered Dress. In 4 sizes, 2-8. Size 4 takes 1⅜ yards 32-inch goods.



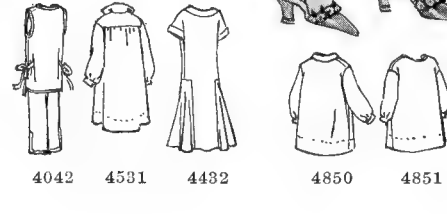
4042
With Emb. Design

4531
With Emb. Design

4432
With Emb. Design

No. 4042. Ladies' and Misses' Embroidered Pajamas. In 3 sizes, 14-16, 36-38, 40-42. Colorful and dainty.

No. 4531. Ladies' and Misses' Embroidered Smock. In 3 sizes, 14-16, 36-38, 40-42. A lovely necessity.



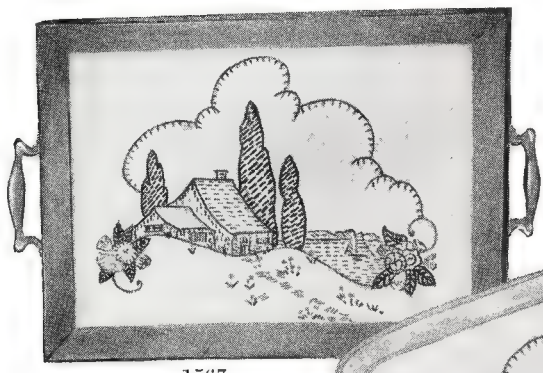
4042 4531 4432 4850 4851

No. 4432. Ladies' Slip-On Embroidered Dress. In 5 sizes, 34-42. Size 36 takes 3⅞ yards 36-inch material. For morning wear a charming frock of chic simple lines, gaily stitched on collar and cuffs.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 138.

THE GAIETY OF SPRING CAPTURED IN COLOR

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



1567

1567

Gay little pillows embroidered or painted, smart trays with new motifs and painted handkerchiefs are being made everywhere by those who know the value of the accessory unique.

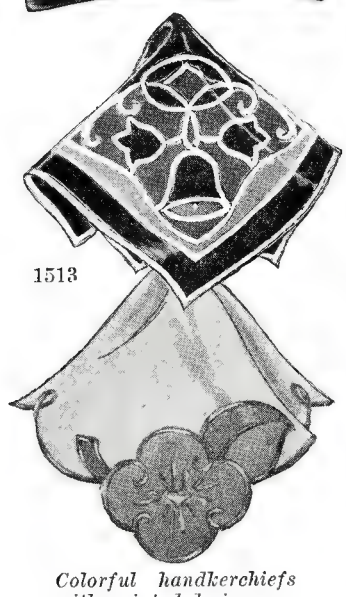
1538

1547

For trays or pillows a cheerful landscape design (such as No. 1567 shown at top of page) is particularly charming worked in yarns, embroidery cottons, or painted with fabric paints.

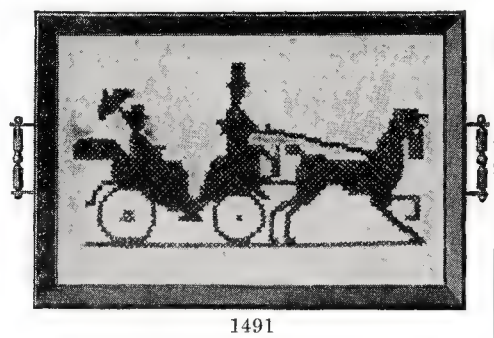
Dainty ruffles of silk give the colonial girl pillow, No. 1547, an unusual touch. Pillow measures 15½ x 12½ inches and is also good done in unbleached muslin and gingham.

Black sateen elbow pillows are strikingly smart with a Pierrot-Pierrette motif (No. 1538) outlined in red with the paste liquid which looks like real embroidery when applied.



1513

Colorful handkerchiefs with painted designs, as No. 1513 shown above, always add chic to a costume.



1491

A quaint tray motif (No. 1491) is developed in black strand cotton cross-stitch on white linen and measures 8½ x 4 inches. When worked, stretch over heavy cardboard the size of tray, then insert under the glass.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 138.

Slenderizing Fashions for Stout Women and Misses'
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YOUR first "sniffle" is a sign that your inflamed nose passages need *cooling*, *soothing* Mentholatum. How quickly Mentholatum clears your nose—opens the path for *clear breathing!*

The *quick-acting* ingredients of Mentholatum actually seek-out inflammation in order to give you relief. Squeeze some Mentholatum from the handy tube, and rub it on the inside and outside of your nose.

Whatever you do for a cold—be sure you use Mentholatum for its *antiseptic* healing of the tender membrane. Let Mentholatum keep your nose *clear* and *comfortable.*

Every night apply Mentholatum to your nose for clear breathing—and as protection against colds. Every druggist has the familiar jars and handy tubes.

TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon with 10 cents for mailing costs to Dept. 42 Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y. You will get a trial package of Mentholatum with a package of Mentholatum Cough Drops.

Name .....

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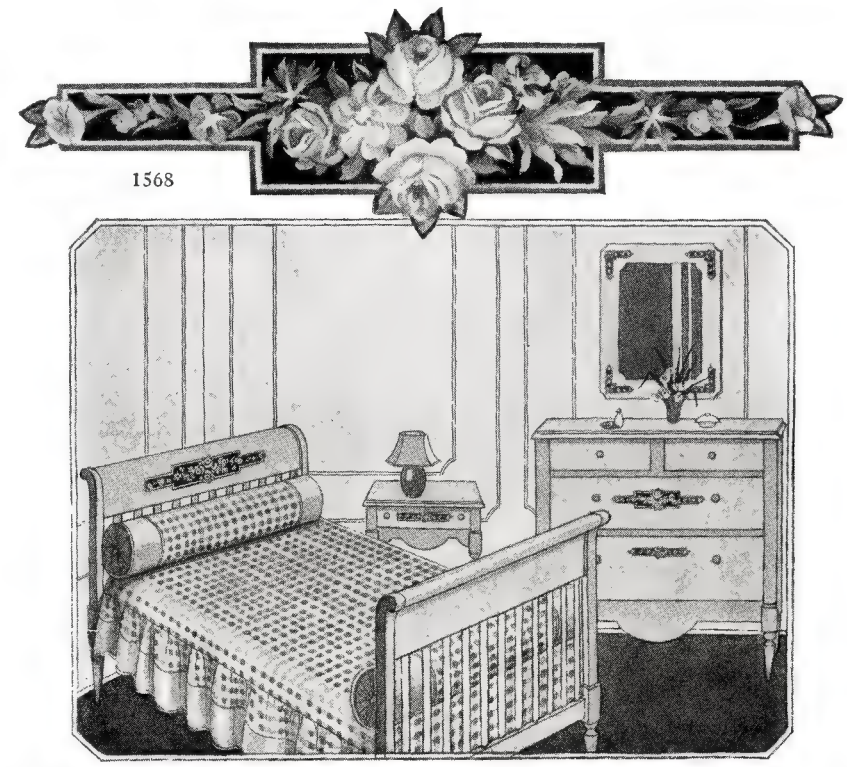
Have you ever used Mentholatum? Yes☐ No☐

AS THE MODERN HOME IS DECORATED

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

COLOR is so stressed in the modern home it comes to the kitchen as a fashionable necessity as well as for cheeriness and neatness. The new Art Color Medallions that are merely pasted on then varnished over, come as a timely aid to the home decorator. Lovely of color, they are adaptable to articles of wood or tin, and to oilcloth. No. 1566, 4 basket motifs, 10 labels, 12 narrow motifs.

With edges and labels in black, the bright coloring of the flowers is delightful.

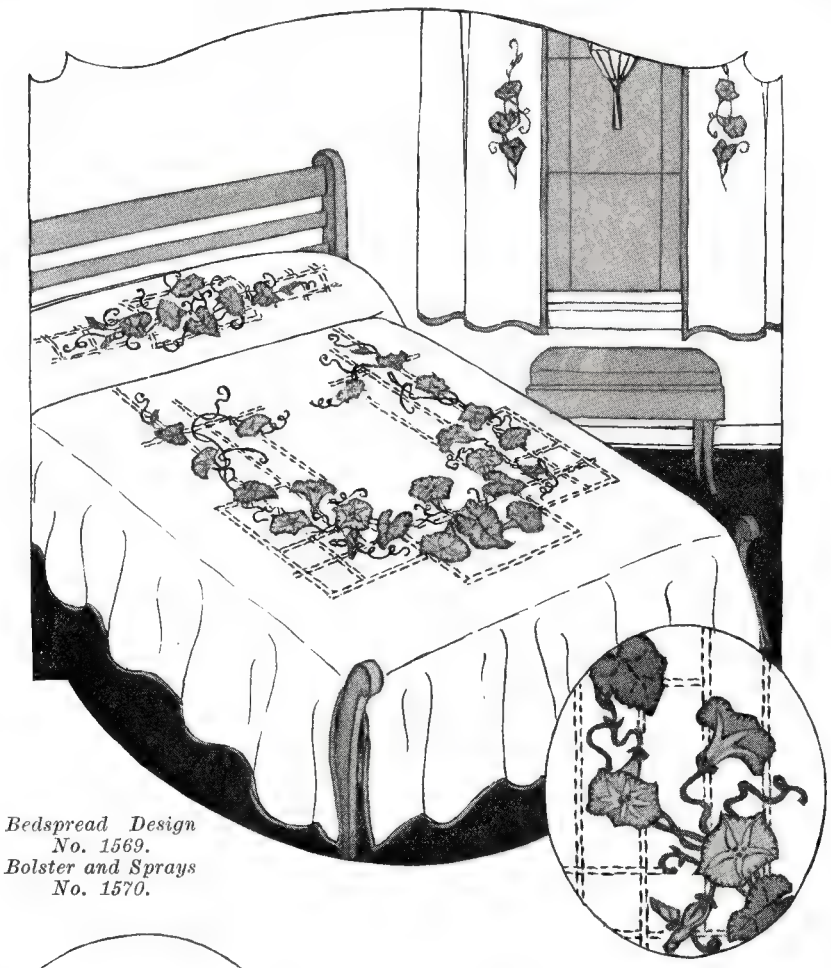


Boudoir furniture of straight line type takes its decoration most effectively in narrow strips. Gay flowers on a black background are adapted to 11 medallions No. 1568, long, medium and small, including little corners (2¾ inches) that fit the mirror.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 138.

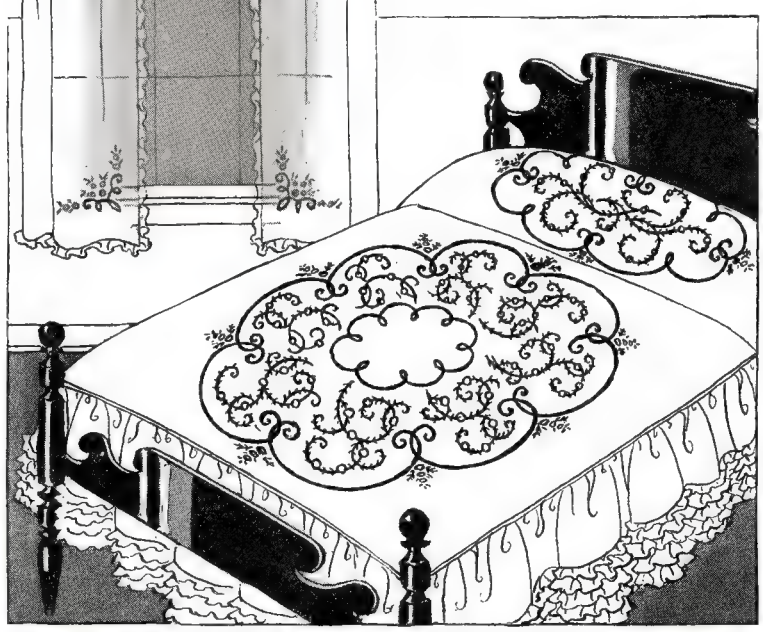
TO STITCH YOUR SPREAD OR COVERLET

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



Bedspread Design No. 1569. Bolster and Sprays No. 1570.

MODERN taste inclines to the practical and quaint as well as to the frail and flowery in personal surroundings. The two bedspreads here shown are typical of these tendencies—No. 1569 above with morning-glories appliquéd on unbleached muslin, and No. 1571 below with delicate roses and ruffles on fine lawn or silk. Each has its corresponding design for bolster and curtains.



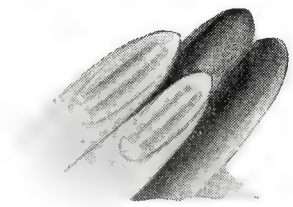
Nos. 1571 1572

Following the detail above, the curved lines are worked in outline-stitch, preferably blue, the blossoms in rambler-rose- and lazy-daisy-stitch, pink and green. Bedspread design No. 1571. No. 1572 provides bolster and curtain sprays.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 138.

You *can* have lovely Oval Shaped Nails!

by shaping the Cuticle correctly



THE secret of attaining lovely oval nails is the shaping of that delicate rim at the base of the nail which we call the cuticle!

No part of the nail is more troublesome to take care of. The cuticle is all the time growing tight to the nail, and as the nail grows, it splits and the dry broken ends destroy its curve still more.

There are just two things to do for it, says Northam Warren, the great authority on the manicure.

If your cuticle is already broken, first remove the roughnesses that seem so obstinate. Moisten each nail base with Cutex. It softens the dead broken cuticle, so you can just *wipe it off!*

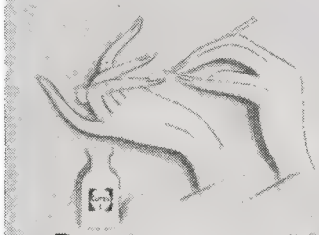
And second, restore the oils your cuticle lacks. The more we use our hands, and expose them to water and grime and weather, the drier becomes the cuticle. After removing the dead cuticle with Cutex, rub into the nail base Cutex Cuticle Cream which supplies the very oils it needs. If your cuticle is in very bad shape, he advises you to rub it in every night. In a week it is easy to shape into perfect curves.

Send for the miniature set offered below, and see what magic even one manicure will work.

Cutex Sets containing everything for the manicure are from 35c to $5.00. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. F-3, 85 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, Canada.

Northam Warren, New York, Paris, London.

"Do *just* TWO THINGS" *says* NORTHAM WARREN



Remove **every trace of dry broken cuticle that clings to the nail and disfigures it. To do this, moisten it with orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex.** ***Then you wipe it off!***

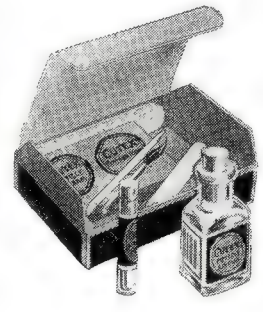
Rub in, **immediately, Cutex Cuticle Cream, to supply the cuticle and nail root with the oils they lack. Your cuticle is soft and pliant, immediately shaped to a beautiful curve.**

LUCREZIA BORI *is known throughout the world for her lovely lyric soprano voice*

LUCREZIA BORI

speaks of Charm of the Hands

"For every woman," Lucrezia Bori says, "the possession of smooth and shapely hands with graceful finger tips is an endless charm. I enjoy caring for mine in the simple Cutex way. In just a few minutes the cuticle is smooth, white and even."



Send 10c—Enough for 6 manicures!

I enclose 10c for Introductory Set containing Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, emery board, orange stick, cotton, and booklet.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. F-3
114 West 17th St., New York City

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[FAMOUS INTERIOR DECORATOR]

Says "Well designed wallpaper makes an otherwise dull room interesting"

Recently Gertrude Gheen Robinson, Nancy McClelland and Elsie de Wolfe, decorators, John Russell Pope and Frank J. Forster, architects, and Richard Bach of the Metropolitan Museum of Art each selected a decorative scheme for one of six typical interiors.

Although they presented rooms widely differing in character, all chose wallpaper. If you want to know their reasons send for our booklet "Wallpaper—Room by Room".

25c in stamps or coin brings color illustrations of interiors selected by these authorities, and booklet "Wallpaper—Room by Room"

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A Quality Seal H-W *on Every Wheel*

HEYWOOD - WAKEFIELD

THE MAGIC GARDEN

[*Continued from page 89*]

to come to him. He thought there would be plenty of time for him to slip away for three days before you would know we had arrived. He didn't know his new friend was your brother, but I did. That was why I urged him to go."

John Forrester stopped and Amaryllis stopped and they looked at each other.

"I haven't said it yet," said Amaryllis at last, "but I've got to begin saying it now. I can't keep it back any longer. Why? Why? I have tried to be a good girl. Every single night I have said the prayer he taught me. Some way Father got the last two lines from John Guido for me. Every single night on my knees I've prayed that prayer. I haven't been selfish. I haven't been wicked. I have given away all I had to give. I haven't worn expensive clothing like the other girls have. I have tried to be good, and I don't call this much of a reward. I wasn't working for rewards, either, unless you could call John Guido a reward. Of course, he would have been that. Of course, he would. But I can't think *why*. I can't think *why!*"

John Forrester took her in his arms again and turned her face against his breast and covered her head, as much as he could shield it, with his hand, and held her tight.

He said: "Amaryllis, if there is one word above all other words that have been shouted up to the face of Heaven day and night ever since man and woman learned love and learned language and learned grief, it is just that one little word 'Why?' I suspect the Almighty is more wearied with hearing 'Why?' than any other word that men or women ever fling at Him from this beautiful world where dark days will come and trouble will creep in and death will cut down. You know that old saying: 'Death loves a shining mark?' That is what John Guido was. That is what your brother Peter was, and all those other boys. They were sane; they were clean. They were fine men. Your brother meant to go into business with his father. He meant to make a way for himself. He meant to do something with the millions that his grandfather left him that would help the country, and the poor, and the struggling. They talked it over. He meant to have something that he had earned himself to offer the girl he loved. John Guido had his music. There was a fortune in his violin, in his fingers, and he had his brain and his wonderful love to offer you."

"And his violin has gone, too," wailed Amaryllis. "I heard him say he was going to take it along: So that's gone, too!"

"Never mind about the violin," said John Forrester. "Wherever John Guido is, that is where it should be. I would not ever want anyone else to play it after I've heard him play it, after the voices he put into it. I couldn't bear having anyone else play it. I'm glad that it went with him."

Amaryllis lifted up her face and said: "Mr. John Forrester, will you tell me once again that you don't hate me? Will you kiss me good-by? Will you take me out and put me in my car? I must go to Father now. You see, I came to you first. I had to come to you first. But now I must go to my father, because my father loved his son just as you loved yours."

"Yes," said John Forrester. "And you will come again, Amaryllis? You will come whenever you can, and you will let me come to you?"

"If you only will," said Amaryllis. "If you only will!"

"And about that forgiveness," said John Forrester. "Forget it, Amaryllis. Don't ever mention it again. The boy was proud to go, happy to go, and I was proud to have him. I thought it meant that he was making friends of the right kind. To tell you the truth, when they talked about it on the boat, he would not consent to go. I knew what was in his heart. I knew that he was afraid to go. Really he went because I urged him to, on account of what I knew and surmised about Peter. I wanted him to make friends among businessmen and out-door men. I wanted him to make friends who were not interested in music as he was. I did not want him to be so one-sided. I did not want him to be obsessed with one idea, to spend his life on one thing. It was my fault, really, that he went. All he wanted to do was to come to the house and the garden that you had promised to come back to and wait."

"And now he will not ever come! He will not ever come! What shall I do?" wailed Amaryllis. "What shall I do?"

Just then, at the same time, both of them heard it, away in the distance, a little bit of a note, a faint little bit of a note. They could not believe it at all. Amaryllis stiffened in John Forrester's arms and John Forrester gripped her enough to almost break her bones. Both of them turned their faces toward the garden. Both of them heard the click of the latch, and then, soft and easy, a note at a time, as an oriole flies through the air and spills a gem of gold here and another there, up through the garden it kept coming, closer and closer, little fragments of "Amaryllis." Then the upper gate clicked. There was a step on the walk and up the back porch. Then there was a call: "Dad! Oh, Dad!"

Wide eyed, Amaryllis and John Forrester stared at each other. Then John Forrester cried: "Yes! Yes, John?"

The boy's voice came clearly: "I had the rottenest luck! Just a yaller cur! Just a common yaller cur upset the whole thing and I got left, Dad! And I don't know as I care so very much. I was afraid to go all the time for fear Amaryllis might come and I wouldn't be here."

"Stay there!" called John Forrester. "Stay right where you are and tell me what happened."

"Well, not much of anything," said John Guido. "I made the boat and I was on the yacht with all my stuff, and I happened to run my hand in my pocket just as we were cutting loose and I found that letter you told me to post about the sale of your last picture. I told one of the boys to tell them to hold on a minute and I ran across the gangplank to post the letter. He said he would go straight and tell them to wait for me. He must have forgotten. Anyway, I raced down the dock and I shoved the letter into the mail box, and as I turned, where men were unloading a freight boat, a big box fell down and landed right square on a little yaller cur—the commonest little cur that ever homed around a dock. One of the men laughed when the cur's head stuck out and he howled; and I couldn't stand it. I got him out. One leg was broken. He held it up and before I knew what I was doing, I had broken some splinters from the box—I had no knife—and I had torn up my handkerchief and I was so busy making some splints and setting his leg and binding it up that I didn't realize how long I was taking. I thought they would wait for me; but when I got him fixed and set him down and started back, the place where the boat had been was vacant. I ran with all my might, but that yacht was away out on the ocean. Its sails were up and it was going like a white bird. I couldn't find anything I could hire to overtake it. I was so disappointed I sat down on a post and I bet I cried. I bet I cried like a spanked baby!

"Then on a sudden, I remembered that I had not wanted to go so very badly anyway, and maybe Amaryllis would come. So I went back and I hunted up the yaller cur and I took him up in my arms and I walked all the way back. I walked all night. I just didn't want to hire anything, and I didn't want to ride. I'm all tired out and I'm hungry and so is the dog. He got pretty heavy before the night was over, but I got him here safe where I can take care of him. I've got to make a better splint so he won't be lame all his life. He wasn't anyone's dog, so I just made him ours. Won't you call Marie and ask her to get me some lunch pretty quick—I'm ravenous."

As they listened, John Forrester had been using his handkerchief. He had been wiping Amaryllis' eyes. He had been clumsily trying to straighten her curls. He had been pulling her blouse into shape and she had been standing dumbly cutting her fingers into his arms, her eyes torn wide open, her mouth hanging open too. He was not sure that [*Turn to page 95*]

It Saves Precious Minutes

HOUSEKEEPERS who are "good managers" .... those who have plenty of leisure for things outside the home .... rely on the Bissell today more than ever.

For convenient, everyday sweeping, there is nothing that takes its place. You whisk it out of the closet and over the rugs in just a moment. The magical ease with which a new Cyco Ball Bearing Bissell cleans will amaze you. The fine revolving bristles pick up all lint, crumbs, dirt and grit from rugs instantly! No noise, no flying dust, no muss. Rubber bumpers protect furniture and baseboards. A thumb-pressure on the dump lever empties the sweeper pans.

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The cost of the first half dozen brooms it saves pays for a Bissell which lasts for years. Play-size (toy) Bissells for a few dimes. At department, housefurnishing, furniture and hardware stores. The Bissell booklet—or a circular on care and use of your present Bissell—on request.

A thumb-pressure empties it

BISSELL
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Carpet Sweeper

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These gay, colorful new bags are embroidered with Dennison's Crepe Twist and "glo-gems" on canvas patterns. You can make them in envelope or pouch styles, from a tempting variety of easy-to-embroider designs, in your favorite colors. The bags cost so little to make that you can afford to have a different one for every costume. You'll want to make several for gifts, too. And you can sell them if you wish.

Make them of Dennison Crepe Twist

You can get Crepe Twist in all the popular colors, as well as the other materials you need, together with *free* printed instructions at stationery and department stores and many drug stores. Or simply send this coupon and let us send you by mail *free* the step-by-step directions for making these smart new bags.

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THE MAGIC GARDEN

[*Continued from page 94*]

she had heard. He was not sure that she had understood very much more than that John Guido was on the back porch telling about a little yellow cur with a broken leg. He gripped her shoulders tightly and gave her a quick shake. He used her father's pet name for her.

"Amarilly," he whispered, "do you *hear?* Do you understand that John Guido is here?"

Amaryllis nodded and clung tighter.

Then came the voice of John Guido again:

"Father, will you fix a bath for me? I'm in the awfullest mess! Couldn't always see where I was going in the night. Got off the road sometimes, and this yaller cur wasn't any too clean to begin with. He must have a bath, too. But I want mine first, and food—real food. Then, Father, I'm going down to that wonderful bench with little loves all over it by the striped grass bed, and I am going to sit there until Amaryllis comes. But I must be clean before I go, Father."

"All right. In just a minute," said John Forrester. "Of course, you couldn't go to Amaryllis unless you were clean, clean in your body as you have kept your heart and your soul for her, Son. You did not hear any word of the boat, Boy? You don't know anything about it?"

"Why, there wasn't anything to know," said John Guido. "They were skimming out on the ocean hitting up the coast toward Maine."

"All right," said John Forrester. "I'll be with you in a second."

He whirled Amaryllis around and gently pushed her before him through the front door and out on the veranda.

"Go around the outside way and wait until I get him inside," he said. "Then go down to the seat beside the white syringa and I'll help him get cleaned up and I'll tell him what he needs to know before he sees you. I'll send him to you as quickly as it can be done."

Then he gathered Amaryllis up in his arms and over and over he kissed her.

"My little girl!" he said. "My darling little girl! Believe me, you are going to have another father who adores you!"

Amaryllis put her arms around John Forrester's neck and clung there a minute, and then she staggered from his embrace and started toward the end veranda steps, steadying herself by a hand laid against the side of the house at each step.

John Forrester went to his boy and hustled him into the house that he might not see Amaryllis going down to the garden. When he had gotten him inside, he went to the bathroom with him and helped him, as he used to when he was a little child, worked so efficiently and so fast that John Guido looked at him in wonder.

"What's your hurry, Father?" asked the boy at last. I'm not *that* nearly starved. Your hands are shaking, and, my word! you've been crying!"

"Never mind about me!" said John Forrester. "Get into your clothes! By that time Marie will have the coffee that I ordered ready for you. There is something I must tell you."

So because he was an obedient boy, John Guido slipped into his clothes. He noticed that his father had laid out his very best suit. He opened his mouth to speak about it, and then remembered that to change would take time and his father really did seem to be in an unusual hurry, so he said nothing. He slipped on a blue shirt and the soft blue-grey suit. All the time he kept thinking: "What in the world is the trouble with Father?"

When John Guido laid down the brush from the very last stroke on his hair, his father took him by the shoulders and turned him around and looked at him from head to foot, and then suddenly he laid his head on the shoulder of the man who was as tall as he was and began to cry, until, in dumb amazement, John Guido lifted him bodily and stood him erect and said: "For Heaven's sake, Father, what is it?"

John Forrester said: "My boy, do you know what you mean to me at this minute?" [*Turn to page 96*]

Matthew J. Whittall Founder of the Whittall Mills in 1880

"I Learned to Weave at Whittall's"

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WHITTALL quality is as well known in the rug and carpet industry as in the retail trade and the homes of America.

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These standards had their beginning fifty years ago under the guiding hand of Matthew J. Whittall. They are applied to the selection, blending and dyeing of the wools as much as to their weaving. But it is in this latter and most important phase of Rug making that Whittall operatives are known to excel.

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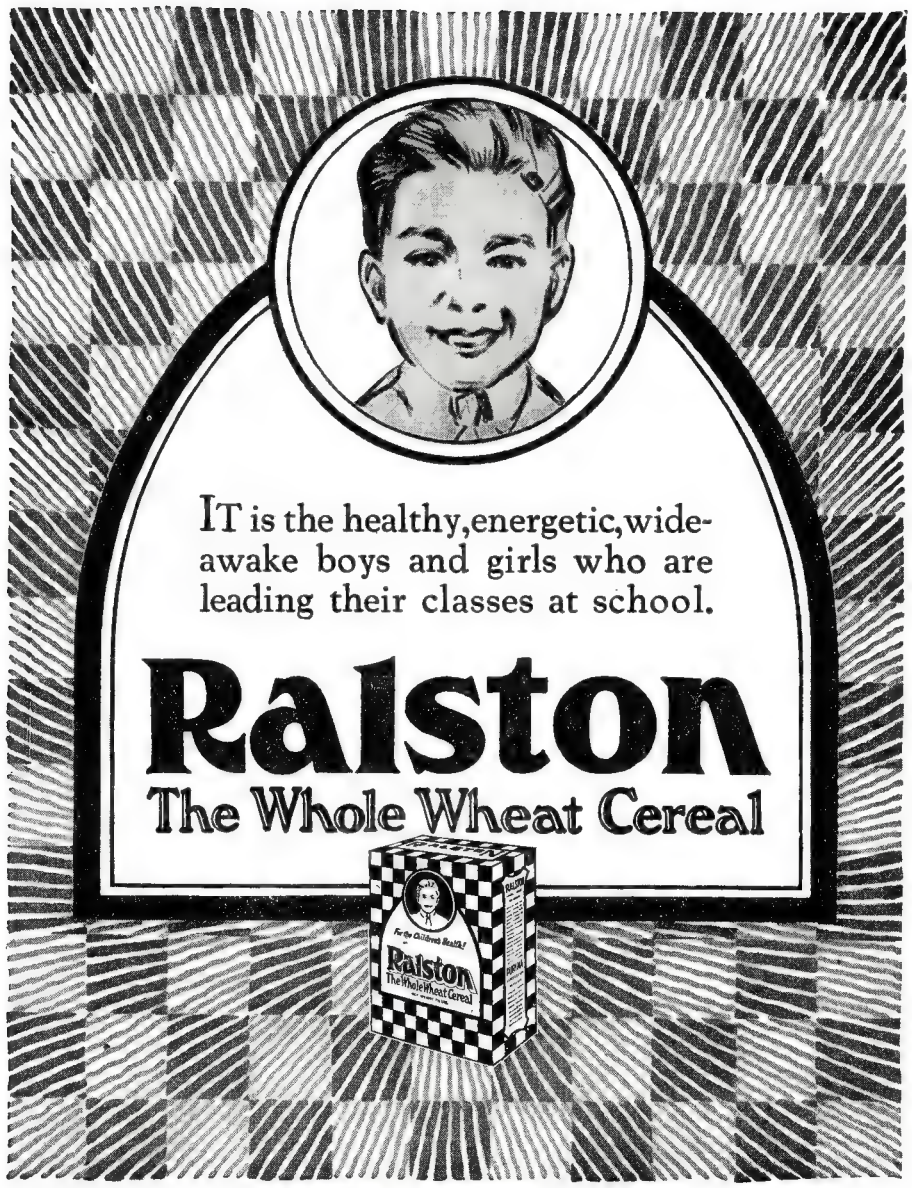
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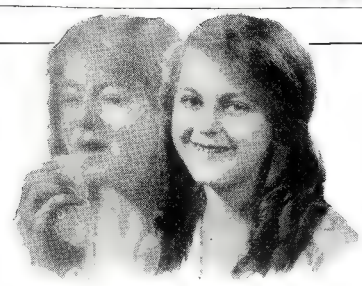

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THE MAGIC GARDEN

[*Continued from page 95*]

John Guido tried to laugh. "Well, I hope," he said, "I hope I mean something that you are, at least, not ashamed of."

John Forrester answered: "My lad, my little lad, at this minute you mean to me *Resurrection.* 'My son that was lost, is found;' my boy that was at the bottom of the ocean has arisen and come back to me safe and sound just because of the bigness of his heart, so like his mother's."

John Guido stared at him and said: "Why, Dad, what are you driving at?"

John Forrester said: "Guido, go to Marie and get a cup of coffee and then come into the living-room." And he turned and left the boy.

It was only a minute until the lad was back with his father.

"I don't know how to go at this to be the least of a shock," said John Forrester. "Perhaps I might as well tell you in plain English. There is the morning paper. You see the headline. Something went wrong with Peter's boat. I don't suppose anyone will ever know what. They must have taken in the sails and been running on the engine and there must have been an explosion or something, some dreadful thing happened in the night. The report came in that some little splinters and pieces carried to the surface and there was enough of the name of the boat and a number to identify it. Nobody is ever going to know what became of that boat and the handsome young lads who sailed away so gaily in it."

John Guido covered his face and began to sob, too. His father went over and knelt beside him and took him in his arms and said: "Now, John Guido, I'll tell you why I urged your going when I myself was so afraid that Amaryllis might come into the garden in your absence. The reason was because I made it my business at the time the police came after her to find out just who Amaryllis was. I never told you that I telephoned for them, and that I knew her name. But I have known all these years, and I have left it up to her, because I wanted to be sure what kind of fiber was in her. I did not like her father over the 'phone. I did not like him when he came after her, trying to babble about money, about the millions the child represented, as if every child is not worth all the millions he has to any man that is even half way a father! But Amaryllis seems to adore him. I have kept tab on him a little, and he seems to have changed. He seems to have made her the right kind of a home after she ran away to search for Love. I knew who he was, and on the boat when that young chap showed himself friendly and told his name, it did not take me long to connect things up. John Guido, the new friend you made, Peter Minton, was Amaryllis' only brother."

"What?" cried John Guido. "Peter Minton was Amaryllis' brother! And he and the other boys are at the bottom of the sea? Oh, Heavens!"

"Yes," said John Forrester. "That's it. There was a reason, John Guido, why Peter Minton sought you out on the boat and made friends with you. He received a cable before he started from a little sister whom he seemed to idolize, and she had asked him to find you, to make friends with you, to bring you into his crowd, to ask you to his home. She had cautioned him not to mention her to you, and so, when the report came, she had not only Peter to mourn for, but she thought you had gone down, too, and she thought it was because she had begged her brother to make friends with you and to take you. It was because I wanted you to be friends with him that I urged your going when I intended never for a minute to leave the house and the garden until your return. Amaryllis thought, in making a way to open her home to you, that she had sent you to the bottom of the ocean. So this morning there has been a shock, an indescribable shock for her."

"But, Dad," cried John Guido, "Dad, how do you know all this?"

Once more John Forrester took his boy tight in his arms. Great tears were running down his cheeks as he said: "My heart is racked with anguish for the fathers and mothers of those other boys, but selfish as humanity always is, I am forced to say: 'Thank God for my luck!' Thank God for the little yellow cur that saved you! I'm going now to give it a bath and see if you've bandaged it right. It is going to be my dog, my own particular dog. And now, John Guido, if I were you, I would go straight to the garden."

John Forrester opened the screen and gave the boy a slight shove toward the back porch. John Guido crossed it at a sweep and took the back walk at another. He never stopped to open the gate. He flew over it and with a rush he came to a halt at the white marble bench carved with Cupids and fawns and flying doves and rose garlands. Lying on it, in a little heap, in a little stricken heap, in a soft dress as white as the marble, a dress that brought out the sunshine of the hair and the great blue eyes, there lay a grief-racked little figure. John Guido went down on his knees and took it in his arms. He laid the gold head up on his shoulder and brought his lips down to the cheek that was uppermost. He could not say a word but: "Amaryllis! have you really come back to me? And, Amaryllis, have you come to stay?"

Amaryllis could not speak at all; but she could hear, and nod her head.

Then John Guido straightened her on his knees and took her head between his hands and pushed back the tumbled curls and Amaryllis did the thing of all the world that she had declared she never would do again, because always she had remembered how perfectly shameless she had been as a child, how her little starved heart and her little starved lips had cried out for the warmth of John Guido's tender caresses. She held her face up exactly as she had when she was a wilful, neglected little Hungry Heart running in hot rebellion on a race to see if somewhere in all this world she could find love.

She lifted up her lips, all quivering and stricken, and she looked at John Guido with tear-brimming eyes. She caught tight hold of him with both her hands and opened her mouth and said it: "John Guido, I am hungry *again.*"

[THE END]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, GENTLEMAN

[*Continued from page 86*]

was ever blackguarded as Lincoln in the White House—blackguarded at home and abroad. And how did he return it? One of the best observers of that day, a distinguished journalist, E. L. Godkin, who watched him in the troubled times of the Civil War, credits him with what he calls the "most necessary and aristocratic virtues, those of patience and self-control."

It was amazing how little malice Lincoln had. He was so big-hearted and big-minded that he realized that malice had nothing to do with the affairs he handled. This is being a real gentleman. He could be considerate of his worst enemy, the enemy that was at his hand, pretending to work with him and yet intriguing against him.

Lincoln was so shrewd that intriguers never long deceived him and yet so much of a gentleman that he treated them with invariable courtesy and respected them for the merits they had. In his judgment, a gentleman must respect whatever is good even though he finds it mixed with what he knows to be evil. To give courtesy and consideration to those around him was his joy; to be courteous to a man who, like McClellan, insulted him; to be just to a man who, like Chase, his Secretary of the Treasury, intrigued incessantly against him, well, there you have a higher form of courtesy than most men ever reach.

A great gentleman—Abraham Lincoln—so great that externals fade out of sight when you look to the man within, and trace how through a long and active life of struggle, disappointment and agony of soul, he remained "lord of himself."

One choice ingredient added to her famous recipe

BUCKWHEATS!

with the old-fashioned taste no man forgets

Things that make your husband happy—a familiar face seen unexpectedly, a bit of a song that he only half remembers, a favorite dish from years ago. Things that he may not mention frequently. Things that are lingering in the back of his mind. What man has ever forgotten the taste of old-time "buckwheats"?

To most men there comes on winter mornings a hankering for the rich savor of buckwheat cakes when they are exactly right. And these cold days women everywhere are offering their husbands a surprise from old times: light, tender "buckwheats" with the special "tang" they long for, cakes made according to Aunt Jemima's famous recipe.

You get her own ingredients with just enough choice buckwheat flour added, her recipe adapted by experienced cooks, *ready-mixed* in the *yellow* package: Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour. To give you that keen, full-bodied taste of "buckwheats" at their best, we use the choicest yield of grain from special sections.

How easy it is now to make these buckwheat cakes —so light and wholesome, with that wonderful "kick"! No overnight waiting for the batter to rise! No chance to go wrong! *Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour—and stir.*

When you give your husband these cakes, one look at his face will tell you just how well he likes them.

All the light tenderness for which Aunt Jemima's pancakes are famous, with the keen, savory taste of buckwheat at its best—that's what you get when you use Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour in the yellow *package*

See for yourself how good that true, buckwheat flavor can really be. Plan now to test this famous recipe, *ready-mixed*—Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour in the *yellow* package.

And don't forget how much your family enjoys also these southern pancakes of Aunt Jemima's with the old-time plantation flavor—cakes you make with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the *red* package.

Send today for trial size packages of Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour in the *yellow* package and of her Pancake Flour in the *red* package. Use coupon below. Or get full size packages from your grocer.

Her recipe for southern pancakes with the old-time plantation flavor comes ready-mixed in the familiar red *package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Her Prepared Buckwheat Flour, in the* yellow *package*

Watch your husband's face when he gets his first taste of Aunt Jemima buckwheat cakes. It will make you glad you know how to cook

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Guard Beauty and Health Jealously

Pyorrhea's appalling toll is 4 out of 5

Will radiant health and beauty ever be taken from you by that ruthless enemy—Pyorrhea? When you approach middle age will the alluring charm and vivaciousness of youth still be yours to enjoy? Or will you spend miserable hours before your mirror trying to hide tell-tale marks and regretting the price you must pay for self-neglect?

The odds say that you will . . . unless you take this precaution and learn the secret of keeping your mouth healthy.

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Pyorrhea exacts an appalling toll. Four persons out of five who pass the age of forty, and many before, become its pitiful victims.

Pyorrhea is a most uncompromising enemy. If let alone, it leaves a trail of havoc and ruin in its wake. It takes as its victims youth, energy, health and beauty. Its poisons often lead to such serious diseases as neuritis, stomach trouble, rheumatism, anemia, nervousness, even facial disfigurement that makes beauty but a shadow. You can safeguard your precious health and beauty against this enemy.

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Forhan's for the Gums is a widely used scientific dentifrice that protects teeth and gums against the attack of grim Pyorrhea. This valuable preparation which prevents Pyorrhea or, if contracted, checks its course, is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., a Pyorrhea specialist.

Prevention Easier Than Cure

Don't wait until your gums break down and shrink away from teeth which will then loosen in their sockets and fall out. Don't let Pyorrhea's poison creep through the system.

Keep your teeth clean and free from acid decay and your gums firm and healthy. Provide safe protection against dread Pyorrhea. Go to your dentist for a thorough examination and start using Forhan's for the Gums twice a day.

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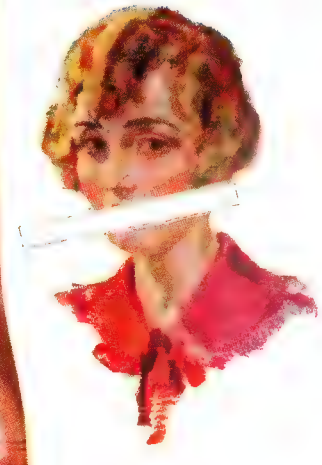

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Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, odorless, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odor. Forhan's Antiseptic is a success. Try it.

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[*Continued from page 19*]

feeling inferior and hopelessly wondering what was wrong.

"You'll have to walk downtown this morning, Joe," said Mrs. Paddock as her husband pushed back his chair. "I want the car."

"All right," Joe returned heartily. "Exercise will be good for me."

"And you must put some money in the bank for me—I have overdrawn."

"All right, Mother, I'll fix you up. By the way—I'd like to ask Mr. Saxton for dinner some evening soon—if it's convenient."

"And who is Mr. Saxton?"

"You know—the man I told you about last night—from Kansas City—represents big interests. He's looking into Westover with a view to establishing an industrial plant of some sort. I thought—"

"Why don't you take him to the Palace or to your Club?"

"Why, I thought—well—you see—he's the sort of a man who would really enjoy a simple home dinner."

"Well, I wouldn't particularly enjoy entertaining some one we know nothing about. Besides, if he really *is* a man of any importance and you are trying to impress him with your position in Westover it would be a sad mistake to try to entertain him in *this* house."

"Oh, Mother," cried Georgia. "Be a good sport—if Dad wants to bring a friend to dinner—"

"Georgia! How many times have I assured you that I have no ambition to be, what you call, a good sport?"

The groceryman was already on his way to the front door. Georgia caught him as he was going down the steps.

"Dad, let me drive you down to the store. I'd love to—it's such a glorious morning. I'll bring the car straight home."

"Never mind, Daughter, I'd just as soon walk—exercise will do me good."

"Please let me, Daddy," she urged.

"Nope—need the exercise—bye bye."

She stood in the doorway watching him down the street.

The telephone rang. The instrument was in the hall and Georgia turned from the door to answer the call. As she took down the receiver her back was toward the living-room so that she did not notice her mother, who had also heard the bell and was coming to answer. Mrs. Paddock, seeing her daughter at the phone, paused in the living-room door and waited, unnoticed by her daughter, who was speaking into the instrument: "Hello—"

A shade of doubtful recognition—not at all glad to hear the voice at the other end of the line: "Who is speaking please?"

With a touch of mocking surprise: "Oh-h, it is? Well—" sarcastically, "Not exactly"———

Cheerfully: "No, I'm not the maid—I'm not the cook either. Father has just left the house. You can get him at the store in half an hour. Ring 702—"

Impudently: "Oh, you do—Well—I don't think she is in."

With positive disapproval: "Oh, she did—well, you can't talk to Mrs. Paddock just now. She is—"

A furious exclamation caused the girl to look hastily over her shoulder. Her mother was upon her with: "Georgia, give me that receiver!"

The daughter spoke into the instrument with mocking sweetness: "I'm sorry, Mr. Astell, I find that Mother *is* here after all." With her lips still close to the instrument she added: "Mother, dear, Mr. Astell wishes to speak to you—Mr. Edward Alton Astell."

The daughter stood aside but did not leave the hall while her mother spoke over the wire: "Yes, Mr. Astell—Good morning, isn't it rather early for you?—

"Oh, how *perfectly* charming of you—Yes, indeed, it is *perfectly* beautiful—

"Yes———

"Oh, yes———

"How wonderful—so few men are able to appreciate such things. I don't wonder that you find your greatest inspiration in the early morning———

"At eleven o'clock———

"Oh, thank you—Thank you so much. It is so generous of you to give poor little me so much of your valuable time———

"How charming of you to say that——

"Until eleven—Good bye."

She hung the receiver gently on the hook and whirled on her daughter: "Now, young lady, perhaps you will be good enough to explain how you dare to treat a man like Mr. Astell with such unheard of rudeness!"

Georgia stood her ground with the frank contempt of parental authority so characteristic of her generation. "Perhaps *you* will explain why that darned snob calls you up, and you make appointments with him when he wouldn't even speak to Father on a bet."

"Mr. Astell is one of our few real gentlemen. It it a privilege to have his friendship. I'm consulting him about our Literary Club program. He is not only an authority on art and literature—he is, himself, a distinguished author. You can't expect a genius of Mr. Astell's standing to have anything in common with mere grocerymen."

"Distinguished author! Your foot! Why, you know, he never wrote but one fool novel and had to pay to have that published." She caught her breath with a choking sob and her angry eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Mother—Mother, what's the matter with us all? You're not a bit like you used to be when I was little—and I—I guess I'm going crazy too—chasing around day and night. I—I tell you, I can't stand it, Mother! I can't stand it!"

She rushed up stairs and Mrs. Paddock heard the door of her room slam.

The groceryman, on his way down town, was physically conscious of the morning and walked briskly enough but his spirit dragged miserably along, unmoved by the familiar objects and incidents of the friendly street. That man Saxton, yesterday—unusual sort of man—big though—almighty big—not often a man of his caliber is so interested in churches—that is, not in exactly the way that Saxton was. He wished Laura would let him invite Saxton to dinner. What in thunder was the matter anyway? The groceryman walked briskly through the store to his office. With sudden determination he pulled open a drawer in his desk and took from it a photograph. It was the portrait of a beautiful young woman with a baby in her arms and the woman's face was glorified by the holy passion of her motherhood. His wife and baby, Georgia. The groceryman knew that his love for his wife was all that it had ever been—all and more. How then had they come to such a pass? Perhaps if their boy had lived—

It was soon after the boy's death that Mrs. Paddock had developed an absorbing interest in church affairs. For a year or more, night and day, she had gone about what her pastor assured her was her Master's business—sewing circles, bazaars, rummage sales, socials, entertainments. Then, with a change of pastors, her religious fervor cooled and she had entered upon a period of scholarship. She again attended the University classes—until a sudden interest in civic clubs and politics left her not a moment for things academic. This political period, in turn, gave way to a program of welfare work. And then came Art. So they had arrived by easy stages to her present absorbing interest in literature and what she called "the higher culture." Devotedly, now, she worshipped at the shrines of the intellectuals.

And through all these changing periods of Mrs. Paddock's progress toward the higher things of life, Joe had gone every morning to his grocery store. Day by day, he had helped to answer the universal prayer "Give us this day our daily bread." The groceryman burned no incense before the altars of intellectuality. The only incense he knew was the perfume of coffee and tea and spices and fruits and vegetables. He worshipped at no shrine of Art or Letters—he bought and sold groceries. He bowed before no god of the superior culture—he paid his bills. And for his devotion to the lowly business of answering the common prayer of the people, the groceryman had received for his wife and daughter and himself—bread.

That reminded him—Laura had told him that her [*Turn to page 100*]

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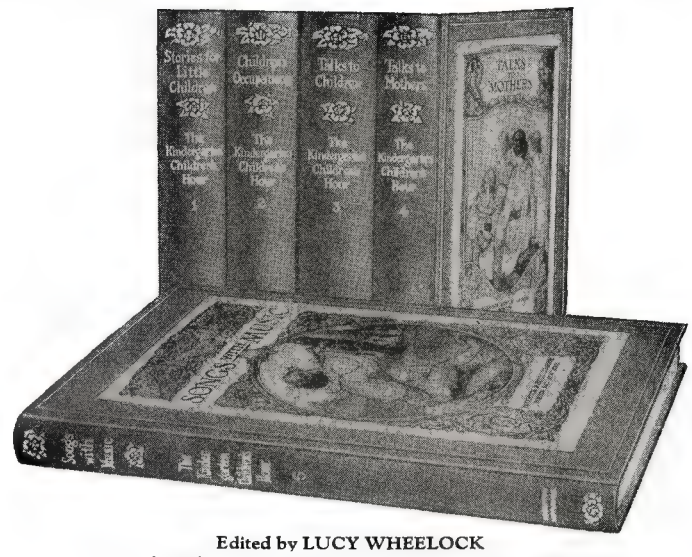

Edited by LUCY WHEELOCK

Head of The Wheelock School for Kindergartners, Boston

The Kindergarten Children's Hour offers a rich library of the most carefully selected material to help mothers in guiding and instructing their children.

A New Idea in Helps for Mothers

In one volume you will find 135 matchless stories especially adapted for very little children—and such stories are the hardest of all stories to find. Another volume is crammed full of just the right suggestions for games and occupations to answer adequately the cry of "What can we do now, mother?" A third volume tells you how to explain, in a way intensely interesting to your children, the everyday things of life that every child wants to know. Still another volume contains wonderfully inspiring and helpful advice by one of the world's leading experts upon child training, telling how best to handle children of every temperament on all occasions. And lastly a volume of 155 songs that children love, together with singing games.

This gives you but a faint idea of the wealth of material in these five volumes.

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GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[*Continued from page 99*]

account was overdrawn. He must write a check. And Georgia's allowance too. He might as well write a check for that while he was about it. With his problem still unsolved, Joe Paddock laid the old photograph reverently back in the drawer and from another drawer took his check book. As he opened the book the protesting whine of the listless clerk came from behind his chair: "That darned kid is late again this morning—just got here—what'll I tell him?"

Joe carefully laid a blotter on the checks. "Send him in here to me."

The delivery boy came and stood befor his employer. His thin body with its narrow shoulders and scrawny limbs was clothed in garments patched and faded. His colorless hair was unkempt—his face gaunt and old. He nervously fingered an old rag of a cap and his deep somber, hollow eyes were sullenly fearful.

The groceryman looked the lad over—not unkindly. "You are late again this morning, Davie," he said.

The lad fingered his cap in silence.

"You realize, don't you, that I must have some one who will get out these morning deliveries on time?"

Davie did not speak.

"Well," Joe demanded, sharply, "what have you to say? Can't you talk?"

"Please, Mr. Paddock, oh, please, don't fire me. I can't—I can't lose my job now—" The boy's words seemed literally torn from him. His features worked in an agony of fear, his eyes were wild and pleading, his bony fingers twisted his old cap with desperate strength. "I'll do better, honest I will. It would be murder—plain murder—if you was to fire me now!" His words ended in a sob.

The groceryman suddenly remembered—he had heard somewhere that Davie's mother was not well. The clerk, Bill, had said something about it a week or so back. Two years ago the carpenter father had fallen from a scaffold while working on the Presbyterian Church, and had never stood on his feet since. The carpenter and his wife, Mary, were both members of the church and the man had been donating his work when the accident occurred. Since he was hurt they had not attended services and had failed to pay their dues. "How is your mother these days, Davie?"

"She—she's been in bed for a month."

"I'm sorry I didn't know—didn't realize, I mean. What's the trouble?"

"I don't know—just clean worn out I guess. There ain't nobody to do nothing but me. Jimmie and Maud's too little."

The groceryman was thinking—"Organized charities, I must report it. Don't know though—the boy is working." "Davie," he said suddenly, "go and tell Bill I want to see him."

"Are you going to fire me?"

"No, Davie, we'll manage somehow. Go and fetch Bill."

When the delivery boy had gone the groceryman found himself thinking: "Suppose Laura Louise had married the young carpenter, Dave Bates. Would Laura now be 'just clean worn out' with no one but that slip of a boy to provide for her and her helpless husband and their little ones? Suppose Mary Graham—suppose I, Joe Paddock, had married Mary—would I be here in the grocery business with Laura's son working for me? Suppose—"

Life to the groceryman, just then, was a hopeless tangle with no beginning an! no end to anything. He decided he would call up the house and ask Laura to drive out to the farm with him.

The maid answered that Mrs. Paddock was out. Miss Georgia was in—did he wish to speak to her?

"No, never mind." He hung up the receiver. Where was Laura anyway?

When the groceryman reached home that evening he found his wife in their bedroom. She was seated before her dressing table and greeted him without turning her head: "You know we are going to the Wintons' for dinner tonight, Joe."

"Gosh, I *had* forgotten," he returned. "But there's lots of time—we don't need to start for a couple of hours yet."

He stood just inside the door looking at her thoughtfully. He was wishing she would turn away from her own image in the glass and come to him. He could see her face in the mirror. She did not even look at him. She was looking at herself. He crossed the room and stooping kissed her bare shoulder.

It was nearly twelve o'clock, when, Davie Bates started from his sleep.

The place called "home" by the Bates family was a three-room shack of unpainted boards and a roof that leaked.

Davie's father slept in the same room where Davie had his own rickety old cot. Every morning the delivery boy carried the helpless carpenter from his bed to an old rocking chair—every night he carried his father back again from chair to bed.

The younger children occupied a bed in the kitchen. Davie tiptoed to the door. The little ones were safe in slumber land. Stealing quietly to the door of the only remaining room the delivery boy paused a moment on the threshold, then crept softly to the side of his mother's bed. The form under the ragged coverlid stirred. A skeleton-like hand reached out. "Do you want anything, Mother?" Davie whispered anxiously.

"Oh, Davie, dear, I was having such a beautiful dream! We were all back in the country—And your father was well and strong and I wasn't sick."

"Can't I do something for you, Mother? Don't you want a drink?"

'No, dear—there is nothing. It was such a lovely dream—kiss me now and run along."

The delivery boy was going softly from the room when the sound of his mother's low, weak voice came again, and he paused just outside the open door. Standing there in the darkness he heard:

"Dear God, our Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for Thy wondrous kindness—for a husband's love—for the children Thou hast given me—for the roof that shelters us, and for our daily bread. I praise Thy name in thankfulness, oh God, for the church and its ministries, and for the blessed gospel of Jesus—as our Lord taught us to ask of Thee, our Father, I pray, oh God, give my dear husband strength to bear his affliction, and if it be Thy will make him well. Safeguard my little ones, oh God—they have no place to play but in the streets—and no one to watch over them through the long day—in Thy infinite mercy keep them safe from harm. Bless all the churches and the pastors who labor in Thy vineyard and grant that from their toil and sacrifice they may reap a mighty harvest of souls. And, dear God, be very close to my boy, Davie. Keep him strong and well. Make him honest and upright; give him a clean mind and a kind heart; guard him from every temptation. And Thine shall be the honor and the glory and the praise forever. In the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Amen."

The delivery boy, lying on his cot, gazed with wide eyes into the darkness of the night. *He* did not pray. He considered ways and means by which he might possibly bring an answer to his mother's prayer. And if some of the ways and means considered by Davie were lawless it was only because, for him, there were no ways and means within the law.

When the groceryman and his wife said "good night" to the Wintons and their friends they fervently expressed their appreciation of the pleasant evening which they had so heartily enjoyed. But somewhere between the banker's residence and the Paddock home the happy spirit of the occasion deserted them. By the time Joe had unlocked and opened the front door they were as joyful as two people paying a visit to the family tomb.

When the daughter of the house came in an hour later the groceryman was alone.

"Why, Daddy, what's the matter?" cried Georgia from the doorway.

The girl came into the room and stood looking down at her father with an expression half smiling, half anxious. "Daddy, I believe you have actually been sitting up here alone waiting for me!"

"Well, why not? You—you don't mind do you?"

Instantly, she was serious. "Surely you were not worried about me, Daddy? I was with Jack. Didn't [*Turn to page 101*]

and then—I used BROWNATONE

MY hair was a fright. It was dingy and streaked with gray. I didn't really notice it until I overheard several sly remarks. Then I decided to have a hair dresser treat my hair. But she charged ten dollars for the treatment. So I followed mother's advice, "Don't throw your money away on hair dressers—use **BROWNATONE**—and easily tint your own hair for only fifty cents. I have used it for years with wonderfully satisfactory results. Unlike many, it is *safe* and *harmless*—instantly and perfectly restores color to the exact tint I like. Only one application necessary—then just touch up the new hair as it grows in. Marcelling or other hair dressing does not affect it. Won't wash out—doesn't rub—is natural-looking in strongest lights."

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GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[*Continued from page 100*]

Mother tell you?"

"We had dinner at Tony's and after that went out to the Sundown Inn. Our crowd was there and we danced."

"I suppose you know, Georgia, that both Tony's and Sundown Inn are likely to be raided any night?"

"Yes, and they have just as good reason for raiding a lot of the parties that are pulled in the best homes in Westover," retorted the girl indignantly. A moment later she added, with characteristic frankness, "I know you are right, Daddy, they are not decent places—all sorts of people go there—fast women and sports."

"I would trust you with Jack anywhere," said the groceryman helplessly.

The girl answered bitterly: "Of course *you* would. And I—I wouldn't trust *any* man anywhere."

"Why, Georgia, I thought—that is—I have sort of half way had the idea that you and Jack—"

She laughed recklessly. "Forget it, Dad, forget it—we know too much about each other. I used to think—but never mind *that*. Homes like grandma and grandpa Paddock's are all out of date, Dad. None of the girls I know ever think of such a home. We don't marry to make homes any more—we marry for fun—because we want to be married. When it comes to that, why should we want homes? Look at the homes in which most of us were born! Are our respected parents so happy in their married state these days? I'll tell the world they are not!"

The groceryman, watching his daughter's face, tried to speak lightly. "Oh I guess there are a few people left in the world who are happy though married."

To which the girl retorted: "Sure there are. But I am farmer enough to know that when you size up a field of corn you don't pick out a few individual hills that happen to be class A. I'm talking about the present day human crop, as a whole, Daddy dear, and I must admit that we don't look very promising. By the way, Dad, do you know that Astell man?"

"Who, Edward Astell? Yes, I know him. Why?"

"Oh nothing—only he is considered to be the one grand prize catch at Westover. Well, he was at the Sundown Inn tonight with that she-sport, Mrs. Valdmire. They were both more than loaded."

"That doesn't concern me, Georgia. I'm not interested in Astell and his women friends. I'm interested in my daughter, and her friends, and her future."

"I understand, Daddy. I only mentioned Astell because—well—because you see, there's not a dear mamma of our acquaintance who wouldn't give a leg to have her daughter married to the beast. And then you all wonder why the girls of today don't look upon marriage as something holy and sacred. Daddy, dear, you are a lot too good and trusting for us moderns."

"Young people certainly have a lot more freedom now than they did in my day," murmured Joe.

"Freedom!" cried the girl, "freedom! Huh! We brag about it a lot but that's all bunk. There is no such thing as freedom. We do what we *have* to do—what we are *expected* to do, exactly as the young people of your day did. If our ideas and ideals and standards and customs are different it's because our fathers and mothers have changed theirs."

The groceryman was studying his daughter with a puzzled expression.

"When your mother and I were your age," he said slowly, "nearly every one in our crowd was interested in the Church. We all attended church services as a matter of course." He paused doubtfully.

The girl rose quickly and went to sit on the arm of his chair. "Oh, Daddy dear, don't make me laugh! You are *so* old-fashioned, and I love you for it. But for Jack and me and our crowd the Church is simply impossible."

"Oh—come now, Georgia."

"It's so, Daddy—why just let me tell you. One evening about a month ago Jack and I tried to go to church. Do you know what happened? First, we naturally went to our own church. It was the night that woman mis- [*Turn to page 102*]

"Nujol method is better than laxatives"—*say the Medical Men*

Suppose you could have gone with us when we consulted hundreds of reputable physicians about the best treatment for constipation—

Suppose you could have listened with us while 8 out of 10 of these advised the Nujol type of treatment—

Wouldn't you feel you had advice it would pay you to act on at once?

EVERY person who suffers from constipation—either occasionally or all the time—will be vitally interested in the following brief summary of a recent investigation among physicians:

The investigators were impartial—sent out only to find out the truth. They interviewed representative doctors all over the United States—hundreds of them.

They questioned them about the best remedy for constipation. Of the Nujol type of treatment one doctor said: "It is the most natural aid to normal activity of the bowels." Another said: "In chronic constipation the Nujol type of treatment is especially successful." "Laxatives bring on the laxative habit," said the vast majority of doctors. "A lubricant is better than a laxative in both chronic and temporary cases."

Seven doctors out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating, and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural functions.

Eight doctors out of ten advised the Nujol type of treatment. Why? Because:

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2. It's a more natural method.
3. A lubricant is better than a laxative.
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5. It is non-irritating.
6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. Nujol acts entirely differently. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical.

It merely softens and lubricates the waste matter in the intestines so that elimination is regular, natural and thorough.

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

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Here is a natural means (a way without drugs) to sound, peaceful sleep. A way that brings quick restoration to your tired body. And soothes your frayed nerves. Restful sleep results. And as you sleep you gain new strength.

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SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, it is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

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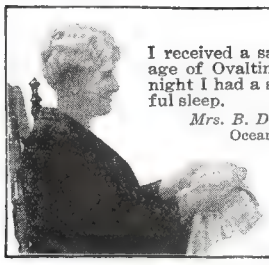

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Send me your 3-day test package or Ovaltine.

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One package to a person.

Send for 3-day test

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[*Continued from page 101*]

sionary gave her illustrated lecture on China—you remember. It was good stuff, I suppose. But information about China didn't seem to be what Jack and I wanted, so we went over to the church on the next corner. There was a distinguished agriculturist there who was going to talk about the Philippines, with pictures, of course. The Philippines didn't appeal to us, so we went on a few blocks to another place of worship, and there the preacher was just beginning a review of the latest popular novel. We had both read the book so we beat it to a church farther down the street and, Dad, we ran slap into the dinkiest sort of a picture show—Oh, they were Bible pictures all right—all about the Holy Land—with tombs and camels and donkeys and everything. And the reverend D. D.—a great big good-looker he is, too, with all his university and football and Theological Seminary training—was going to explain the pictures—so we could tell the difference between the camels and the donkeys, I suppose. *That* finished us. We sneaked out and went down town to a real movie house where we saw 'Flaming Youth.' Jack said it was no wonder youth flamed. And we have never tried to spend an evening in a House of God since."

Joe's arm was around his daughter and he gave her a little hug. "Georgia, dear, will you tell me something about Jack?"

"All right—what about him?"

The girl's utter frankness touched her father's heart and gave him such confidence that he changed the form of his question to: "Do you love Jack, Georgia?"

"What do you mean by love, Daddy? Can one really love some one whom they can't trust?"

"Not the kind of love I mean, Georgia."

"That's what I thought. Well, I can tell you one thing for sure—no matter how much I loved Jack Ellory I wouldn't dare marry him—and I suspect he feels exactly that way about me. I don't believe a single one of the girls of my set who has married ever really trusted her man. She only thought maybe she could somehow manage to hold him."

She suddenly released herself from his arm. "Good night now, Daddy. It's really late. You should have been in bed hours ago." She stooped and kissed him. "And please don't worry about me. I can take care of myself. I think a lot about religion—I really do—and so does Jack. We talk about it a lot too. But what is that old line, 'Youth will be serve?' You pull that on your preacher and see if he can find anything in it."

When she was gone the groceryman sat very still. He was not mistaken—he *could* not be mistaken—when his daughter kissed him he had caught the unmistakable odor of liquor. Slowly he arose, and crossing the room stood before the picture of Jesus which hung above the radio. For a long time he gazed upon the countenance of the Great Teacher.

[*Continued in* APRIL McCALL'S]

QUITS

[*Continued from page 16*]

"I am afraid I am interrupting," he remarked into the hard breathing silence that followed his appearance. "I would not have done so had it not occurred to me that I might otherwise have felt guilty of unjustifiable eavesdropping."

Guy spoke with the sound of a snarl. "You cad!" he said.

Cynthia said nothing. She stood with her hands tightly clasped upon her heaving breast, her eyes upon her husband's face.

Bevan's voice resumed, stone-cold as his expression. "Your opinion does not hold the faintest interest for me. I did not take the trouble to come up here to hear it, but for quite another reason. I may mention that I have taken the precaution to see that we shall not be interrupted for the next ten minutes, which will be more than enough for my purpose."

"And what is—your purpose?" said Guy. "What do you want?"

He was breathing heavily, and his hands were clenched. Considering the humiliating disadvantage under which he labored, he did not bear himself amiss.

Bevan's reply came slowly with a certain grim relish. "I want—and I intend to teach you a lesson. And that is that. There is nothing to be had in this world without paying for it. You thought you could take what you liked without paying, didn't you? You were wrong. And I am going to make you pay."

A slight change passed over Guy's face. He gave no sign of flinching, but the ice-bound intention of the other man's speech and bearing had its effect.

"What do you want?" he said again, with lips drawn back. "If it's a fight—"

"It is!" said Bevan briefly and sternly. "But not a fisticuff. I could thrash you with one hand as you probably realize. But I have no intention of doing so. What I do intend to do—" He turned suddenly to the palm that had hidden him from them and pulled forward a light table that stood beneath it. Two objects that lay upon it glinted in the moonlight, and Cynthia uttered an agonized cry. Bevan turned back to Guy with an absolutely immovable countenance. "What I do intend to do," he repeated with the same curt determination, "is to exact satisfaction from you after the French method. Those revolvers are not both loaded. You can choose your weapon. If you manage to kill me, you will have cleared the field of all obstacles and be in a position to keep—what you have snatched. If, on the other hand, by some mischance, I should kill you, I then retain what is my own. Whichever of us is the survivor will be in a position to plead justifiable homicide as his excuse, and I believe the laws of this country are fairly elastic in such cases. Now then—will you choose?"

"You are mad," said Guy Cockran hoarsely.

Bevan stood beside the table, absolutely inflexible, grim as death. "There is not much time," he remarked, after a moment, "and I don't want to fire them both."

A low moan from the girl brought his eyes sharply to her. He turned suddenly. "Cynthia! Come here!"

She looked up at him, terror-stricken, with gasping breath.

"Come here!" he repeated. "You needn't be afraid. You shall do the choosing, that's all. You hear me, Cynthia? Come here! Choose one of those revolvers," he ordered in a voice of the most deadly, the most unswerving insistence, "and give it to—your friend!"

She shrank and quivered. "Bevan—Bevan!" Her white lips would hardly utter the name; she looked up at him imploringly. "Bevan, you're mad—you're mad—to think—"

"I think nothing," he interrupted, "and I know only what I have seen and heard. You will either do as I say or I shall use them both."

"You wouldn't—wouldn't murder him!" she gasped.

"It isn't murder if a man refuses to defend himself," sternly rejoined Bevan.

Guy spoke with sudden resolution, as though goaded thereto. "Give him his way, Cynthia! I've faith enough in my own luck. If he wants to die, let him! It's his own doing. Give me one of those!"

"Cynthia!" It was Bevan's voice, and he spoke with a deep command. "If you want fair play, do as I say—now!"

Something in his tone dominated her. She stiffened and made a blind movement towards the table. Bevan spoke to Guy. "Take it from her!"

Somehow one of those shinng weapons found its way into Guy's hand, and Bevan picked up the other.

"You can choose your position," he said curtly. "Cynthia, go back to that corner."

She stumbled from him, grouping her way, still sobbing.

"Are you ready?" said Bevan, and raised his revolver, standing as he was in the full moonlight. [*Turn to page 103*]

It sparkles

A GLISTENING toilet bowl is now easy to have. The stains, marks and incrustations, which used to be so hard to remove, vanish almost at once. The bowl sparkles like new! How? Use Sani-Flush!

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NUMISMATIC CO., Dept. P Ft. Worth, Tex.

QUITS

[*Continued from page 102*]

There followed an agonizing pause, then Guy lifted his with a fierce movement and pointed it full at him. "Ready!"

There was a click—and silence.

Guy's hand dropped. "Your turn!" he said with an ashen face.

Bevan had not fired. He stood with the revolver pointing at Guy and on his lips the faint smile with which he had first declared himself.

"My turn—yes," he said. "I thought it would be, sooner or later. Your luck is not infallible, it seems."

Guy's forehead was wet. He stood as a condemned man might stand, desperately still, holding back the wild jerking of his heart.

"Can't you fire—and have done with it?" he burst out.

It was then that the power of independent action seemed to return to Cynthia. With a choking cry she sprang forward and flung herself upon Bevan.

"Ah, don't—don't—don't!" she implored him. "Be merciful, just this once! You'll never be sorry. Bevan—Bevan, I've never loved any one but you. It was only play—because I was bored and you never seemed to care. Bevan, listen to me! I'm telling you the truth. I'm not in love with Guy. It was only make-believe—only play."

"Only play!" said Bevan. He held her back from his right arm, still keeping the other man covered. "How am I to know that?"

"Oh, you must know it—you must know it!" she answered wildly. "If I loved him, I should want to die with him."

"You didn't propose to die with me," pointed out Bevan.

"Ah, that was different!" she sobbed. "You were so angry, and you were making me do things. Besides, I never thought it could be you. But now—now—oh, Bevan, don't kill him! It was all a mistake. And we shall never, never be happy together if you do."

"He deserves to be shot," said Bevan.

"Oh, what does that matter?" she cried frantically. "It was all my fault, I tell you. But it wasn't because I cared. Oh, can't you understand? What shall I do to make you understand?"

Her agony was terrible to witness, impossible to ignore. Something of his rigidity began to desert Bevan. The arm that surrounded her became her support. He stood in silence, and through her strangled sobbing and barely audible prayers there rose again that maddening jazz-music—as though an invisible spirit mocked and capered in the fantastic moonlight.

He had not looked at Cynthia. His eyes had never left Guy's face. Nor did they leave it. At last he lowered the revolver.

"Yes," he said. "I think you have had your lesson. And I have no more use for your dead carcass than for your living one. You can go."

Guy took a furious step forward.

"Do you think I'll take that from any man? Do you? Shoot—if you're not afraid!"

Bevan's face changed. A momentary surprise gleamed in his eyes, banishing the contempt. He stood for a second as if at a loss, still with his wife clinging to his breast.

Then he lifted his hand again. "All right," he curtly said. "Perhaps you deserve it after all. Then—take it!"

There followed a click—and silence.

And with that silence Cynthia's agonized sobbing suddenly ceased. Her hold relaxed; she went downwards. Bevan flung his revolver down upon the table and gathered her up into his arms.

Mrs. Marlow, still in her sheltered corner, wondered a little to see young Guy Cockran racing past her to the ball-room. She had been on the verge of going to bed, but this spectacle decided her to remain.

In a very short space of time she was amply rewarded. Guy Cockran came back with another man whom she knew by sight, a Dr. Burnet who was staying in the hotel. They passed her quickly, and she caught a low sentence from Guy.

"I've never seen [*Turn to page 104*]

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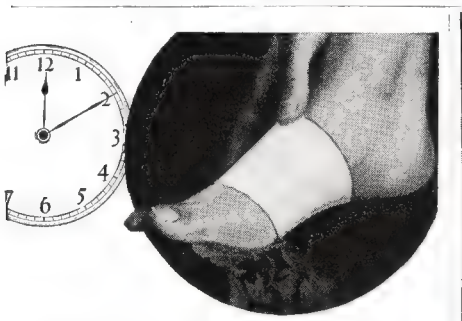

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QUITS

[*Continued from page 103*]

such a faint—"

Mrs. Marlow left her secluded corner and went into the lounge.

It was some three minutes later when Bevan Storr entered, bearing his wife in his arms. She was unconscious; her exquisite face was white as the petal of a flower. Behind him came the English doctor and Guy Cockran.

Mrs. Marlow dropped her paper and pressed forward feeling that her moment had arrived at last. "Poor child! What has happened to her?" she said. "Can I be of any assistance?"

Bevan's eyes swept her and looked beyond. "I want no one but you, Dr. Burnet," he said, and passed on to the stairs carrying his limp, pathetic burden.

Mrs. Marlow lacked the spirit to question him. She could only beat a speedy and unobtrusive retreat to her room.

There was only one witness of Bevan Storr's anguish of soul as he knelt beside his young wife, holding her nerveless hand against his face, and dumbly watched the doctor's efforts to bring her back.

"It's my own doing," he said hoarsely to Burnet at last. "If she dies, it's by my hand. I terrified her."

"She isn't going to die," said Burnet. "Look!"

A faint tinge had begun to spread almost imperceptibly over the marble features, and as he gazed with passionate intensity he saw a slight quiver pass over them.

"Be very careful!" warned Burnet. "Don't frighten her!"

Bevan made a movement to withdraw himself, but even as he did so the gold-tipped lashes stirred, and the doctor swiftly signed to him to remain. The blue eyes opened slowly and rested upon him.

There was an odd little sound as though the locked breath were suddenly released:

"Bevan—Bevan! I've had such a dreadful dream!"

He kissed the little hand he held passionately, almost fiercely, saying no word.

"Why do you do that?" whispered Cynthia. "Bevan, is it still—a dream?"

Words came to him at last. "No, darling, no!" he said. "I've had a bad fright, that's all."

She drew her delicate brows together. "I've been frightened too," she said; and on the next breath, "How nice to hear you call me 'darling' again!" And then, a moment later, uneasily, "But it wasn't really a dream, was it? Guy was there, wasn't he? Where is Guy?"

"Do you want him?" said Bevan.

Her hand in his, stirred and stroked his cheek. "No, I don't want him," she said. "Why should I? I just wondered—just wondered—" Her eyes grew wider still; she was beginning to remember. "Bevan!" she cried out suddenly. "Bevan! You didn't—didn't—oh, Bevan!"

He was on his feet, bending over her. He gathered her shuddering body to his heart. "I didn't, darling. I didn't. He's safe and sound. The revolver wasn't loaded."

"Not loaded!" She tried to look into his face, but he would not suffer it. "Not loaded, Bevan! But—but—his wasn't loaded either!"

"I know." His voice came sullen and ashamed. "They were both empty. I was a scoundrel. I did it to frighten you."

"Oh, Bevan!" she said. "And I thought—I thought you were a murderer!" Her hand crept up, shyly clasping him. "You did frighten me, too!"

"Not more than you frightened me," he whispered back. "Cynthia—my darling—I thought I'd killed you!"

She uttered that faint, sobbing laugh again. "I do believe I nearly died," she said. "Would you have minded—very badly?"

"Don't!" he said huskily.

She clasped him closer. "I won't—I won't. Bevan, I'm sorry I frightened you."

"I deserved it all," he said, "for frightening you."

"Then—come and lie by my side, darling," she whispered into his ear, "and hold me tight in your arm—while I tell you something!"

"Are you sure you want me?" he said.

She drew him down to her. "Of course I want you—much more than I ever did before. There, like that! Bevan darling—Bevan, why were you so cross to me this afternoon?"

"Because I'm a bad-tempered brute," he muttered, his lips against her hair.

"No," she said. "No. It wasn't that. You thought I didn't love you. And I thought you didn't love me. You were quite wrong. I did love you all the time."

He felt for her face to turn it upwards, but she resisted him, keeping it hidden.

"No, not yet! I've got to tell you something first. Bevan, I'm a little beast. I flirted with Guy, and I let him kiss me, and—I kissed him back. I thought it was fun at first, but afterwards I hated it. And I'd never have done it—never—never—if only—you had kissed me a little oftener!"

The pathetic little confession ended in tears. She still sought to hide her face from him, but he would not be resisted longer. He turned it up to his own and kissed it till the tears were gone.

"I think we shall have to call quits," he said, "and begin again."

"And would you believe it?" said Mrs. Marlow plying her needles with furious zeal. "I saw them go out together this morning, and the young monkey was ogling him—actually ogling her own husband, my dear—as if he had been one of her admirers! Such bare-faced deceit!"

Mrs. Deane spoke deliberately with her kindly eyes upon the paper; "I saw them, too, Harriet, and I think they will settle down now and be happy."

"In my opinion that is rather too much to expect," said Mrs. Marlow.

Mrs. Deane looked up, her eyes still kindly with a far-seeing charity. "She was looking rather pale, but happy," she said, "and as they passed me they were having a little joke together. 'Will you give me doubles or quits?' she said. And he answered, 'It's all right, dear. We are quits already.' So I think that all is well."

[THE END]

ROSELEAVES AND MOONLIGHT

[*Continued from page 82*]

anyhow!" Lizzie's voice was a bit trembly.

"Of course, the minute I heard 'Lizzie Carson,' I could see those there back windows, and taste that gingerbread."

"But," Lizzie persisted, "you came to see me—about—about Lilah."

"About Lilah?" he questioned. "I could have gone off without seeing Lilah."

"But don't you understand?" All the color had rushed back to Lizzie's cheeks. "I thought you and Lilah—I thought between you and Lilah—"

"Me and Lilah!" He laughed. It was good to hear a deep hearty laugh. "Why, Miss Lizzie, you don't think there could be anything between Lilah and me? You don't think I'd ever want to tie up with a girl like that do you, Miss Lizzie?" He leaned across and put his hand over hers. "I'm a queer kind of duck. I used to listen to your voice over there in Sparks' window and wait, pretty hungry like, for you to come out—and not hungry for pie nor gingerbread. When I come in here tonight and watched you set that pie in the oven and kind of fuss over the table here I had a satisfied feeling. The thing that strikes *me* funny is how near I come to missing you."

Lizzie looked across at him and tried to speak. "Oh!" she said.

"Why Miss Lizzie, you ain't cryin'?"

His hand tightened over hers. "Why, Lizzie, I didn't know, I never guessed."

Well, there you have it! Two untouched cups of coffee, the apple pie—dishes to be washed—the hard, greenish, white gas light—the slightly soiled dress of rose georgette marked down to nineteen ninety-five! And Lizzie a most unromantic name. Perhaps that all is realism.

But where is the doubting Thomas? Where is he who must actually touch the gleaming silver—see the misty wash of moonlight—smell the fragrance of roseleaves—to believe!

I GET MY PARIS DIVORCE

[*Continued from page 13*]

have learned suddenly to stand off and analyze myself, though just before that time I never had felt safer or more comfortable.

Philip took a business trip to Chicago. While there he sent me two or three curt notes, characteristic of himself. I next heard from him in a letter brought to the door by a messenger.

"Dear Margaret," it read, "I am in town at the Hendrick Hudson. I have decided not to come back any more at all. You will hear later my reasons in detail. The man who delivers this I have engaged to look after me temporarily. Please see he gets the things I have asked for. Philip."

I felt then no sensation at all. I was aware only of a curious, unreal overturn of the universe. My closest friend had become my enemy. I went with the valet myself to make sure that he found everything on the list Philip had sent with him. It was strange to stand and watch him take things—linen, toilet articles, clothing, books—stowing them away, packing them up, a wordless servant who stole a sidelong look at me now and then, as though he were a courier sent under a flag of truce into a hostile camp.

For several days I heard nothing more. Then one morning a lawyer called upon me. He said he was Philip's solicitor. He had come, he said, to arrange a settlement. "What kind of a settlement?" I asked.

"A financial arrangement. We want a separation," he replied.

"My husband has already taken that. What good comes from our talking about it?"

"A legal separation is a different thing," he answered. "It involves money."

"Money? You approach me as if I were a party to a real-estate deal—as if I had something to sell. I am not asking for any financial arrangement at all. I think my husband has gone out of his senses. I think he will come to himself and be ashamed of all this."

"I can assure you that he will not. He is entirely sane and very much in earnest. He wants, as he says, to live his own life."

"He can do that and remain under this roof," I interrupted.

"He has instructed me to make certain proposals as to your maintenance," he added. I would not hear them. I would have nothing to do with settlements. Philip's word and sense of responsibility were enough for me. At any rate, I would do nothing through an intermediary.

The lawyer murmured something about legal exactness in what was to be said to me, but promised to try to arrange a meeting. There was another delay. Whispers were now going about. One or two of my friends came and talked to me about it. Then one day Philip and I met at the lawyer's office. I was crushed now by the tragedy that had befallen our life, but still I noticed that Philip, cool man of poise that he is, was embarrassed by the meeting.

"Philip," I cried, "is there somebody else? If there is, I will let you go."

"There is nobody else, Margaret; I swear it," he said.

There was a degree of comfort for me in that. One of my friends had told me the rumor that Philip wanted to marry his secretary. I did not believe it. I knew her slightly—a good-looking and capable young woman not long out of college. She did not strike me as the sort of person who would accept contraband love. And in spite of all that had happened, I could not believe that Philip, whom I had always placed on a pedestal above other men, would ever be unfaithful to a contract as solemn as the marriage vow.

"Then why—" I began.

"There is nothing dishonorable in what I propose. Plenty of honorable men have done the same thing."

"Yes—after provocation."

"And have I had none?" he demanded. "Simply because I have never said anything about it? You will never know how utterly fed up I have become with the whole thing. I am nearly fifty years old. Am I to live forever this life of humdrum domesticity, always to be consulted about a thousand trivial details, to be told proudly of economies that I detest and which are unnecessary, always to have to give my favorable opinion upon dishes that I do not like, to be under surveillance always, to be told always what I must do and reproached for things that do not come under the official approval? Oh, you women have ways of nagging a man without doing it in words—"

"You do gamble more than is good for you, Philip, if that it to what you refer."

"Perhaps I do. At any rate, it is my only diversion, and I prefer to be the judge of what is and what is not good for me. I want to be free. And you will be happier too, Margaret. We don't love each other—we haven't for years, as you must admit to yourself if you face the fact honestly. You will be well rid of me, and I can provide legally for your comfort so that you will never have to worry about that. It is simply business to come to such an understanding."

This was a different Philip than I knew. He was hard, subtly defiant. I had a sense of being baffled by him. It was a Philip magnifying trifles into excuses for a monstrous act, one that savored of dishonor; a Philip accusing me of being a nagging woman because I had sometimes shown disapproval of things not worthy of him; a Philip chiding me for my domesticity. This same domesticity had often in days when affairs went less well for him carried me blocks on foot that I might buy breakfast eggs for him in winter at a price we could afford.

What he had said about love for a moment terrified me. I was afraid it was true. Then I knew it was not—not so far as I was concerned. Perhaps it had been true before this happened, but not now. Philip was my man. I still wanted him.

At the same time I knew there could be no shaking him out of this strange attitude of hardness into which he had fallen. I felt that he pitied me but was determined. The lawyer began reading the proposal to which I was to agree. The lump sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, the house and its furnishing, the smaller of the two cars, two hundred dollars a month paid by Philip—I scarcely listened.

"I shall not bargain with you," I cried, springing to my feet. "I shall sign no agreements at all. You can do for me whatever you choose."

After a few days I relented on the advice of my friends. I called on the lawyer and said I was ready to accept.

"We have to amend our terms," he said. "After looking over your husband's resources, we find that we must limit the income to one hundred dollars a month."

"Impossible! I could not keep my house running with that."

"We might compromise—reduce the lump payment instead." He promised to find out.

There was another delay and a fresh proposition. Thus all winter long dragged out this dreary affair. I watched of a man putting away his wife. I watched our friends divide themselves in their allegiance. I would have thought that conduct such as Philip's would condemn itself with all honorable people. Two-thirds of our acquaintances aligned themselves with the man of growing influence in the world rather than with a discarded wife facing obscurity.

These were wounds, but the deeper hurt dulled their pain. I found myself more and more caught up by the mercenary side of it. In the beginning I had abhorred the thought of money as a consideration for my surrender. Now I made the best terms I could for myself. Twice I was ready to sign. Each time I found the settlement once more altered. At last came a day that I thought would end the negotiations. The other side had worn me out. I had yielded on every point. I was accepting an arrangement on which I could not live. I should have to do something to eke out my income—sell hats, open a tea room, design interior decorations. Anything to end this eternal bargaining.

The lawyer was a well-fed man with a fat, benevolent face. "These arrangements, I find, are not satisfactory even now," he began. "They do not suit us at all."

"Then," I said, "what *do* you want?"

He looked at me first through the round gold rims of his glasses. "A divorce."

"I shall never agree to that," I cried. "It is a shameful [*Turn to page 106*]

A bottle of Zonite (*Its day at home*)

7 A.M. My first caller this morning was Dad himself. He must have had important business ahead for he went twice over with the razor and steered extra-carefully in all the little bays and inlets. Then his eye fell on the tube of Zonite Ointment and I noted his pleasure and satisfaction as he rubbed the smooth, antiseptic cream over the razored surface. He certainly went away with a glowing skin.

• • •

8 A.M. Nobody knows how Betty picked up that sore throat. It isn't serious yet, but Mother is not taking any chances this morning, so Betty is getting a Zonite spray treatment. Also, it serves as a treatment for Mother's peace of mind.

• • •

11 A.M. That's a nasty burn on the cook's arm. Of course she's going to bandage it up with my Zonite and prevent any infection. Yes, she's reading my directions now to find the right dilution. Or there's my cousin, Zonite Ointment. She could put that on and have a *continuing antiseptic* action.

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I GET MY PARIS DIVORCE

[*Continued from page 105*]

suggestion. There is no excuse for such a thing—no grounds."

"It can always be arranged," he murmured.

"Never with my consent," I said. "I will not listen. I will sign this settlement, just as it is, or nothing at all."

He shook his head, and I went away. Next day I was back again. They had called me by telephone. Philip was there. He spoke in a queer manner.

"Margaret, you said that if there were somebody else you would set me free. I tell you now there is somebody else."

"Your stenographer?"

"My secretary."

"It has been that all the time?"

"Yes."

"She is young. The worn-out garment is to be thrown off."

"I did not say it that way. Your attitude makes it hard for everybody. These things occur. You are living in a world, not an imaginary paradise. A great thing has come to me—love. Great love does not come into this life so often that it can be lightly rejected. It should be taken, even at a great cost."

"There is such a thing in life, too, as honor and faith in contracts," I said. "And there are two kinds of people—those who take what they want, and those who are restrained when something more sacred comes between."

"In ordinary affairs, you know what side I am on," he replied. "But this is deeper. This is a primitive thing, outside of ordinary rules. To save your pride am I to sacrifice the happiness of two people?"

"I will not argue it," I said. "Your word is a sand rope, but I will stand by mine. You shall have your divorce."

At that moment my heart was broken. Yet even though I knew that he deserved only my contempt, I loved him. I loved him with a bride love strengthened by years of memory and experience. Compared with this passion, my love for him in girlhood had been a thin, pallid thing.

The lawyer had suggested that I ought to employ my own solicitor. As I thought this over a light broke upon me. This benevolent-looking attorney, who had ostensibly played the rôle of a mediator, had all the time been looking out for the interests of one side of the controversy, and that side was not mine. I had been the victim of a cool plan adopted in the beginning. I was to be harassed and battered down into complete submission, and then the divorce was to be broached to me. I could see it now.

My solicitor drove as hard a bargain as he could. The terms finally accepted were much better than those first offered to me for a separation. Fifty thousand dollars were to be deposited immediately in the bank in a fund which Philip himself could not withdraw, if he changed his mind, but which was to be paid over to me when I should present the divorce decree after the period during which any appeal might be taken. Philip was to pay my own solicitor and pay also the five-thousand-dollar fee charged by an international lawyer, then making a specialty of Paris divorces. In addition I was to have my transportation both ways and was also to receive one thousand dollars every month for expenses as long as I should have to remain in Paris.

At first I did not understand why Paris was selected. It was assumed from the start by all the lawyers that I would go to Paris. I supposed it was to avoid publicity which might have occurred had the case come before a New York court. It was my own solicitor who enlightened me.

"You could not get this divorce at all in New York," he said. "There is only the one ground for divorce here—marital infidelity. The alternative in this country is Nevada—Reno. Why? Because of residential qualifications. Most states require a residence of two or three years within them before you are entitled to enter their courts with actions for divorce. Nevada used to require only six months of residence, but now it is changed to one year.

"Paris, on the other hand, offers easier conditions. In the first place the residence qualification is very liberal. Three months of residence are ample to give you good standing before a Parisian court. The proceedings are entirely secret. The newspapers can publish only the grounds upon which a divorce is granted.

"And the grounds themselves which a French court will entertain are among the chief of their, shall I say, attractions. A French judge can grant a divorce upon almost any grounds short, of course, of actual agreement between the two parties."

"But our divorce is an agreement."

"My dear lady, you will never hear me say so. Even in France divorce by collusion is invalid."

"Then why do we take all this trouble?" I demanded. "Can divorces obtained in Paris even be recognized in this country? They must all be obtained by agreement."

"They are probably as good as any," he answered. "There has been one test of them. A New York court has already upheld a Parisian divorce as valid. Anyway who will challenge it except one of the two people divorced?"

When I reached Paris I found myself in the hands of an organized system, a machine for undoing American marriages more quickly and with less publicity than American laws would allow. A few men were getting rich out of it. A certain section of the Parisian population was fattening on it. The American woman hunting an easy divorce was becoming a fixture in the Parisian scene.

The lawyer entrusted with our case was an American making a big thing out of the Parisian divorce business. It was select trade. Only persons of means could afford to travel so far. People of that sort expected to pay stiff fees. There was little work for him. The cases came to him settled and prepared. He farmed them out again to French lawyers. He charged his American clients on the American scale. He paid his Parisian lawyers on the French scale.

What had been a real contest between Philip and me when our two lawyers were fighting for every advantage now came into the hands of this one man. He proceeded to give the case the appearance of a contest again by hiring Parisian *avocats* to represent both Philip and me before the court. Of course, he was directing both cases. Yet he and every other American divorce lawyer in Paris would deny that this was collusion.

When I called at the office of this man I was fortunate to find him in Paris. I was disturbed. It was my understanding that I should have to live three months in a rented residence, but I had already discovered that residences for rent were hard to obtain in Paris. At my hotel I had met a woman who had for weeks been hunting fruitlessly for an apartment. The President of the Republic was then retiring from office, and the newspapers were telling of his difficulties in finding a place to live.

"There will be no trouble for you," said the lawyer. He pushed a button, gave some instructions, and his secretary brought back a slip of paper.

"Here are three addresses of furnished apartments for rent," said the lawyer. "You can get any one of them."

"You have a regular list of these for such people as me?"

"Not at all," he denied. "I simply patronize a rental agency."

"But the lady in the hotel has found nothing in six weeks," I said.

"Perhaps she has not looked in the right places."

"Can I show her these addresses?" I asked.

"No. I only do this for clients."

I engaged the first apartment I found. Its price was four thousand francs a month. It was not a large apartment, but it was in the Bois district, and I did not think the rent excessive. Later I found out that I was paying about twice as much rent as such a place was worth. The tenant before me had been an American woman getting a divorce. No doubt the one after me would be the same. It was evidently an apartment rented only to prospective American divorcées.

Other tenants of the building gave the *concierge* a gratuity of twenty-five francs a month. It was written in my lease that I was to give her one hundred. She demanded two hundred. I was afraid of her and paid her the two hundred francs each month without daring [*Turn to page 110*]

Children love Brer Rabbit

Tropical Gingerbread—Cream well ½ cup butter and ½ cup sugar. Add 2 eggs, unbeaten, beat all together. Dissolve 1 tsp. soda in ½ cup molasses, add to first mixture. Mix 1 tsp. ginger, 1 tsp. cinnamon and ¼ tsp. salt with 1 ½ cups flour. Sift into mixture alternately with ½ cup cold water. Stir in 1 cup fresh grated or moist-packed cocoanut. Pour into well-greased pan and bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) for 35 minutes. Ice with cocoanut frosting.

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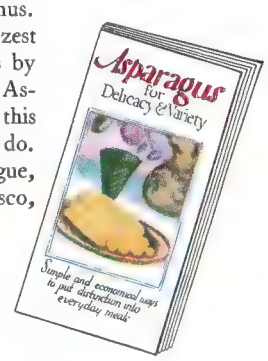

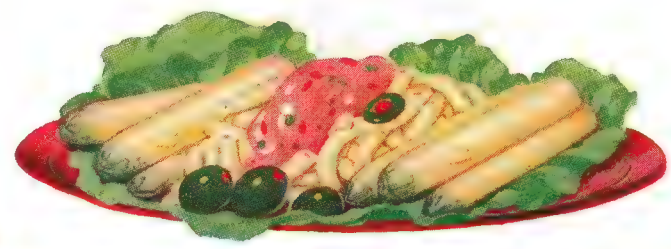

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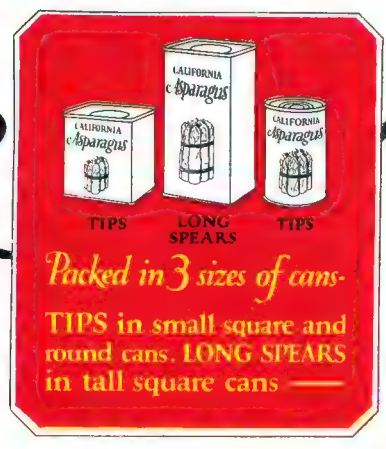

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Plants grow strong, nearly 2 feet high, flowers Giant in size, many 4 and 5 inches in diameter while the colors are gorgeous. They begin to bloom early and continue until killed by frost.

I offer **7 Giant Varieties** in **7 colors,** and I know every reader of this magazine, who grows them, will be more than pleased. Read my **Special Offer.**

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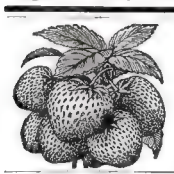

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WHY I TOOK *my* CHILDREN *to* FRANCE

[*Continued from page 76*]

peasants find grandfather's beaver still good enough to wear on grand occasions. The strange customs, festivals and history of all these different peoples who make up the French nation are not to be overlooked in making life interesting and profitable to youngsters.

Don't forget, either, that there is no such thing as cold storage in France! The result of this is that chicken and fish are sure to be fresh; and as children eat these frequently this is of importance. Recently I heard that one can spend the summer on Belle Isle or the Islands of Re, Oleron and Noirmoutier off the northwest coast for fifteen and seventeen francs a day—from seventy-five to eighty-five cents! The reason given for this low rate is that they cannot get fresh meat from the mainland with any frequency and must depend on the chickens and vegetables they raise and the fish they catch! What better could one ask?

To find out about these ideal places? It is impracticable for the American woman seeking a *modest* resort, hotel or pension to consult the big travel-agencies. The Touring-Club of France caters to the needs of French families who will not pay the rates which transient, luxury-seeking Americans see fit to pay. Membership in this remarkable society is open to foreigners whose annual dues are fixed at fifteen francs—at the present moment, seventy-five cents! Throughout the year, the club holds its regular staff as well as able interpreters, at the disposition of members, and offers an almost overwhelming choice of resorts to suit all tastes, exactions and purses. They supply you with rates in force at the time you apply to them, and any place they recommend has been carefully investigated.

To live "en pension" is by far the cheapest way unless one is brave enough to take an apartment or villa. There are plenty of villas obtainable at a modest rental. All you have to do is inquire of the Syndicat d'Iniative or Chamber of Commerce of the village or town you want to live in, and any information will be supplied if a stamp is enclosed.

The Touring Club accords its *panonceau* or recommendation-sign to certain establishments in recognition of their maintenance of a well-defined standard of cleanliness and hygiene. Of course, one does not need this assurance except in the smaller places. Most hotels and boarding-houses charging twenty-five francs or more a day have at least one bathroom, sanitary toilets and hot and cold running water. Out of five or six that suit your purse, you can easily find one to suit your hygienic requirements as well.

Because some careless and short-sighted travellers have found themselves stranded in a fishing-village on the Brittany coast or in some horrible seamen's hotel in Marseilles where American or English plumbing was never heard of, they have broadcast the information that this is a general condition. That there are such places cannot be denied, but, knowing about them, one doesn't go there! Be sure beforehand that sanitary conditions exist in the place you have chosen. It is so easy to do! A visit to the Touring Club will set your doubts at rest.

The French language—or the lack of it—need not worry you. The children will pick it up as if by magic. As for Mother—almost every one in France has learned a few words of English since the War. French people are used to foreigners and even living in a pension where no English is spoken is not as difficult as it seems, especially when you have learned the few phrases essential to your wants. Of course, French lessons from the very beginning, to correct slang that the children may hear and to get the grammar straight, is wise. In the smaller towns a good teacher may be had for 6 to 8 francs an hour. In Paris it would cost from 10 to 15 francs an hour, depending on the type of teacher you would want. I approve of an hour's daily lesson—no more at first. Let the children *absorb* the language, the ways of the country and the various lovely sights to be seen. The things they see daily are in themselves an education.

When you come to Paris, I recommend that you find a pension like ours, which is not hard to do through a renting agency of the columns of the Herald, the Chicago Tribune or the Daily Mail. We get a rate of $50 a week for four people, everything included except laundry.

Contrary to your fears you will have no difficulty in getting about Paris as all the streets are well marked and all tram stops are indicated with points to which they go. The department stores have interpreters, there are English-speaking churches and the American Women's Club will give you the society of compatriots living here and help you in many ways. Many policemen speak sufficient English to direct one. These wear a white badge on their arm and are to be found at several of the most frequented places such as the Opera, the Madeleine, etc.

Trams go to all the principal historical places in and about most towns—and of course Paris—and are very cheap. Maps can always be found to show where each spot is and what tram or bus to take to get there. The best are the Cartes Tarride. I think this is most important because it was the way the children learned to know Paris well enough to find their way about it alone. We came in summer and we took a trip on almost every street car line we could find—just *looked* coming and going, made memos of the trips we liked and took them over again, getting off at the particular place we wanted to see.

(A second article by Mrs. Robinson will appear in an early issue of McCall's)

DESIGN YOUR GARDEN TO MAKE IT NOTICED

[*Continued from page 69*]

didum lilies, delphinium, foxgloves and the lower growing perennials may be seen against a wall of green grape leaves—a satisfying garden background as well.

Along the property line a tall hedge of privet ibota, well clipped to a dense, dark mass, or if an informal effect is desired, a massing of various flowering shrubs makes a desirable green background. If flowering shrubs are used these should be selected for their foliage value and intermingled with some of the broad leaved evergreens. Lombardy poplars grow rapidly, and a row of these precise trees set along the boundary line will hide with green tracery any unsightliness that may lie close at hand. If there is not room for trees, a lattice may be built, painted white or green, or stained a wood brown over which vines and roses can be trained.

Picture to yourself a little garden of white and blue flowers—Canterbury bells, delphinium, blue bachelor buttons, anchusa, verbenas, balcony blue petunias, white nicotiana, candytuft, lilies and phlox viewed from the porch against a background of rustic pergola over which pink and white roses are grown. Not only does a screen such as this give the garden the necessary background, but it assures to the small land owner the greatest of all luxuries—privacy.

Enchanting garden vistas can be arranged in even a very small property by grouping shrubbery in balanced masses and leading the eye to look between them to a handsome tree, a tiny bird bath or white statue silhouetted against a green wall; better still, to a view of far, blue water, or a cloud capped hill where at dusk the evening star hovers low on the horizon.

Ah, yes, the flowers are but a small part of the garden's treasures!

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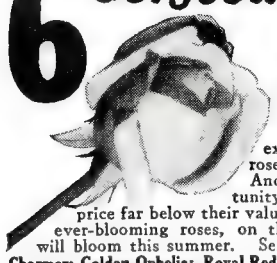

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I GET MY PARIS DIVORCE

[*Continued from page 106*]

to protest. The woman who had sublet the apartment to me stipulated that I was to keep the maidservant. Under the Parisian system the servant did all the buying. My bills were enormous. I wondered how the French could exist with such prices.

I made the acquaintance of an American family living in an apartment in this same quarter of the city. They were horrified when they saw my bills. It was costing me alone twice as much to live as it cost the three of them.

"This maid of yours is getting rich," said the man of the family. "All Parisian servants get commissions from the tradesmen, but this is a downright conspiracy. The tradesmen are doubling prices to her, and she is doubling them again to you."

I told this girl she must leave. She grew ugly. I showed her that I had signed nothing that bound me to employ her, and threatened to call in the police to put her out. She demanded a thousand francs in lieu of notice. I gave her the money and she left.

From an agency I hired another servant. For a few days my costs were low. I thought I had solved the problem. Then the prices went up again to the old level. I could guess what had happened. I read the fine hand of the *concierge* in it. She had told the new servant about me. Here is a rich American woman getting a divorce. Or if not rich, she has a rich husband from whom she is expecting to receive a fortune in alimony. No doubt she is drawing a fine allowance now. Get all you can of it. These people ought to be made to pay well for their Paris divorces. My landlady charged me a supplementary thousand francs a month for the use of the apartment's silver and linen. An inventory of the furnishings was taken. That was charged to me. Any one who brought anything to my door expected at least five francs as a tip. And so it went.

My first dismay at the waste of money was not lightened when I read in the English newspaper the account of a divorce granted in the Parisian court to the wife of one of the richest men in the United States. Her address was given as a hotel on the Champs-Elysées. She had not rented an apartment at all. Evidently there were two laws in France, or two sorts of influence. I wondered if money had played any part in this divorce.

"The French courts are incorruptible," said the lawyer in charge of our case. I had charged him with dealing differently with me than with this other woman, who was also his client.

"You gave me to understand that a rent-paying address was obligatory," I said.

"It is not obligatory but advisable," he answered. "I am sorry you were under any misapprehension. There is no residence qualification of any sort before the Parisian courts. It is merely better to have residence here.

"A foreigner gets into court only by sufferance of the judges. He is likely to refuse if he regards the parties as mere transients."

So this system had sprung up and fastened itself as a foreign growth on the French courts. Sharp American lawyers, no doubt in France in the first place with the American Army, had discovered the opportunity. No residence qualification. "Divorce in sixty days," as some of the French lawyers were advertising on the Parisian billboards. It was bringing hundreds of Americans to Paris. At any time it could all be stopped. It had no sanction in French law. The French judges had merely to close the doors, and there would be no more Paris divorces for Americans.

The system had trapped me. I could not get out of it now if I wanted to. It was impossible out of my allowance to save the price of passage home. I could find no cheaper apartment. Acquaintances of mine had searched Paris for them in vain. If I left for a hotel I risked the whole success of the divorce case. I could even be accused of violating the agreement, and my allowance could be stopped altogether.

Before any trial could occur it would be necessary for Philip to appear with me before the judge. Under the French law the judge is required to make an attempt to reconcile an estranged couple before fixing the date for a trial. Thus merely by staying away from France Philip could hold me prisoner in Paris as long as he chose.

I was not afraid of that. He wanted the divorce more than I did. But I had heard of other American women in Paris in a worse plight than mine. They were ones having unsavory cases that might have been prosecuted at home. To avoid scandal they had been railroaded to Paris under the usual agreements. In Paris their husbands left them to the tender mercies of French servitors while they themselves took their own good time about arriving.

At the end of my three months I went to the lawyer to press for immediate action. I was informed that he had left for America. "It does not matter to you," said his secretary. "The courts are having their summer vacation. You can do nothing until October."

My heart sank. It was then late July. I had planned to be home in September.

"And how long will it take after that?" I asked.

"Six weeks, if we have good luck."

November at the earliest, but more probably Christmas would be gone before I would see my home again. I went back to the apartment and learned to hate Paris. Existence became a constant battle with the uniformed and aproned menials preying upon me.

It had to end, and it did. In October the lawyer came and with him Philip. The case was entered in the court at once. I had not yet seen my French *avocat*, but the lawyer assured me that it was not necessary. His own office would prepare the briefs, and I need meet the *avocat* only on the day of the trial. Within a fortnight I was summoned to the lawyer's office. There I met Philip. I had not seen him since that day in his solicitor's office in New York. There was no unpleasantness. The tempests of emotion had blown themselves out long ago. He was sure of his victory now. There was no uncertainty to shake his poise. In myself the passions and rebellions of the past months had frozen into a leaden bitterness.

We greeted each other courteously and then accompanied the lawyer in a taxicab to the Palace of Justice. In that building was the room across which Marie Antoinette had walked on her way to the guillotine. Now Americans were bringing their domestic tragedies into these same corridors. We came to a door which I was bidden to enter. Philip and the lawyer went on to the next one. We found ourselves together in the same room, but one divided down the middle by a fencelike structure through which one could talk. Men were on one side and women on the other. To this room came all persons seeking divorce from the Paris courts to wait in turn until the judge called them into his chambers to make his official attempt to reconcile them. Not all French couples had been agreed upon their divorces. It had been necessary to erect the fence to prevent physical encounter between angry Parisian husbands and wives. They had to be caged apart like animals, and Americans who sought favors from the system had to share the same fate.

When it came our turn, we went in alone with an interpreter. The judge was sitting at a desk in his private room. He asked each of us if there was any chance of our resuming the marriage relation. We both replied no. He expressed stereotyped regret and bade us good-morning.

The trial itself occurred three weeks later. It was almost as simple. Each of us was now represented by an *avocat*. The proceedings were secret. My *avocat* produced Philip's letter to me and an attested translation of it. I gave the judge the salient facts about myself and in response to his question said that my husband had not returned to me since the date of the letter. Philip's testimony was merely to admit the truth of mine. Before I knew the trial was over the avocats began packing up their papers. We had our decree.

I was in a panic then to get away. I found that I could not leave my apartment so abruptly. There had to be an inventory. Until it was taken not a thing of mine could be removed from the building. The *concierge* [*Turn to page 111*]

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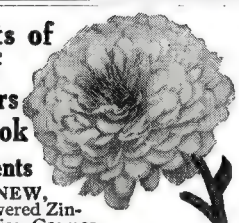

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I GET MY PARIS DIVORCE

[*Continued from page 110*]

would see to that. Even clothes sent out for cleaning were under her dark suspicions. For two days the inventory men prowled about the rooms looking for scratches and blemishes not noted on the first inventory. At the end my landlady presented a bill for one thousand francs. I was too weary to dispute it. Furthermore, my tenancy had begun upon another month. I must pay the rent for the entire month. I did.

These unexpected costs more than used up the monthly allowance. I had to go into the money given me for my steamer passage. As a result, I had just enough left to pay for a place in the cheapest stateroom on the vessel. Only the fact that it is December and the travel light gives me the room alone.

When I reach New York I shall have to borrow money. The decree is not yet absolute. There is a period of two months during which either party to the divorce can enter an appeal. We must wait for the end of that period, Philip and I, before we come into our respective rewards.

We are nearing land. I have not seen him during the voyage. He cannot complain that my presence has annoyed him. I have taken my meals in my room and have only crept forth at night, when I knew he would be absorbed in games, to walk on deck. Yet I will have to meet him once more. We still bear the same initial. Our baggage will come together in the same customs compartment on the pier. There, on that cold pavilion, I will see him for the last time.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 28*]

to find everything about the house very spick and span. We see this new friend of *May's*. She might seem to be only a friendly personage, long past thirty, with a dry, tired, brave little face and a laugh that breaks out every other second and that has done more than anything else to bring *May* back to life. But if you look twice you can see that she knows what she is about, and that she has had to make her own road in life; all of her is honest, resolute, homely and likable. This lady is *Daisy Mayme Plunkett* from Pittsburg.

Daisy Mayme makes a happy parallel to the man with whom at last she joins her fortunes. *Cliff* has worked hard since he was a boy. He has had no time to think of his own happiness but has been absorbed first with taking care of his mother and then of his widowed sister. *Daisy Mayme* was long the family drudge; one by one the brothers and sisters married off, leaving her in the old home to nurse and slave. All this had been taken for granted in each case, good old *Mayme*, good old *Cliff*. But she has a shop now and lives alone; and *Cliff* now will marry to suit himself. That both have won freedom, both emerged, through sanity, trouble, and a kind, cruel wisdom, is the point of the play's ending.

Technically the only fault of *Daisy Mayme* as drama is that the last act needs more suspense, more comic surprise; it sags a trifle toward the final curtain. Otherwise the effect is always delightfully alive and entertaining. As in Mr. Kelly's other plays, *The Torch Bearers, The Show-Off* and *Craig's Wife*, the dialogue here is lively behind the footlights and wonderfully natural in tone. The coaching that the author has given to his comedy is highly expert; few plays ever show such an engaging speed in the dialogue.

The casting of the rôles is excellent. The actors are so well fitted to the people of the play that it is hard to judge their playing itself. Nobody in the cast seems wrong. Mr. Roy Fant as the old gardener, past ninety, whose impish talk helps to further the marriage idea in everyone's head, plays beautifully. Miss Josephine Hull and Miss Nadea Hall are admirable as the two sisters. And Miss Jessie Busley gives us a *Daisy Mayme* that is wholly convincing, a lonely little creature with many scars on her heart but straight and plucky and, most of all, shining with common sense.

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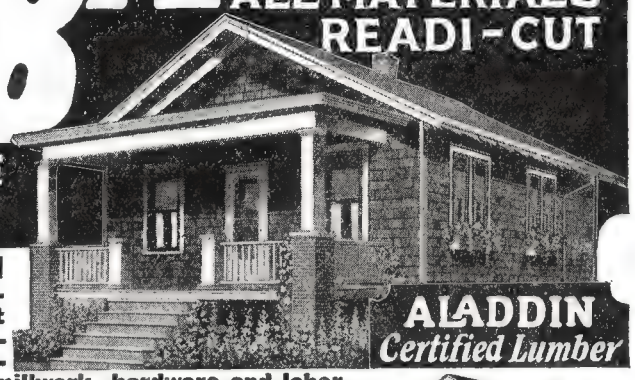

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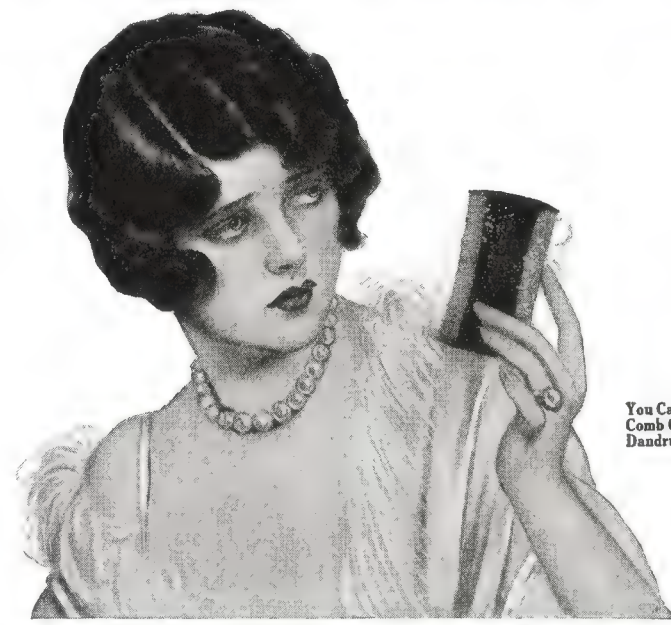
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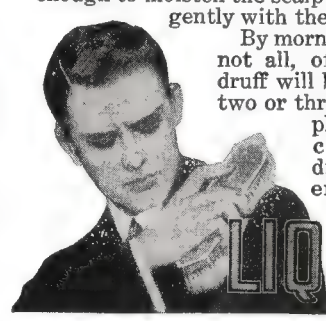

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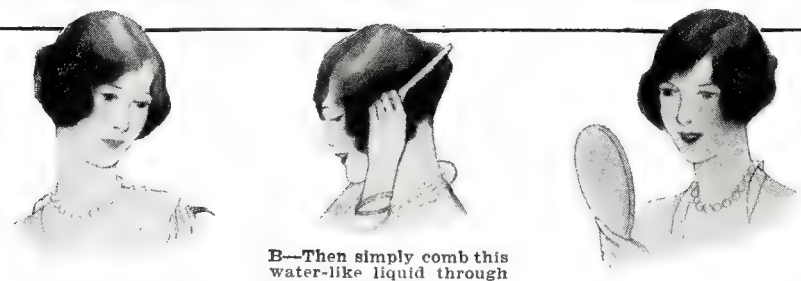

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HOME, JAMES!

[*Continued from page 7*]

with a neck like a giraffe's that had been added onto a couple of inches, was sitting in my drawing-room, trying to draw my darling Jimmie out.

"Meet Miss Jones," says Jimmie, as I enter.

"Angelica," says the vision—to Jimmie, mind you! Then she rose, with a so—this—is—the—little—bride expression, to which she added well—I—don't—think—much—of—her; and her left eye, which was slightly loose, focussed itself to regard me.

"I—hope—we—are—going—to— be — very—good—friends," she said, finishing off every word and tying it up with a little bow knot, to register education. "I—have—known—Mr. Jakes—for — a—long—time."

"Jimmie's friends are my friends, if you know what I mean," I said.

"Oh, I do!" said Angelica.

After Angelica had discovered she wasn't going to get so much as a grapenut offered her, she remembered she was going out to dinner. To a little Russian place, where they had Russian food and Russian music, for a great surprise. As the door closed on her, I made the supreme effort of my life—which was, not to tell Jimmie that she was something the cat brought in on his off day. The effort cramped my style of imparting the news I was busting with.

"Darling Hubby," I said, breaking rule one, which is not to kid his English, "Father's buying you a third of a garage, giving you the old Cad and asking you to dinner. Which doesn't mean that he doesn't hope you'll choke."

"He thinks I'm a yellow dog, don't he?"

"Oh, all of that!"

"Well, I ain't going to set down to no dinner with him till I've had it out, man to man."

"Oh, yes you are, Jimmie," I said.

"Yes, I ain't!"

But he's going to do just as I tell him, and the sooner he knows that, the better for him.

The Chauffeur writes in his diary: The first rift, as you may say, within the lute, come after we had been married four days, when Carol she went to see her pa and fixed things up according to her own ideas on the subject. And Carol's ideas wasn't mine.

When she decided she was going to marry me whether or no, I was in a kind of a helpless situation. I liked her all right, and I wanted to act the gentleman—to her, to her pa and to everybody concerned—but she over-rode all my objections and put me in a peculiar position. And having got married in this underhand fashion, the next thing to do was to inform Mr. Rich, and I thought this had been done, Carol having assured me she had phoned a telegram to him that first evening.

Then, to cap the climax, she goes to lunch with her pa, without a word to me about what she intends to do, and tells him she's married to me and he can do what he pleases about it and so on. Just as if I had put this marriage over to better myself and get favors out of him, which was far from the case. I had spent considerable time figuring on what I should say to him man to man, and how I should let him know that I should protect his daughter the way a man protects a woman that has confided her life to him.

By Carol getting her pa to give us the old car, she had thrust a white elephant on my hands, for getting the old Cad fixed up would run into money—money that I ain't hardly got, if I'm going to keep a thousand in the bank, like a young married couple ought to have, to say nothing of insurance. As for the Wilkins' garage, it's a good, paying proposition, but I've never had no desire to have my name connected with it. The truth is, I couldn't be responsible for the way they do business. I wouldn't be part owner in a garage where they have good engines overhauled and rebuilt with reference to the owner's pocketbook, instead of to what ails the car. But turning down the Wilkins' garage didn't make me any more popular with Carol than if I done it out of cussedness. She took the grounds that I done it to hurt her feelings and her pa's feelings.

I did explain to her that to go to dinner with her pa, either in a dress suit or without, would be pretty awkward. I've et so many meals in the kitchen with Annie and Bessie that it would be embarrassing all around for me to suddenly step out and eat with the family, forcing myself in where nobody but Carol wanted me, and the kitchen buzzing with it.

The Flapper writes in her diary: It's my anniversary. Married two weeks and forty-five minutes, and already the gangrene of disillusionment has set in. We've certainly had a swell time, with the exception of the episode of Angelica, and my premature divulgement of the garage plan. By the simple expedient of not letting the Albino in when she rang, and allowing Pa to go ahead with Wilkins unbeknownst to my boy friend, I procured quite a little peace in the establishment. I hung gingham curtains everywhere—even around the sacred niche of the garbage can, and I bought some Italian china and one thing and another that made a veritable bower of bliss out of Baby's little bird's nest. And the honeymoon has distilled its precious syrup for me and my sweetie. I didn't know I wanted so much to be married, but I did—I did—I did, and to somebody precious. There isn't anybody preciouser than my Jimmie. I hope that's perfectly clear, even when I kick and scream and scratch his eyes out. I must discipline my old man, even when it hurts him worse than it does me, or pretty soon he'll be running the whole coop.

Our idyl began to back fire yesterday when I thought I'd try to dope out a way of getting a little ready blood out of the stone of Father's heart. Living in the slums on the sweat of Jimmie's brow is all my fond fancy described it in advance—and then add the plus sign. It doesn't take many necessities to make me happy, but I can't do without my luxuries.

After we had quarrelled about Father a while, we went out in the car, which had been parked in front of our teeming tenement, pending the issue of our argument, and from the running-board of which we had to dispossess an Irish family and three young wops before we could start it. I sat in the back seat, oblivious to the fact that I had a husband in the world, (for I had given him the thirteen minutes till we got into the Park, to come across with an humble and a contrite heart, and he hadn't come.) When I suddenly saw Ackey (Aiken B. Aiken) ambling amiably Zoo-ward.

"Hello, Ackey!" I said, signalling Jimmie to stop, "Going to throw a monkey wrench into the monkey works?"

"Why, Carol, ole Baby," he said, "Where have you kept yourself? Lemme in." And he opened the door and joined the conjugal group.

Do me the justice that I hadn't the slightest idea he didn't know. It had been in all the papers, crowded off the front page by a bath-tub murder and the frenzied fluctuations of the franc, but still conspicuously flamboyant. I thought of course Ackey had all the clippings in his wallet.

"You certainly are a sight for astigmatism," he said, "Gimme a kiss."

"Stop philandering with an old married woman," I said.

"I will when you are."

"See," I said, showing my Cartier.

"Who d'ye marry?"

I pointed. Ackey was convulsed.

"I married too. Married the cook. Colored but kind. Don't squirm so. Somebody'll see you."

Jimmie brought the car to a standstill and so missed the sounds like a popping cork that Ackey bestowed mostly on the air. Then the driver behind us began cursing, and I pushed Ackey out and shut the door.

I should have been quite alarmed about the whole effect on Jimmie, if he hadn't winked solemnly at me. He's had me and Ackey on the back seat before, and I guess he realized it was all a mistake that I wasn't quick enough on the trigger to correct. T'any rate, he wasn't any madder or less mad when we got home than he was before we started [*Turn to page 115*]

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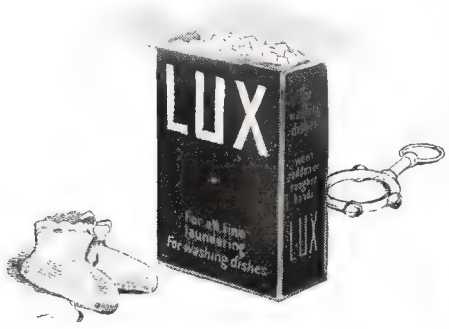

HOME, JAMES!

[*Continued from page 112*]

out. But that was mad enough to ruin my life—and it's still ruined, by Gum!

The Chauffeur writes in his diary: Well, I been a fool. I been working on the theory that a man's wife was his wife, and his principles was has principles, and kidding myself into believing that I could impress the first with the second, just because I was responsible for them both. Of course, I wouldn't admit it, but I've been afraid of Carol, so I've kept pounding the idea into myself that I was just as good as she was, in spite of her position in society. What I mean to say is, that I'm a cur and Carol's a thoroughbred. Bred so fine she don't always know to keep her little nose out of the filth.

The reason I've had to do so much figuring out things these last few days, is that Carol has been kind of setting a price on herself. If I ain't willing to sacrifice my manhood to knuckling down to her pa, she takes to the day-bed. She ain't going to love no man that won't get her the money to get her hair bobbed at the Ritz, no matter how he has to demean himself to procure it.

Yesterday there was about five minutes when I come pretty near committing a murder. I never understood before how a man could get into a state of wanting to kill another man for making love to his wife. I've had that Aiken fellow on the back seat with Carol, before she made up her mind to go after me, and I've had him there with friends of Carol's, that she was sending him home with in the car. So I know what he's liable to do and say. When he climbed in the car with Carol, I was kind of laughing in my sleeve at the whole situation, and when I realized he didn't know she was married, I was prepared for everything, except the way I felt. I was all for stopping the car and squashing him as you would a cockroach —fizzing sounds and all. And just then he gets out—or Carol shoves him out, I don't know which.

Later this afternoon Mr. Rich wanted the car, and I was glad enough to respond to his message, after putting in several hours of not speaking to Carol unless she spoke, and not being spoken to in order to prove how unreasonable I was. I was kind of worried about what Carol would have for supper. I meant to have broiled her a steak, and some fixings. As a matter of fact, I did get some ice cream and stood there beating on the door with one hand, while the pink juice oozed out of the pasteboard I held with the other. I didn't have no key, because I let her have mine when she lost hers. I told her to leave it at Angelica's if she went out; but Angelica wasn't in and no note for me on the door, so I knew Carol was home all right. Besides, you kind of feel your wife —the bond is so close. You know whether she's behind the door or not. The flesh on your bones tells you. Well, I called and I knocked and I pounded, till it began to dawn on me. I was going to be made to suffer for my sins.

The next time, I tried Angelica's door—three flights below us—she was there. I told her Carol had gone off and took the key and might be going to stay away all night.

"Then you stay here, Jimmie," said Angelica, "I'm going to my sister's for the night and you can, just as well as not." She buzzed around me for a while, the way women do; but when she see I had something on my mind that worried me too much to talk about, she started off for her sister's.

Well, I tried at different times to get into the flat, but Carol, she wouldn't let me in. The window on the fire escape was locked, so I laid on Angelica's kitchen couch all night, after all. I can't say I slept there. Yet I could see Carol in my mind's eye, just as plain as if I was in there in the room with her—poor baby!

The Flapper writes in her diary: It's easy enough to manage a husband, if you have the nerve and an iron constitution. Nerve is what I haven't got anything else but, though I fear my constitution may crack under the strain.

The night I locked Jimmie out, I cried all night. Then I set the door on the jar and went to sleep, waking around the witching hour of noon, to find myself in Jimmie's arms. It was an accident—I'll say that for him—he didn't mean to, but when he saw how the cruel ravages of the psychic drama had undermined my pallid beauty, he couldn't help himself. So little Carol scored that time.

"I was going to spank you," Jimmie said, after the roof had begun to settle down quietly about our shoulders.

"Why didn't you?"

"You are too little," Jimmie said, "It ain't fair to spank real young babies."

He didn't offer any explanation as to where he spent the night, and I didn't ask him. I'm hoping it will develop in conversation that he sat on the fire escape and that he bears the imprint of the iron bars somewhere upon his anatomy.

The next incident in my marital maelstrom was the incident of the Reboux hat. Jimmie brought around the car, and we went driving for my health, slowly up and down Fifty-seventh Street. At the well-known establishment in the middle of the block, which shall be nameless (namely Bendels',) there was a hat sitting by itself on a child's size stand—a little, vari-colored hat, made of young rainbows dipped in dawn-rise over the Mediterranean. It was *my* hat, and nobody with a soul in their bosoms could deny it. I dragged Jimmie in to see it on me, and ordered it charged to Father at once. At first I thought I'd wear it, and then I decided to take it home and practise a few of the more solemn rites of make-up before I ventured forth in it.

"How much did you say the price was?" said Jimmie.

"One hundred and twenty."—Dorine looked as if the kitchen stove had followed me in, and was addressing her.

"She don't want it, it's too costly," said Jimmie, "No hat ain't worth that much."

"You look here, Jimmie Jakes," I said, "that hat is worth anything. He's my husband as well as my driver," I said to Dorine, "so I have to be patient with him. You tell him."

"It's beyond the reach of my pocketbook," Jimmie said, trying to get me by the arm.

"It's just what Father needs," I said, "to wake him up to his responsibilities. I won't leave the shop without it."

"Very well," said Jimmie. He took a roll of bills out of his pockets, "I'll pay for it."

"Was that your week's salary?" I said later, when I felt able to resume the subject.

"Part of the rakeoff on the new Cad. Look here, Carol. It ain't in proportion that you should buy one hundred and twenty dollar hats, and at the same time live with me in what surroundings I can afford."

"But, Darling," I said, "you don't suppose I could possibly think of living on what you make? It wouldn't keep me in earrings. You like me the way I am, and I wouldn't *be* the way I am without my hectic tastes. If I didn't express myself in my clothes, you'd forget to love me."

The Chauffeur writes in his diary: I've come to the conclusion that it's education that counts in this world, and by education I don't mean studying—I mean, being brought up so's you know. Now, these men in Carol's set—though sometimes it seems like insulting the name of manhood to call them that—they have the advantage over me in one thing. They was brought up in families that used their education week days. Carol just thinks it's funny that I ain't a college Percy, but I can see that as time goes on, she might get to feel my lack. If I am able to invent a new kind of trick transmission and get out a patent on it, she won't realize that it's a thing to respect or not to respect. Women, they are capable of seeing where things get you or what you get for them, but they pass right over the things themselves.

Well, we entertained some of Carol's friends here last night. There was no reason why they shouldn't come. The newspaper accounts of our marriage give our address, of course.

Well, there was [*Turn to page 116*]

COOKS *Who Enjoy* COOKING

Most all women who cook nowadays look upon their work as the fine art it really is—and so enjoy it. Realizing the importance of balanced diet and wholesome food preparation, they are always alertly interested in improved equipment and better methods.

Thousands of these progressive cooks have adopted in their well-ordered kitchens a new way of frying. Instead of the solid fat which their grandmothers used, they fry with oil, or liquid fat, which, of course, needs no melting. They use an oil so choice it is itself a nourishing food that may be eaten *cold.* Indeed, they first knew Wesson Oil as a fine salad oil, and so are not surprised by the wholesome, good-to-eat perfection of foods cooked in it.

But Wesson Oil has another virtue which is perhaps even more important in a cooking fat. It can be heated to just the right temperature for perfect frying *before it burns,* and so it forms a delicate crisp crust quickly, and cooks thoroughly through and through, without a vestige of smoke or scorch.

Then, too, frying with Wesson Oil is economical. It must be, to win the approval of these critical modern cooks. For when the oil has been strained to remove the crumbs it is as sweet and fresh as before—it never retains the odor of even fish or onions and so may be used successfully over and over again.

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To shape the eyebrows—Apply a bit of "Vaseline" Jelly with the finger tip and shape with an eyebrow brush.

To encourage the eyelashes—Apply "Vaseline" Jelly with a tiny brush and leave on over night.

For chapped lips and skin—Apply to the lips several times a day. Spread a thin layer over chapped skin and leave on all night.

To beautify hands—If the hands are rough and cracked massage with "Vaseline" Jelly and wear soft silk or cotton gloves over night. If the hands are grimy from housework or gardening, cleanse with "Vaseline" Jelly and wash with a non-irritating soap. If the grime has got into the cracks of the hands, leave the "Vaseline" Jelly on over night and wear gloves. This treatment makes the hands soft, and keeps the cuticle of the nails firm and unbroken.

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PETROLEUM JELLY

HOME, JAMES!

[*Continued from page 115*]

Reginald Sawyer and his sister, and Aiken, and Peter and Polly—two girls that have just come back from abroad and Carol always speaks of together—and a knock-kneed little man that they seemed to be using to hang things on and carry bundles for them. Plummy, they called him.

There was a line of them, stretching downstairs, with Aiken Aiken at the top. He come forward and put out his hand to shake hands. Then he thought better of it—no special reflection on me, I guess.

"Fancy seeing you here," he said, to carry off the situation.

"This is where I live," I said, "my wife will be pleased to see you."

"For the love of Woolworth," said Carol, "look at the delegation calling on the bride!"

"Can we come in?" said Peter and Polly and Plummy (Wait-for-Baby, as Carol calls him).

"I guess you can," said Carol, "I wouldn't like to bet on it."

"What a perfectly priceless place," says Peter and Polly, Peter being about my height and Polly undersized compared to Carol.

"Priceless," chimes Wait-for-Baby.

"It *is* priceless," said Carol with her chin up, "Come out on my balcony and look at my river. It's quite a night scene, isn't it? You people on Park Avenue haven't got anything at all to look at." A little fussed she was, I could see it.

"Park Avenue isn't what it was," said Reginald Sawyer.

He come out on the balcony and stood beside her, quite a good-looking young fellow with his hat on. His head ain't a good shape when he shows it all.

They all piled back into the sitting-room—not hardly knowing how to take me, nor I them. I tried for Carol's sake to make them feel at home; but they was all so occupied with telling themselves that it was the last word in pricelessness—Carol marrying her pa's chauffeur—and trying to keep their faces straight, that the atmosphere got more and more unnatural. I was relieved when Angelica come in. I knew she would rise to the occasion, and she did, wonderful.

"Meet Miss Jones," I said, "Miss Angelica Jones."

"Shake hands with Angelica," Aiken Aiken said. But Angelica give him one of her smiles, and Carol give him a dirty look, so he decided to be good. Carol, she surprised me. You'd of thought Angelica was the best female friend she had. She not only put her in a favorable light every time she could, but I even see her put her arm around her once, real affectionate.

By the time they went, she had them all piling into Angelica's place to see how cute she had got it fixed up, and I heard her tell the Sawyer girl to see how pretty Angelica's hair was, and what a crime it would have been to bob it, which was a thing I was entirely unprepared for.

"Angelica had the time of her life, didn't she?" said Carol, while we was cleaning up the place afterwards.

"She can handle any situation she is called upon to fill, thanks to her bringing up," I said.

The Flapper writes in her diary: My sanctuary has been invaded. I'm no longer the beamish bride, ensconced behind her barricade of burnt bridges. I'm the Woman Who Entertains. At home Thursday evenings to slumming parties from Park Avenue and Fridays to social investigators from Avenue A. My friends are bad enough, but Jimmie's are worse, for they are interested in my morals instead of my morale; and while I am capable of upholding the latter against all comers, I have so few of the former—tacit and explicit, as it were—that I can't get up much of a case for them.

Ackey decided he would pay me out for his *mauvais* quarter of an hour in my car. He'll be happy for a month, embellishing the anecdote of his visit for various audiences. "Meet Miss Angelica Jones—" "There's a difference in the way sardines is packed." The poor fool won't recognize that as a pretty good joke about our living room. And he'll leave out the way that Jimmie put him in place two or three times when he got too fresh for any social strata. Also he will fail to report the real respect with which Reggie faced his successful rival.

As to Peter and Polly and Plummy and Reggie's pale, moonlit pool of a sister, they are all the kind of people that you have to keep your eye fixed on, to remember that they are in the room; though I suppose their tongues are hung in the middle, and made of the best quality of sounding brass.

But my Jimmie is worth ten thousand of them. They're all as ephemeral as the celebrated snow-ball; and Jimmie is a good, solid asbestos ball that I can sit on and swing my feet till the end of nothing.

I had a funny reaction to Angelica, when I saw her among that little, intimate crowd of scavengers, a kind of sister feeling. I would have protected her with my life if it had been necessary. As it was, I put my arm around the creature twice. She was a social success before the evening was over. To do her justice, she's got a lot more character than some of these sewer walkers in my own set. Her refinement may be painful, but she understands what she's doing most of the time and goes ahead and does it. She supports a thrice widowed mother, and her slogan is something else than slime for slime's sake. She not only appreciates Jimmie, but she's game enough to worship him. Of course, I hate her like poison and I hope she chokes; but just the same, I shan't have her torn limb from limb under my roof-tree. At least that's the way I feel now. We Carolinians are subject to change without notice.

Well, Jimmie was a good husband while he lasted, but he gave out on me. I thought he was waterproof and airtight and guaranteed for life, but it's the easiest thing in the world to be mistaken. I'm going home to Father and get one of these snappy divorces that his lawyers can get me, then I'll marry Reggie, thus committing suicide by boredom. It may seem unreasonable of me, but I don't want to live any longer. I want to die and go where my mother would have gone, if she's been any good. Maybe some man double crossed her before Dad came along, and she never behaved herself again, or let her hair get back to its natural color. Maybe, I'll never behave myself again. I don't see why I should. I took all the courage I had, and married my man, and gave life a chance, but it just turned rotten in my hands. Well, let it rot, I say. I'm through.

It began with a quarrel about the Wilkins affair. I told Jimmie he was partner in a paying business, whether he liked it or not. That Father had made the arrangements and signed all the things that ought to be signed, and that all that was required of him was to kiss the hand that had dealt the blow, and all would be well. I explained to him that I was his fairy god-mother, bearing gifts, and Dad was the slave of the lamp, and all we had to do was to rub him the right way, and open our mouth and shut our eyes.

Well, Jimmie was not pleased. It seems that he doesn't approve of Wilkins. He'll do business with him but not for him. That is, he'll hire garage space for Father and buy his gas there, but he won't be party to selling it.

"Who's going to buy my hats?" I said.

"Nobody," said Jimmie.

So when he went out to buy some evening papers and things, I locked him out again. That is, I put the chain on the door and peeked at him through the crack.

"I'm not going to let you in till you see the light," I said.

"Very well," said Jimmie, "I'll stay out all night. I've done it before."

"On the fire escape?" I said.

"Not on your life," said Jimmie, "I'll stay where I stayed before."

"Where was that?"

"At Angelica's," said Jimmie.

Well, I knew it was, all the time, only I wouldn't admit it. She'd get him there if she could, of course. I don't blame her so much. But I thought I'd married an angel, straight down out of Heaven. I guess I did—a fallen angel, one of the Lucifer gang.

[*Turn to page 118*]

My Smile

Shows a row of Pearls

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I am asked by countless people how I got such pretty teeth. Aud how I keep them sound and glistening at my age.

This is what I tell them;

For many years I spent on my teeth about 30 minutes daily. I used a cleanser, then a polisher, then an antiseptic mouth wash. At night I used iodine to stimulate the gums. And I forced magnesia between the teeth to neutralize all acids.

All this I did under dental advice, and I consulted high authorities. But now the great experts have combined all these helps in one tooth paste. I just apply that, and it does in a minute all I did with my six applications.

This new-type dentifrice is called Quindent, which means five in one. It is made by Quindent Laboratories to meet modern requirements. The makers supply me ten-day samples, and I gladly mail one to anyone who asks. The coupon will bring it with my Beauty Book. Even one night's use will bring you new conceptions of a tooth paste. Clip coupon now.

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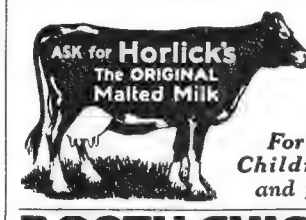

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Please tell me about your $100 church offer.

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Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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Of course, you know good old Musterole; how quickly, how easily it relieves rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.

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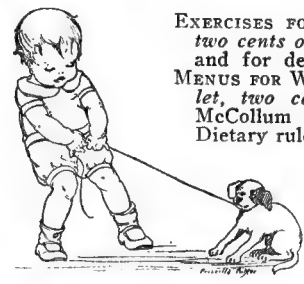

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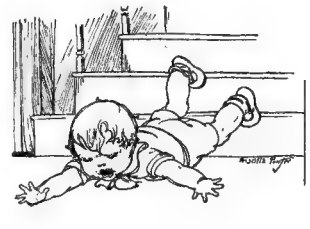

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A BOOK OF MANNERS. By Margaret Emerson Bailey. Rules for present-day social life. A special section on the etiquette of weddings—what the bride and her attendants should wear, the duties of the attendants, the question of presents, and other information.

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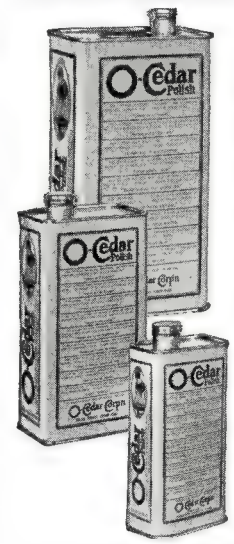
Among the many helpful "beauty hints" supplied, you will find detailed information as to what you should eat if you are too plump—or too thin. What your ideal weight should be, in proportion to your height. And a step-by-step description of the methods used in the smartest beauty salons of New York and Paris.

Each booklet is ten cents; or we will send you any twelve you select for one dollar. Each leaflet is two cents. Enclose money or stamps, and address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

In the beginning most people bought a 30c bottle of O-Cedar Polish as sort of a trial.

They liked it so well the next time they bought they got the 60c size. 3 times the quantity for twice the money.



Today hundreds of thousands of these same people buy O-Cedar in quart, half-gallon and gallon sizes: effecting still greater economy.

If *you* would save time, work and money, you will use O-Cedar Polish. It requires less rubbing,

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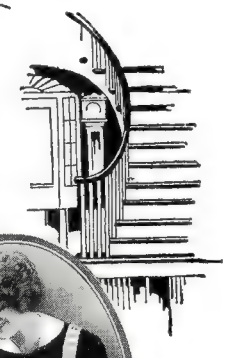
30c to $3 sizes at your nearest dealer.



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"The Secret of my soft rugs is the Cushion underneath!"

Everybody loves the feeling of luxury that goes with soft yielding rugs. And this air of luxury is so inexpensive this new way! Any rug, even the least costly, can be made unbelievably soft by merely laying it over Ozite Cushion. And what is more, Ozite doubles the life of rugs!

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Ozite is made of sterilized hair—the only rug cushion that is "ozonized." Patented Sept. 9, 1924.

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Kindly send me without obligation your free booklet, "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets" and small sample of Ozite. M827

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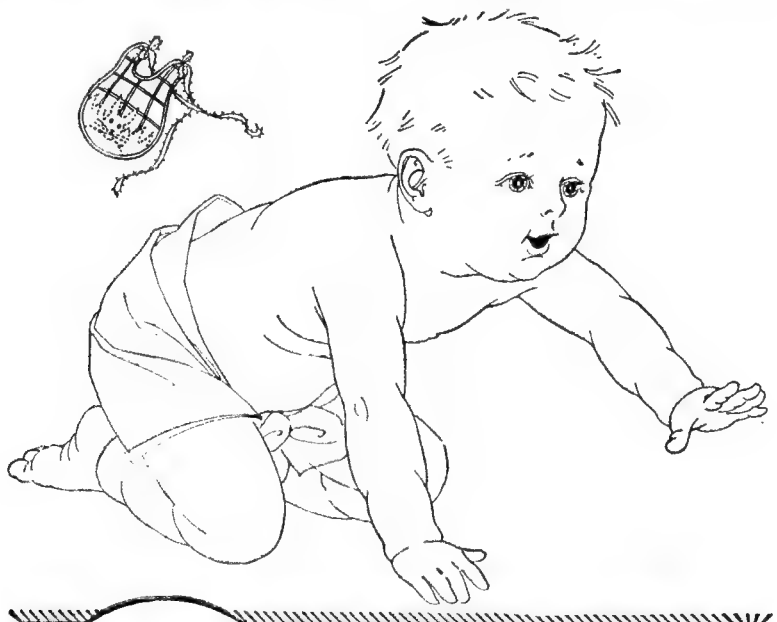


CHILDREN CRY FOR Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

Constipation Wind Colic To Sweeten Stomach
Flatulency Diarrhea Regulate Bowels

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

HOME, JAMES!

[*Continued from page 116*]

The Chauffeur writes in his diary: Carol, she's left me. I guess it was coming to me. In marriage, like everything else, you got to have confidence in the person you are doing business with.

A wife that don't *know*, after you've give her yourself, soul and body and tender, private thoughts and everything you got in the world, why she's a wife, can't lay no claim to real womanhood. It's good riddance to bad rubbish if a wife like that leaves you, for the sooner you know that there ain't no real foundation to your marriage, the better.

I suppose Carol thought I couldn't stand any temptations—(not that Angelica isn't as fine a woman as my own mother, or ever thought of me as anything but a brother, neighbor and friend). If Angelica was another kind of girl, for instance, I could see how Carol could misunderstand the situation somewhat; but Angelica being the pure-souled, innocent-minded woman she is, I don't see how anybody could misapprehend the high standard of her moral outlook. All I mean to say is that it's a pretty poor idea to leave a man in the lurch, a man that's been shot to pieces with happiness. Loving Carol is hard work. Maybe I'll look for a job with shorter hours and more pay.—It's what she's working to bring onto herself.

Well, the day after Carol left, I went out to get me a cup of coffee and a dish of spaghetti around on the Avenue. I left my door on the latch because I haven't got nothing now for nobody to get away from me. My valuable has been stole. When I come in, there was Angelica answering my telephone, talking to Carol. She said she heard it ringing and thought it might be important.

Now she knows how things is; she might have figured out that her being found in the flat was as good evidence as could be wanted by a jealous woman. But no, she never thought of nothing. She heard the telephone, and in she come to answer it. And then when she finds who it is, she goes right on gassing to beat the band, and making matters worse.

"He's right here," she says as I come in, "I know he will want to speak to you."

The telephone hissed and spit in her ear.

"Leave me have the receiver," I says.

"Oh, no trouble at all. I'll be glad to," she coos.

I grabbed the telephone.

"Carol," I says, "Angelica hasn't been here before. She just come in. Whatever you believe or you don't believe about us, you must—"

"Number, please."

"I was talking to a number," I says.

"Your party hung up."

"Well, now you've done it," I said to Angelica.

"What have I done?" Angelica says.

"Well, it wasn't your fault," I says, "but you've give Carol the impression that—" Here I stuck.

"I'm sorry," she says, kind of piteous. She leaned against me, and my arms just went round her automatic; and then—big fool—I found myself kissing her all over her face.

The Flapper writes in her diary: Father's apartment has taken on all the festivity of an undertaker's parlor. I never realized before what a dehydrated dump Jimmie married me out of. It's a break between a Waldorf ball-room and a railroad lunch room, retaining the best features of both. I haven't even got my own things in it any more. I moved all my personal belongings to that bower where Angelica is now presumably taking her co-respondence course. The reason I think she is there is that I know she is! She answered the telephone when I tried to get Jimmie. In my right mind, I would never have telephoned, but I am far from a well woman, mentally.

Well, the sweet voice that answered me over the phone was that of the Albino herself, seemingly established already among the funeral baked meats. I guess she's going to do her nesting while it's good.

And now, however I think and think and think and chase my tail, I can't get past the fact that it's all over. Jimmie stayed all night in the creature's apartment. He told me so himself. And she offered to do up my things and send them to me in a suitcase. I certainly put the telephone instrument out of commission. They can tell that to the alienists. No one could have done a better job banging up an innocent instrument with nothing but a couple of fists and an ash receiver!

Pa has been quite non-committal about my coming home. His idea seems to be that Jimmie did well to stand me that long. If he loses his chauffeur through any unreasonableness of mine and I break out in a new place, he is going to turn nasty. Until then, his policy is peace at any price, or he'll know the reason why. Meantime he seems to have bought out all of the Wilkins' garage and to be running it himself. I told him Jimmie wouldn't take it as a gift, and he asked me why. So I guess he looked into the matter—which was pretty darn cute of him, if you ask me.

In re: Reginald, I had a kind of mixed feeling that if Jimmie had so nearly proved my salvation, by almost being what I thought he was, maybe I could lean gently on Reginald. I thought that maybe the startling novelty of having a husband had blinded me to the fact that they were all alike, in the essentials, and that Reginald's ideals might turn out to be Jimmie's, with the addition of a high hat and a monocle. Reginald is a good lad and pretty gol durn attractive, in a technical way of speaking. But I guess I'll get my divorce and get me to a nunnery.

The Chauffeur writes in his diary: If there is anything in this world dumber than a woman, I guess it's a man. If I had been any part of a man or gentleman, I know what I should of done. I should of got over my mad and gone after that little spitting cat of a wife of mine and held her by the neck till she stopped scratching and biting. I should of owned up all my deficiencies and explained matters and then let her take it or leave it as she saw fit. I've acted just as childish as she has, and that's a fact.

But the way I'm situated now, I can't hardly do that. Angelica, she suffered in secret, she says, till she couldn't bear it no more. My marriage cut pretty deep. Up to that time she had hopes things might be different, but after that she went all to pieces, and that accounts for the way she's acting now. One minute having hysterics all over the place and the next thing so sick she can't lift her head. I used to think that Angelica was a mountain of strength and womanly traits, instead of which she turns out to be a die-away, cringing creature that wants to go over and over one thing all the time.

My father-in-law has been a big surprise. The first day after Carol quit, I told him I was leaving my employment, and he says:

"No, you're not!" and ordered the car for ten o'clock the next morning.

I tried to put it up to him that it was a kind of embarrassing situation for me, but he made it clear that he had trouble enough without losing his chauffeur too, and I couldn't help but see his point. Of course, Carol, she's riding in taxis, if she rides.

Later, I took up the situation with him.

"Mr. Rich," I says, "as man to man, I would like to make a clean breast of how things stand, if you will permit me, Sir," I says.

"Suppose I'll have to," he says, "Talk isn't much in my line, but I'd rather it would be you than her."

"I married your daughter," I says, "because—"

"She threw you and roped you before you had a chance."

"She was very desirous of the match, Sir, at the time."

"Well, why couldn't you keep her in that state of mind for a few months?"

"It got to be a kind of a struggle," I says, "as to who would be the boss."

"And why didn't you settle it?"

"I would have, Sir," I says, "when I got my bearings."

"I don't blame you. Carol's like her mother, and I gave up trying to handle her."

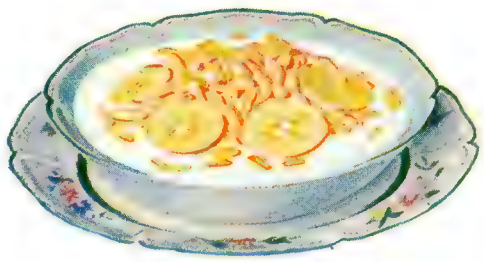
"She's like her father, too," I says, and that pleased him.

"I bought a Wilkins partnership for you, and she said you [*Turn to page 137*]

The Art of Making Breakfasts Attractive

Is the Art of Supplying Variety

Berries, fresh or cooked, with Puffed Rice and milk or cream — a breakfast treat that's delightful, yet "good for you" too.



Delicious, appetizing . . . sliced bananas, with your morning Puffed Rice, bring the charm of variety to a wholesome nourishing dish.

Puffed Wheat, with prunes . . . in fact, with any fresh or preserved fruit . . . combines the enchantment of a change with the elements of a well-balanced diet.

Another delightful variant is Puffed Wheat with peaches—combining the nourishment you require from a cereal, with the change your breakfast appetite craves.

With these unique grain foods to help you, no breakfast can be dull!—the vital grain foods you need in a form that you love

WHEN your breakfast appetite lags, change your breakfast," is the accepted dietary urge of today. Poor breakfast appetite is usually nothing more than an appetite that craves a change.

To prove the point, try tomorrow an entirely *different* breakfast. Instead of forcing your appetite, tempt it. What happens will surprise you. Scores of thousands have found here the true solution of the breakfast problem.

Grain foods that supply the great adventure of variety

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the most unique grain foods known. There is no other like them. They are different from any other known—alluringly, wonderfully different.

They taste like toasted nutmeats; they tempt like confections. Children who resist ordinary cereals revel in their unique deliciousness.

Each grain is steam puffed to eight times its normal size; then oven toasted to a wonderful, crunchy crispness. Every food cell, too, is broken in this process and digestion thus made easy.

Almost 20% bran—but you would never guess it

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam-exploded to fairy richness. Almost 20% is bran, but to eat it you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. Supplies, too, the minerals and excellent nutritive elements of wheat, so necessary to the healthful diet.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice steam-exploded like the wheat. Its flavor is unique among grain foods. Its food value high in the carbohydrates of fine rice.

Many delightful ways to serve

Serve with milk or cream or half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits. Use as a between-meal tid-bit for children; as a light luncheon entice-ment; or as a before-bed snack that will supply nourishment without imposing on the digestion.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

L'ECHO

Berthe

No. 4857. Original Model by Berthe. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; slip-on blouse; skirt with pleated tunic. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 1⅝ yards of 54-inch striped; 1⅞ yards of 54-inch plain. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

Drecoll

No. 4859. Original Model by Drecoll. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt pleated at front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch bordered material. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yards.

STRIPES ARE CHIC

HORIZONTAL stripes are in high fashion. Two of the imports on this page are admirable examples of what the French insist upon in sports frocks. The first is in green striped jersey with pleated skirt of wool crepe. The second is of jersey in gray and green. The smart afternoon costume with bolero and tunic skirt is of printed chiffon.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

Lanvin

No. 4856. Original Model by Lanvin. Ladies' and Misses' Afternoon Dress; with bolero; camisole skirt with overskirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width of underskirt, about 1¼ yards.

DE PARIS

Miler Soeurs

No. 4861. Original Model by Miler Soeurs. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with pleated insets at sides. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1⅜ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2¼ yards.

NEW PARIS FROCKS

THE first of these frocks, newly arrived from Paris, is of changeable silk rep, in red and white. It is in one piece with the smart new inserted pleats at sides. The second is of flat crepe in brown and beige. Printed chiffon fashions the third frock. It has the deep V front, and also the large bow which emphasizes the upward movement at front.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

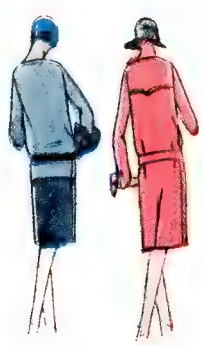
Goupy

No. 4860. Original Model by Goupy. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch; skirt, collar and cuff bands, 2 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2¼ yards.

Drecoll

No. 4858. Original Model by Drecoll. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with slip; deep V front opening. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, dress, 3⅝ yards of 40-inch; slip, cut crosswise, 1½ yards of 40-inch. Width of slip, about 1¼ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



SPRING FROCKS OF SILK

SILKS will again have their inning, for no other fabric is so pleasing to women when the weather turns warm. The difference between silks of last year and this, is in their lack of figuration. They run through the colors of the rainbow, but these colors are rarely mixed. Stripes are better than flowers, especially for sports suits. If one cares for a dash of figured silk, it can be exploited in the neck scarf. These accessories increase in variety.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4838. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; two-piece camisole skirt; slip-on blouse. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1¾ yards of 40-inch; skirt and cuffs, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4840. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with yoke and pleat insets at sides. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅝ yards. Embroidery No. 1533 may be effectively developed in straight stitches.

No. 4844. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with circular front skirt section; long set-in sleeve. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 4833. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with upper and lower front sections joined under an applied band. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3⅝ yards of 32-inch material; sash and collar, ⅝ yard of 32-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

Vionnet *Lanvin* *Worth*

FRENCH FROCKS FOR EVENING

IT is evident, from the three Paris frocks on this page, that soft materials, simplicity in cut, and drapery are to be continued by Paris this spring. The flying movement in skirts and the wing drapery at the shoulders is not to be abandoned. Its gracefulness is the reason for its success. The wide girdle of crystals and embroidered banding give formal brilliancy to such simple frocks. Bolero effects and the uneven hemline are frequently seen on many of the new French imports.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4855. Original Model by Vionnet. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; with V neck and four-piece skirt falling in points at lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 4¼ yards.

No. 4856. Original Model by Lanvin. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; with bolero and tunic skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4⅜ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards. Straight-stitch Embroidery No. 1558 suggested.

No. 4854. Original Model by Worth. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; featuring the new shoulder drapery. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. Beaded motif No. 1548 would be smart.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4838

4738
Emb. No. 1388

4789

4839

No. 4838. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; camisole skirt shirred at front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1¾ yards of 40-inch; skirt and belt, 1½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4738. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2¾ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 1388 suggested to trim.

FRONT FULNESS

AGAIN we wear fulness at front. Whatever there is of pleats, gathers or flounces are placed there. The clothes-makers have decided to keep the backs of our frocks plain. There is no return to the back that pulls across the spine. In both one- and two-piece gowns there is a manipulation of the fabric to save this awkward line. In all gowns, fashion decrees that the waistline stays down despite the propaganda for its uplifting.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4789. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 40-inch; insertion, 1⅜ yards of 3-inch and 1⅜ yards of 5-inch; edging, 1⅜ yards of 2-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4839. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with straight lower edge suitable for bordered material. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch bordered material. Width, about 1¾ yards.

4755

4843

4733

4858
Emb. No. 927

HIPS ARE SLIM

DRECOLL, of Paris, who designed the gown at the right, reinstates the gypsy girdle effect, which has an amazing grace. This gives an opportunity for the upward line in front, ending in an oriental jewel. This is not a new fashion but is considered very smart. The deep sash employed on frocks of figured silk is a variation of the gypsy girdle. Even on evening gowns a girdle of chiffon, metal ribbon or kid has met with success in Paris.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4755. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with straight gathered ruffles; long set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4843. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; surplice closing; circular front flounce. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch; facings for collar, cuffs and flounce, 1 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4733. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt shirred at front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2⅛ yards of 32-inch striped material; 2 yards of 32-inch plain. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4858. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with slip. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch; slip, 1½ yards of 40-inch (crosswise). Width, about 1¼ yards. Straight-stitch Embroidery No. 927 suggested.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4860

4837
Emb. No. 1524

4843

1841
Emb. No. 1557

V NECKS AND LONG SLEEVES

No. 4860. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece circular skirt; long gathered sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 2¼ yards.

No. 4837. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 32-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards. Appliqué blouse trimming may be made with Embroidery No. 1524.

AMONG a bewildering variety of neck openings, fashion reverts to the ever becoming V, this spring. It may be finished with a tiny turnover or shawl collar, or decorated with a narrow applied band, as voted most becoming by the wearer. The perennial return of the V neck meets the joyous approval of us all, for it forms a becoming frame for most faces. Sleeves to the wrist is another verdict of fashion-makers. They are cut comfortably full, with gathers at wrist or tight fitting. Pleats that burst forth with every movement, or a rippling flare, widen the slender silhouette below the hipline. The simple tailored frocks shown on this page all wearing the new V neck and long sleeves, are exceedingly chic, with an elegance and dignified simplicity that is the keynote of the present mode.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4843. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; surplice closing; long fitted sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4841. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; inverted pleats at front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1557 in single-stitch may be used effectively.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4834

4844
Emb. No. 1504

4859

4845
Emb. No. 1539

PLEATS, STRIPES AND FLARES

HORIZONTAL stripes are a new fashion. A woman must know her figure very well, however, before she attempts to wear striped fabrics. A thin woman, thin from shoulder to ankles, can permit stripes to run around without appearing awkward, but the woman with broad shoulders and heavy figure should ignore this fashion. She should study herself well before recklessly placing her pleats. Flatly pressed pleats, properly grouped, and they are usually placed at front, are attractive on most figures. The French frock at the center shows such an arrangement. She must also be particularly careful about placing or manipulating fulness at back. A popular back is in one piece from shoulder to hem with belt or girdle to adjust the fulness. The circular flare remains popular.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4834. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; gathered sleeves; five-piece skirt with insets. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 32-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4844. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; circular front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 2 yards. Buttonhole-stitch trimming may be made with Embroidery No. 1504.

No. 4859. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; pleated skirt front; blouse and skirt joined under girdle. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 40-inch material; girdle 1⅛ yards of 12-inch. Width, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 4845. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; uneven lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 1539 may be used to trim.

No. 4839. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with saddle shoulder; straight lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4846. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse. No. 4847. Ladies' and Misses' Camisole Skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

NEW CLOTHES FOR SPRING

WE shall continue to wear bright red in warm as in cold weather. It does not appear in entire frocks, but as borders, hats, handbags, and particularly in jumpers to wear with white skirts. The flowered silks for spring have red figurations. This fashion is dominant, as shown in the frock from Paris above. The effort of the Paris designers in making these new clothes is to make a one-piece frock look like a two-piece one. The line of division at the hipline continues, and fascinating diversity is shown in it. Here are four clever ways of doing it.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4833. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with inverted pleat at center front; convertible collar. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 4857. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1⅝ yards of 40-inch; skirt, 1⅜ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Monogram No. 1267 suggested in satin- or outline-stitch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

4758
Emb. No. 1565

4835
4842

4840
Emb. No. 1533

4790

No. 4758. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3⅞ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards. The smart peasant design may be made with Embroidery No. 1565 in straight- and outline-stitches.

No. 4835. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2⅝ yards of 32-inch material. No. 4842, Low-Waisted Skirt. Sizes 30 to 40 waist. Size 30, 1⅜ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

SHOULDERS OF INTEREST

THESE spring frocks from Paris show interesting manipulation of fabric at the shoulder line. The one-piece frock at the left has brilliant peasant embroidery from collar to elbow. A striped silk blouse that may be tucked into the skirt or worn outside, is another highlight of spring and has a narrow shoulder yoke. It wears a mannish collar and linked cuffs, and tops a new flared sports skirt. A third frock features a deep V yoke with a narrow piping of red to match the red leather belt. A red flower enhances the surplice of frock at right.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4840. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with pleat insets. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards. Pocket trimming in straight-stitch may be made with Embroidery No. 1533.

No. 4790. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; surplice closing blouse; two-piece skirt with circular front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¾ yards.

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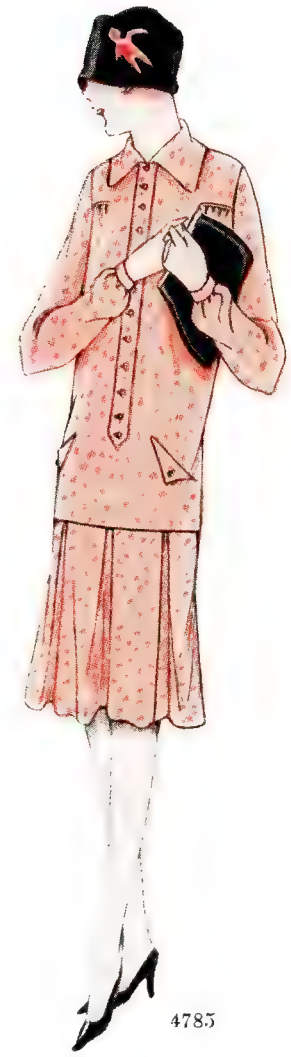
4793

4773



4785

4782

L'ECHO DE PARIS

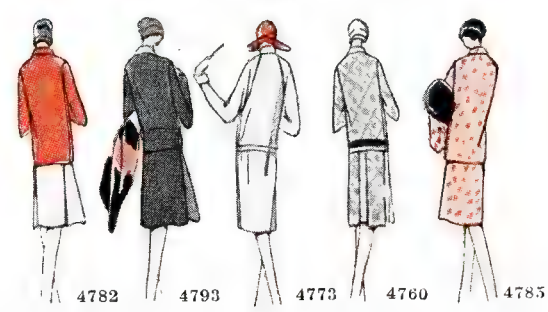
No. 4793. Ladies' and Misses' Eton Ensemble Dress; two-piece skirt with circular front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards 40-inch material; sleeveless waist and collar, 1⅛ yards 40-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 4773. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with inverted pleats at front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4785. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; two-piece skirt with yoke; slip-on blouse with gathered sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4782. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; jacket blouse and four-piece camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, jacket, 2 yards of 40-inch; skirt and vest, 2⅛ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 4760. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; four-piece skirt with box-pleats. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 4⅛ yards of 32-inch material; collar, ¼ yard of 32-inch. Width, about 2⅛ yards.



4782 4793 4773 4760 4785

4760

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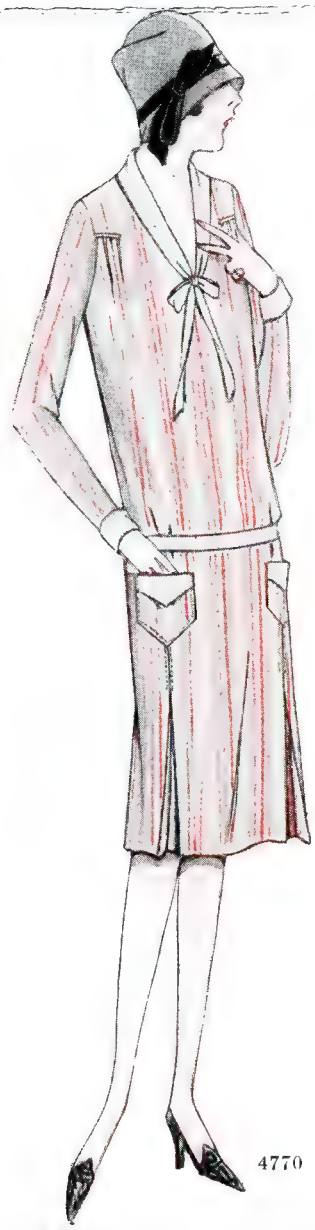
4787

4778

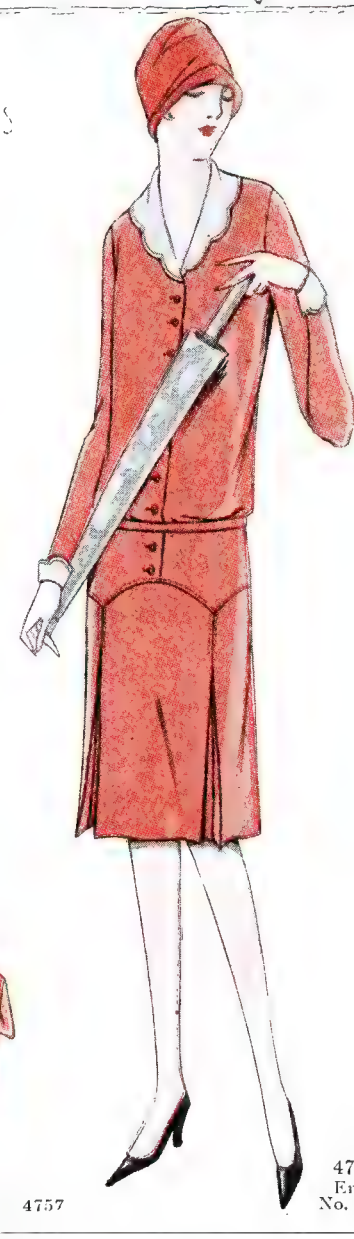
4771

L'ECHO DE PARIS


4770

No. 4787. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with circular front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1⅞ yards.
No. 4778. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; three-piece skirt attached to yoke. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; ribbon, 3½ yards of 3-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.
No. 4771. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with long fitted sleeve. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards of 32-inch material; frilling, 4⅞ yards of ¾-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.
No. 4770. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with inverted pleats at each side. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards.
No. 4757. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; four-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 54-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 36-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards. Scallops may be cut with Embroidery No. 1524.

4770 4787 4778 4771 4757


4757
Emb.
No. 1524

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This attractive dress was made from McCall Printed Pattern No. 4754 and embroidery from McCall Transfer Pattern No. 1539.

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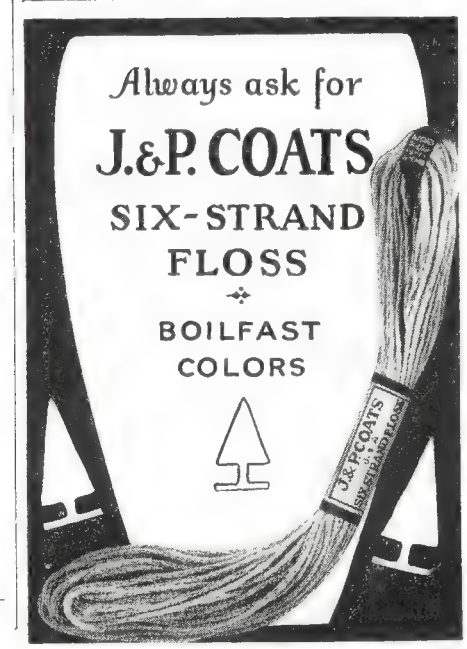

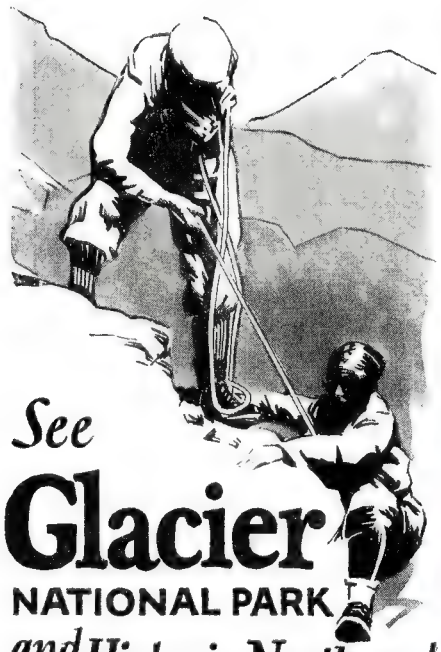

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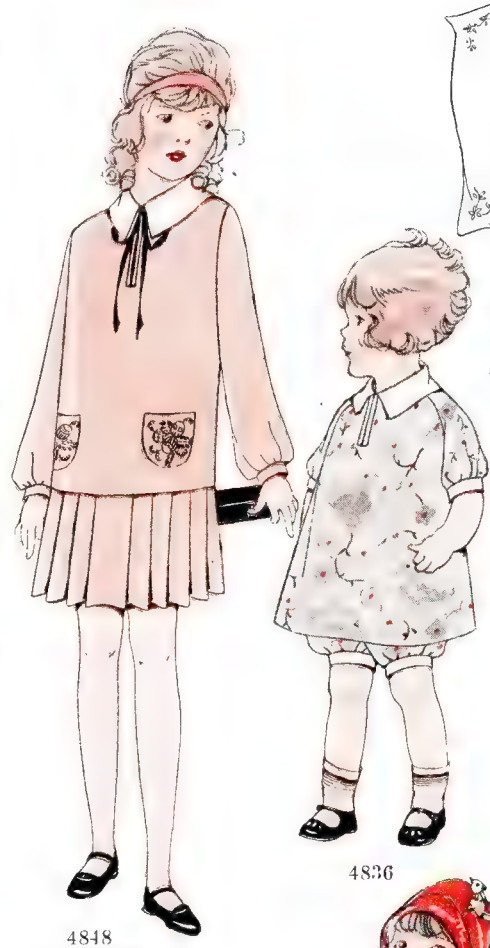


4848
Emb. No. 1525

No. 4848. Girl's Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 12, 3⅝ yards of 36-inch; collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1525 may be worked in straight stitches.

4832
Emb. No. 1559
Emb. No. 739

No. 4836. Child's Slip-On Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4832. Infant's Dress and Petticoat. Infant's size only. Dress, 1⅜ yards of 36-inch; petticoat, 1⅜ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1559 may be worked in satin-stitch, Scalloping No. 739 in buttonhole-stitch.

4836

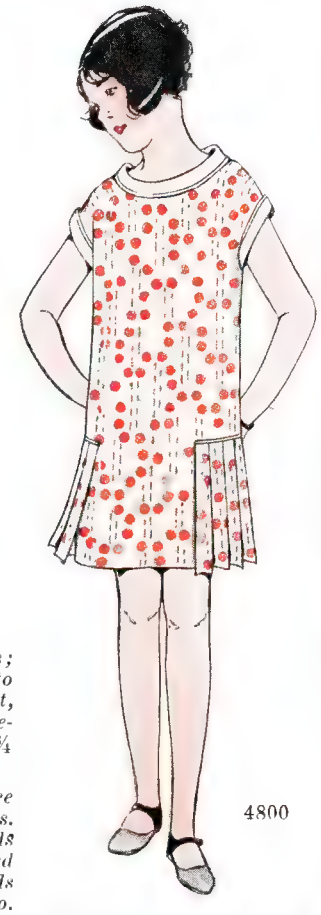
4849

4799
Emb. No. 1267

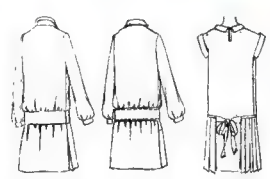
No. 4849. Girl's Dress; skirt with insets. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, waist, 1⅛ yards of 54-inch material; skirt and collar, ¾ yard of 54-inch.

No. 4799. Girl's Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12, blouse, 1⅝ yards of 36-inch; collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch; skirt, 1⅛ yards of 36-inch. Monogram No. 1267 may be worked in outline- or satin-stitch.

No. 4800. Girl's Slip-On Dress; pleated side panels. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch.



4800



4799 4849 4800

4848 4836 4832 4832

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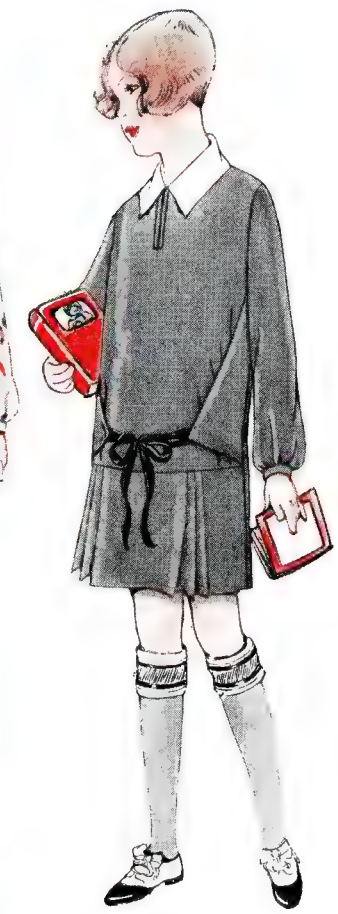
L'ECHO DE PARIS

4810

4836

No. 4810. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with turn-over collar. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch or 1¾ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 4836. Child's Slip-On Dress; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2⅞ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.



4811

No. 4811. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt pleated at front. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material; collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch.

4848

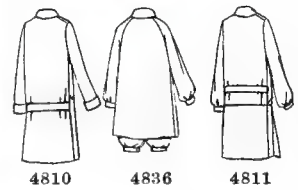
No. 4848. Girl's Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 10, blouse, 1½ yards of 40-inch; skirt, 1⅜ yards of 40-inch; collar and cuffs, ½ yard of 36-inch.

4805

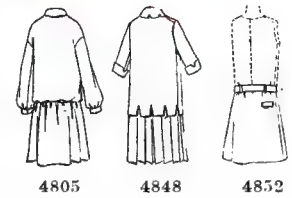
No. 4805. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves lengthened; two-piece skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material.

4852

No. 4852. Girl's Skirt; with underwaist. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 1¼ yards of 36-inch or ⅞ yard of 54-inch material; underwaist, ¾ yard of 32-inch.



4810 4836 4811



4805 4848 4852

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 4437. Little Boy's Suit; dropped back; long sleeves. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6, 2 yards of 32-inch or 1⅛ yards of 54-inch material; tie 1⅛ yards of 4½ inch ribbon.

No. 4548. Little Boy's Suit; dropped back; long sleeves. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.

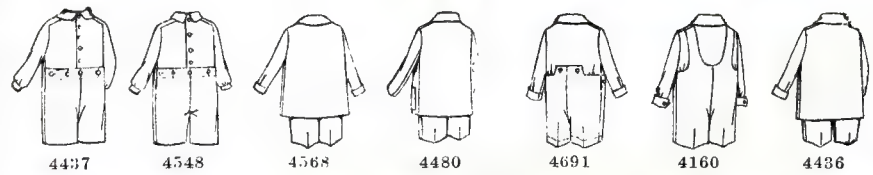
4437 4548

No. 4568. Little Boy's Suit; with knee length trousers. Sizes 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¼ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4180. Boy's Suit; with knee trousers. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material; miscellaneous linings, ½ yard of 36-inch.

4568

4480 4691 4160 4436



4437 4548 4568 4480 4691 4160 4436

No. 4691. Little Boy's Suit; with knee trousers. Sizes 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. Size 6 requires, blouse, 1 yard of 36-inch material; trousers, collar and cuffs, 1⅛ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4160. Suspender Suit; with separate blouse. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires, trousers, 1⅛ yards of 32-inch material; blouse, 1 yard of 32-inch.

No. 4436. Little Boy's Suit; with knee length trousers; slip-on blouse. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.

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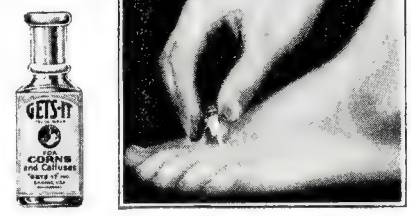

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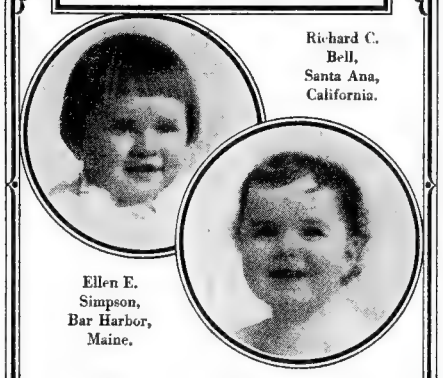

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 3697. Child's Romper; with dropped back. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ⅜ yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1017 in outline-stitch would make an interesting trimming.

No. 4168. Child's Romper Dress. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6, dress, 1½ yards of 32-inch material; romper, 2 yards of 32-inch.

No. 4530. Child's Romper; dropped back. Sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Size 3, 2¼ yards of 32-inch material. Cat motif for pockets may be worked in outline-stitch using Embroidery No. 1540.

No. 4396. Child's Romper. Sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 4, 1⅞ yards of 32-inch material; collar and cuffs, ¼ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4594. Child's Romper; buttoning across back and down side of leg. Sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Size 3, trousers, 1 yard of 36-inch material; waist and collar, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4470. Child's Romper; buttoning across back and down side of leg. Sizes 1, 2, 3 years. Size 3, 1⅝ yards of 32-inch. Collar and cuffs may be trimmed with a rick-rack braid.

No. 3529. Child's Romper; with dropped back and long sleeves. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting bindings, ⅜ yard of 36-inch.

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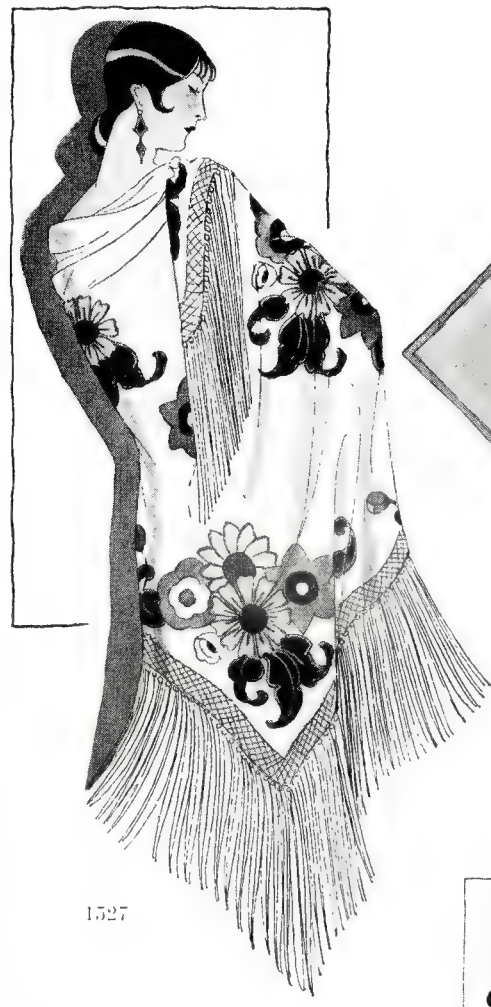
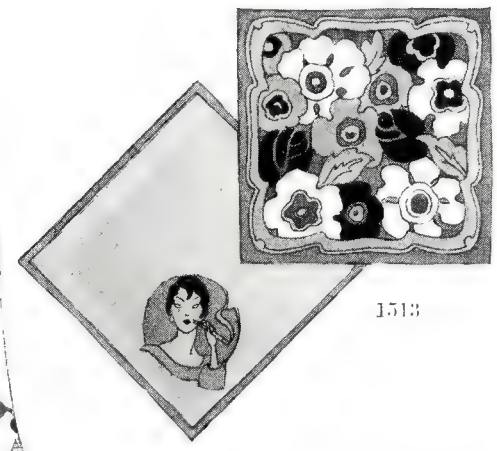
FABRIC PAINTING WITH VOGUISH MOTIFS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



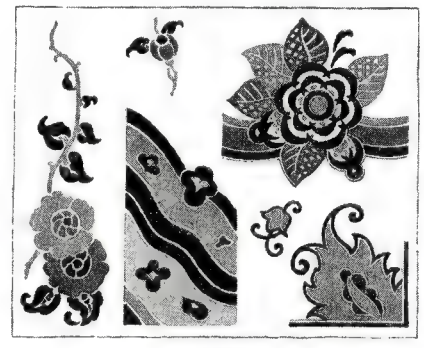
1527

No. 1527. The Spanish evening wrap with its gay splashes of color and long fluttering fringe, has come to stay. With a large square of silk (40 inches) and suitable motifs from No. 1527 (see illustration below), the smart woman of modest means may paint herself the alluring creation shown above. Other motifs adaptable to scarfs, etc.



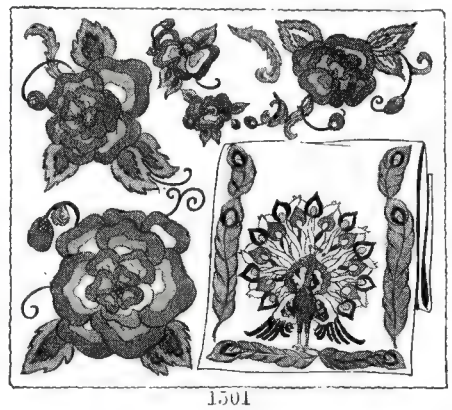
1513

No. 1513. Painted handkerchiefs have won their way into the smartest mode, and everyone knows how simple they are to make with the use of fabric paints. The lovely colors may cover an entire square of georgette or silk, or embellish only one corner. Motifs adapted to four in each style.



1526

No. 1526. Rosè motifs, feather motifs, and diagonal stripes play an important part in milady's scarf decoration. Bold contrasts of color or delicate pastel shades may be deftly applied by using the modern paints for textiles that are so popular. Motifs shown are in adaptable sizes: long rose spray 25 inches, rose border about 16 x 16½ inches, feather motif 9 inches.



1501

No. 1501. The proud peacock, unrivalled for gorgeous coloring, has become a prize subject for the multi-color paints now used on fabrics (scarf design 16 x 17½ inches). Roses, too, in graded sizes (from 12 to 3½ inches) are especially adapted to rich effects of color, scattered on an evening shawl, or a single one painted on a party frock.

1527

See description above

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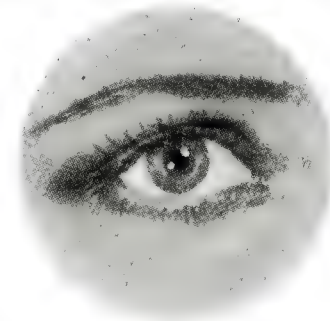
Brighten
dull, heavy Eyes *safely!*



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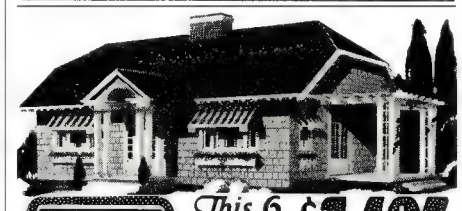

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Mail Today!

HOME, JAMES!

[*Continued from page 118*]

wouldn't take it because the shop was run crooked."

"It is," I says.

"Well, how about you taking over the whole outfit?"

"I'd do that."

"Well, take it. I bought it out. I did it for my own satisfaction. I want a place to keep my car, where they won't have the hide off me. Carol was brought up wrong—never having a mother's influence. She's spoiled, but I guess you can make something of her—if you want to."

"But," I says, "other complications has arisen. I would take Carol by the ear and bring her home, if—"

"A woman?" he says.

"That I can't get out of the flat. She was the one that Carol got so jealous of, she left. And she didn't have no reason to, then," I says.

"The more fool she."

And so he kind of washed his hands of the whole matter.

The Flapper writes in her diary: I'm ashamed of myself in a new direction. I knew I was a miserable failure as a maid, wife or widow; but I thought as a daughter I comported myself admirably, considering my handicaps—my handicaps being a father that gave me everything I wanted and asked no questions, for fear of getting involved in an argument.

"You needn't think," says Pa, this morning, startling me into dropping my roll butter side down upon the only negligee in the house, "that I'm going to get you a divorce from Jakes. He may be a fool, but he's an honest, decent feller."

"He isn't a fool," I said, "and he isn't a decent, honest feller. There was a woman."

"Not till you quit him."

"How do you know?" I said, as calmly as if the whole world wasn't revolving about his answer.

"He told me. Now, he can't get rid of her."

"That being the case," I said, "I feel that you are about to lose a daughter and gain a chauffeur, once again."

Then I called up the garage and ordered the car, Jimmie and all; and when it was announced, I went sailing into it without a glance in the driver's direction. I settled myself in the back seat, with an air of the most offensive nonchalance. Nothing happened for several minutes. Then Jimmie turned around and looked at me and I looked at him.

"Where to, Miss?" he said.

"Home, James."

"I'm going to get my things," I added hastily, "taking an empty suit case that I can bring back full."

"The flat is being cleaned," Jimmie said. "it won't do to take you there. Carol, if you would come over on the front seat, I could explain."

"I won't," I said, "You don't need to explain. Didn't I get her on the telephone the first day I left you?"———

As I went into the flat, Angelica rose languidly from the day-bed to greet me.

"You get out of my house," I said.

But the poor old remnant was entirely shot, and the only way she could respond was with a flood of tears.

"Well, tell me all about it, then," I said.

"It's me he loves, not you," she said.

"Has he told you so?"

"He has more than told me so."

"So you think he ought to divorce me and marry you—that's about the size of it—and make an honest woman of you?"

"I am an honest woman," sighed Angelica. I shook the creature by the shoulder.

Jimmie made his appearance.

"Angelica wants you to take her back to her apartment," I said.

The first thing Jimmie wanted to do, when he came back to me—and it was as quick as he could make it—was to take me in his arms. But my idea was to let them air a bit first.

"A nice girl," I said, "but crazy."

"Which—her or you?"

"Both," I said modestly.

"You're crazy because nobody has ever took you across his knee and spanked you." said Jimmie, making some preparations.

"I'd like to see anybody try it," I said.

Practically all the furniture was wrecked, before the fell deed was accomplished.

"How soon do I get kissed by you?" I inquired.

"That was what I was trying to make up my mind. You don't get kissed at all unless you come to my terms. I'm going to have a wife or I ain't going to have a wife."

"Which do you think it is going to be?"

"I don't think. I know," he said.

The Chauffeur writes in his diary: The way things look now, I got Carol where I want her. I've chalked down the mark where she's going to set her toes, and she has set 'em there. But on the other hand, I was the poor fish that was floundering around in a sea of trouble that I couldn't see no way out of but jumping into the East River; and Carol, she just give the situation one look, and told Angelica where to get off.

It would be ungentlemanly for me to show, even to Carol, how tickled I was with the way it all come out. Angelica is a good girl, and deserves something better than to get hysterical over a married man. And here's Carol, about half her size and age and weight, taking a real, motherly interest in her and instructing her in the ways of the world. Telling her just what men is and isn't, and with a mother's eye to find out another one for her.

Carol, she thinks that all we've got to do now is to settle down in the tenement and be happy loving each other. She thinks because she's going to have her hair cut on Forty-second Street instead of the Ritz, and make curtains out of shiny cretonne instead of gingham, that all our problems is going to be solved. Not that Carol and I haven't come to an understanding. The day she come back and drove Angelica out, we had a long talk before I even so much as kissed her once, although I had to get her across my knees and pretend to spank her, in order not to go down on them to her and beg her to forgive me for the kind of fool I had been making of myself. I had just sense enough to know that I ought to do the dictating. Well, after we had cleared the air with our fooling that morning, I set her up on my knee and I says:

"Either I'm going to have a wife on my terms or I ain't going to have a wife," and then I told her the things that was in the way of our getting on together.

"What I've been thinking is," I says, "that marriage is two characters coming together and being welded into one, or it ain't nothing. People that has just got their minds on living their own lives, ought to live them," I says. "If you can't give up single life for marriage, then you ought not to be married," I says. "You either got to be your pa's daughter or your husband's wife."

"Why, James Valentino Jakes," Carol says, between kisses and sobs, "I took you down to City Hall and married you myself. Nothing could have been legaller. Anybody would think you had some choice in the matter."

"Well, I'll put it a little different," I says, "do you like being married to me enough to want to make it work out?"

"On mature consideration, I do," says Carol, "Kiss me."

I done so.

"Well," I says, "are you willing to try to live on what your husband makes?"

"No," says Carol, "but I will. Then if it doesn't work, I'll get a business allowance from Father and live within that."

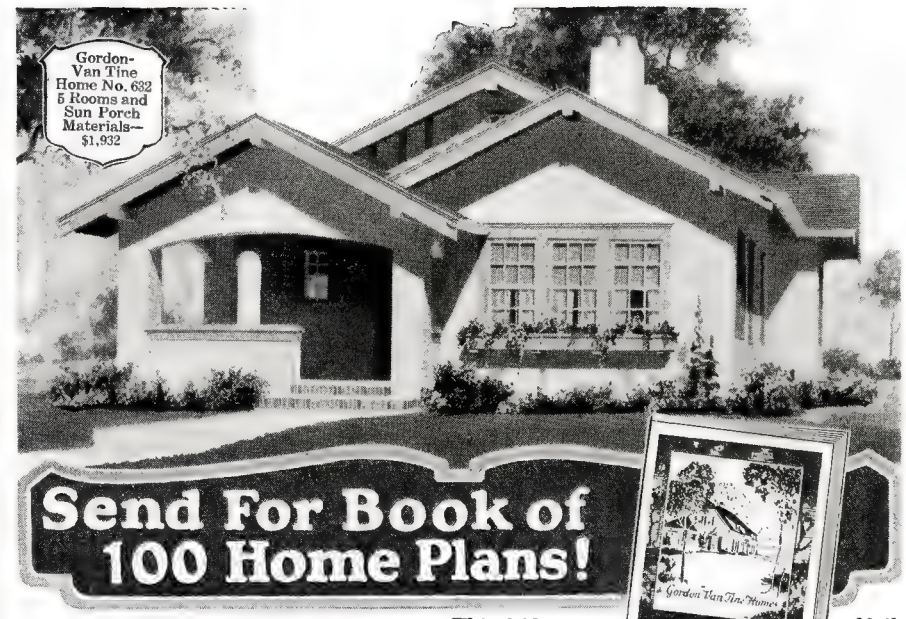
"Then," I resumed, "I'd like to take what capital I can get out of the Wilkins' garage, paying your father what he put in, of course, and go to live in the country, where we can make some new friends and live a kind of a simple life among nice people that ain't so fast as your friends."

"You're thinking of the kiddies," said Carol.

"Ain't you?" I said.

"Well, yes and no. I'd be glad to have little Jimmie brought up in the country among the trees and hop toads, but the baby Angelica, with her delicate complexion might flourish better if she got her violet rays filtered through New York air."

"Do you know, the thing that I like best of *all* the things that there are, between us Jimmie—is the way that you have of mothering me," says my little, brown wife—Which, when you come to think of it, is how it ought to be.



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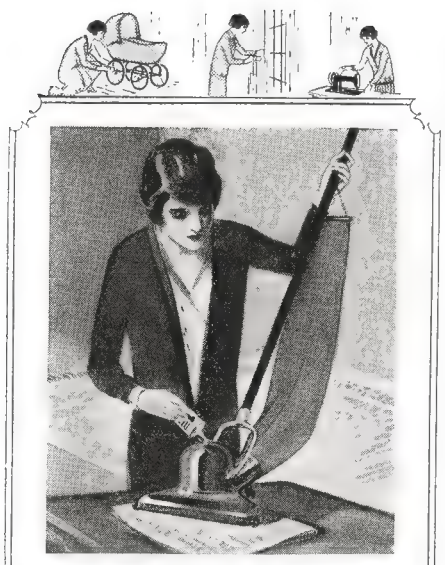

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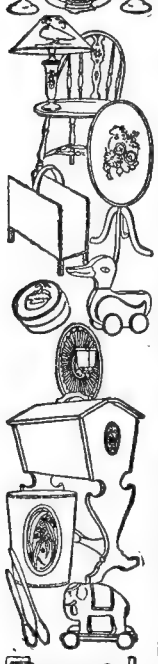

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A QUEEN SHOPS FOR A PRINCESS

[*Continued from page 8*]

spent an hour with the Queen of Belgium at Laeken, just outside of Brussels, a few months before. It was not that the subject was discussed, for at that moment it was in its embryonic stage (Her Majesty and the Crown Prince having only just returned from their secret trip to Sweden) but it was an opportunity to discover that here was a mother who had the intelligence and the discrimination to build for the happiness of her son.

What happened was this: early in March, Queen Elizabeth went on a trip to the Scandinavian countries, taking the Crown Prince with her, hoping that the young man, approaching his twenty-fifth birthday, would fall in love with a princess up there. He had registered no interest in the royal princesses he had met thus far in other countries. Two Swedish princesses of marriageable age were great catches in Europe, Princess Maerta and Princess Astrid, both of whom had visited the royal family in England. It had been announced that Astrid would be a guest at Buckingham Palace that spring, thus having started a fresh crop of rumors of her engagement to the Prince of Wales. Of course no such reason for the Queen's trip was even dreamed of; it was not known for months afterward, so well was the secret guarded that Her Majesty had even visited Stockholm. It was stated she had gone to Denmark for a rest and to visit hospitals, which sounded very plausible, as Her Majesty is keenly interested in medicine and surgery.

Their arrival and entire sojourn in Stockholm was camouflaged so that not even the Manager of the Grand Hotel where they stayed knew who they were. Rooms had been reserved by the Foreign Office for a "Belgian lady and her son"—Madame de Retty and Leopold de Retty from Bruxelles. Not even a title was used, though it was generally assumed that the quiet, mysterious lady was a countess. They were out a great deal, they never used the main entrance, and no one paid any attention to their movements.

The Queen, dressed very quietly in a dark fur coat pulled up around her chin and a little hat pulled down over her face, was inconspicuous and unrecognized. She was almost always in the company of the Belgian Minister. They visited all the hospitals and scientific institutions together, Baron de Groote introducing his companion as a "friend of mine, a Belgian lady greatly interested in all the latest scientific developments." They spent a great deal of time walking about the streets of Stockholm, the Crown Prince warning the Minister: "Take good care of Mamma in this traffic."

Of course their presence was known to the Foreign Office and to the Swedish Royal House, but kept a secret. On the second or third day after their arrival, the Queen sent word that she and her son would call on Princess Ingeborg and her daughters. Accordingly they went, at tea time, to the apartment occupied by Prince Charles and his family. It is a modest abode, only a step around the corner from the Grand Hotel, Prince Charles having rented his town house to the United States Minister, Mr. Bliss. Princess Maerta and Princess Astrid were present, and immediately it was noted that Prince Leopold "fell" for Astrid. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides. Princess Astrid, twenty years old, is extremely pretty and "chic," quite French in appearance, being a brunette and vivacious.

After this first meeting the Prince spent much of the time in Princess Astrid's company, and when the Queen saw how things were going, she arranged for another meeting, about six weeks away. It was at the christening in Paris in May of the infant son of Prince René de Bourbon de Parme (a cousin of Queen Elizabeth) married to a Danish Princess who is a cousin of Princess Astrid. Queen Elizabeth took Prince Leopold with her to Paris where, as usual, they stayed incognito at the Hotel Meurice. Princess Astrid likewise came to Paris, and the budding romance continued.

Then came an invitation to Prince Leopold to visit at the summer home of the bride's parents in the south of Sweden, on the sea. It is a country place as well, with a regular farm attached, where Princess Astrid has learned to milk cows, feed chickens and grow vegetables. Many stories are told how this visit was camouflaged. Prince Charles and Princess Ingeborg tried to keep other guests away during those weeks in July and August, for the visitor lingered on and on. When they did come, the royal guest was hidden in the attic or if caught unawares, his presence was explained by a shrug of the shoulders, a cool "Oh, that young man?" and a change of the subject. No one had an inkling who the young man was.

It was expected that the wedding would be in the spring when the weather would be more agreeable. But this did not suit the young couple. Arrangements were therefore pushed forward and the marriage took place only six weeks after announcement of the engagement.

Though the festivities in both places were truly royal and impressive, perhaps the Stockholm part was the more picturesque because this was a Scandinavian romance. Even the bride's wedding costume was according to Swedish custom, for she wore a little coronet of live evergreen fir poised on the crown of her head. Princess Astrid wore another wedding gown in Brussels, in silver lamé instead of white satin, and did not wear the little coronet of evergreen.

After the ceremony, the Prince and his bride came out on the balcony of the palace to bow to the assembled crowds in the streets below. Then as a final touch, they drove through the dimly lighted streets in a fairy coach of gold filigree and red velvet rising to a great gilded crown on top. There were four white horses with plumes and red velvet trappings and outriders in elaborate livery with three-cornered hats and white wigs. Torch-bearers in ancient fashion accompanied them and inside the coach was a candle to light the radiant face of the young bride. It made one think that a fairy tale had come true, with the Prince and his Princess likely to "live happy ever after."

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4042..35	4531..35	4760..45	4793..45	4808..35	4818..50	4828..45	4837..45	4846..35	4855..50
4160..30	4548..25	4770..45	4799..35	4809..30	4819..50	4829..40	4838..50	4847..35	4856..50
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4432..35	4691..30	4778..50	4802..45	4812..50	4822..45	4832..30	4841..45	4850..35	4859..45
4436..30	4733..45	4782..45	4803..50	4813..35	4823..50	4833..45	4842..35	4851..35	4860..45
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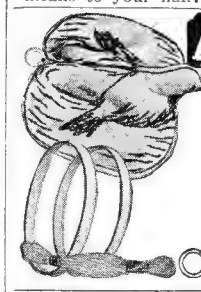

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THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 28*]

is greater; the colleges are crowded to overflowing. The gospel of isolation does not appear so certain, so all sufficient, so beautiful as it did a few years ago. That dogma is an honor to none of its apostles today. Tens of thousands of the best youth have taken up the refrain of the great Kipling Recessional, 'lest we forget.' They are taking vows at the altar of the Eternal God that war, which is utter insanity and the ultimate social sin, shall be cleansed away."

"The fever is gone," says Dr. Gordon. "What the patient needs now is not drugs, but food, the best that we can give him and in abundance. In my judgment, this world needs the metaphysic of Jesus to govern its intelligence, to give stability, clearness, strength and self-possession to its reason. Sentiment is not enough. Men must have a philosophy, a reasoned faith, a support for the understanding; a clearly and deeply thought-out religion to interpret science and consecrate life. It is found in the teaching of Jesus."

"There is one more need," the preacher concludes. "We can never have the metaphysic of Jesus except through the vision of Jesus Himself, not merely as a prophet of a far-off time, but as a living Presence. There never would have been war if Europe and America had known the truth and presence of Jesus; and nothing on earth can avert another war and reconcile man to man and establish a fellowship in kindness, but the endeavor to think as Jesus thought, to love as He loved, and to serve as He served."

There speaks the voice of a great preacher who, for more than forty years has been the prophet, philosopher and priest of One who today, as in the long gone past, can touch with His pierced hand the fevered life of man and give peace.

FILM OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 28*]

were uttered by the wise ones of Broadway and Hollywood.

It was obvious that Mr. Walsh would have to produce a picture which would stand the test of comparison not only with *What Price Glory?*, the play, but also with *The Big Parade*. This appeared, on the face of it, a task that was practically impossible of accomplishment.

What Price Glory? has now reached the screen, and it is a pleasure to announce that the impossible has been accomplished. Mr. Walsh has made a fine, rousing, stirring picture of it, with the same heroic movement that Messrs. Anderson and Stallings imparted to the play. He has lost none of the original vigor, the crude, powerful realism, nor the intensely human humor.

They are marvelous characters, these two hard-boiled Marines, *Quirt* and *Flagg*, and they are represented on the screen with perfect fidelity by Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. As the alternately ferocious and tender-hearted *Captain Flagg*, Mr. McLaglen gives a performance that will be remembered for a long, long time by those who see this inspiring picture. It is one of the truest, most sincere, most vitally alive portraits in movie history.

The rest of the cast is equally worthy—Dolores del Rio, Leslie Fenton, Barry Norton, Ted McNamara and August Tollaire all deserving special citation. Words of praise must also be uttered for James T. O'Donohoe, who made the adaption, for Malcolm Stuart Boylan, who wrote the titles, and for J. B. McGill, John Marta and John Smith, the cameramen. It is Raoul Walsh, however, who carns the lion's share of the credit. In *What Price Glory?* he tackled an appallingly difficult job, and he has handled it with genuine intelligence and skill. His picture deserves to be ranked with *The Big Parade* among the important and imperishable records of the Great War.

Also recommended—*The Sorrows of Satan, Beau Geste, The Better 'Ole, The Strong Man, The Black Pirate, Variety* and *Old Ironsides.*

Adds Gloss and Lustre, Makes Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and brush it through your hair when you dress it. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will stay any style you arrange it, even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

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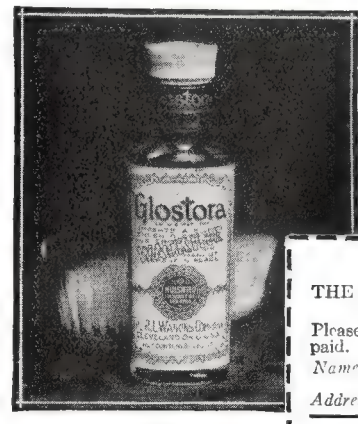
A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Try it! You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.



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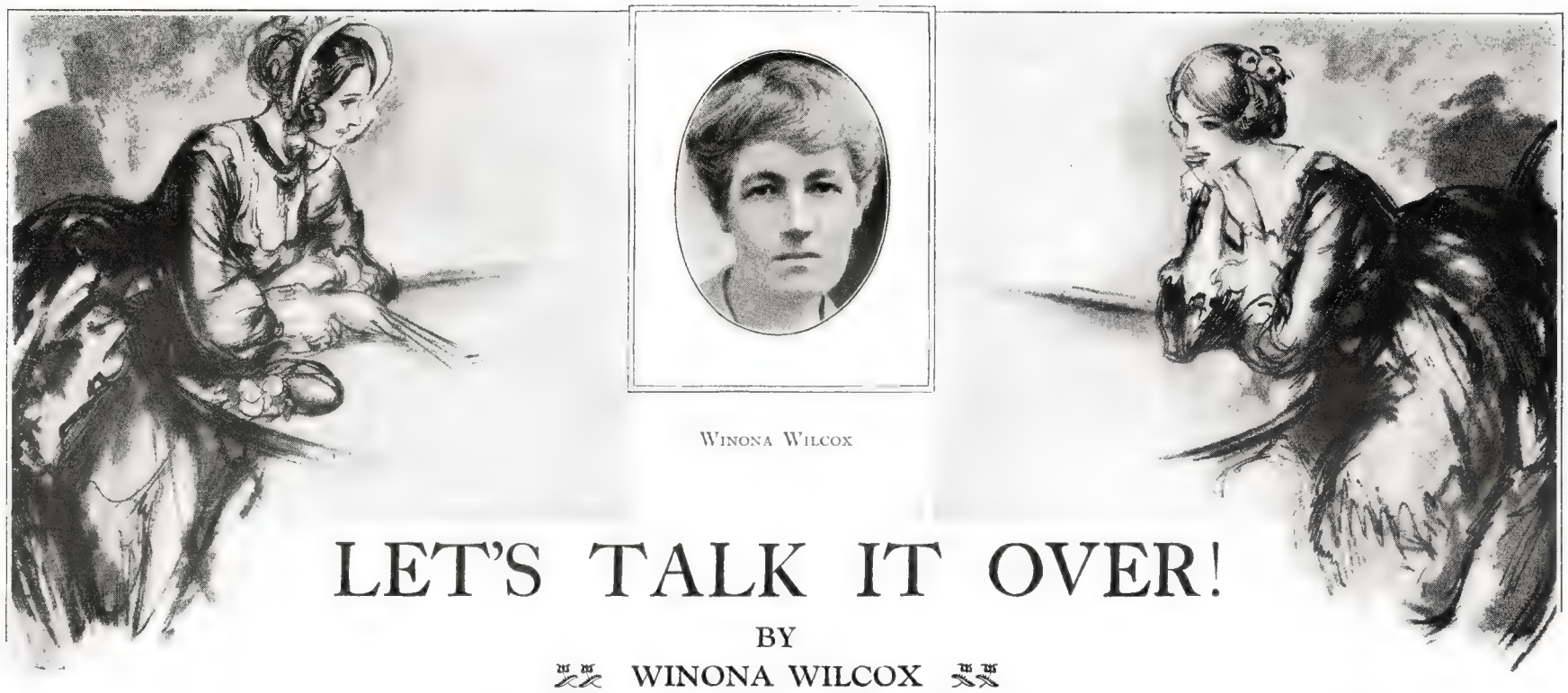


WINONA WILCOX

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

BY

WINONA WILCOX

It is not curiosity about other people's doings which keeps this page alive. Rather it is a decent human urge to get at the truth about our common worries and the best ways of meeting and surviving them. To master even our ordinary tribulations takes intelligence, fearlessness and persistence. Ultimate triumph and contentment await most of us who make the best of things as they are no matter how depressing they may be. No disillusionment need destroy us unless we permit it to do so. To go to pieces over our troubles, to let them cripple and waste us, is that not life's supreme tragedy? When we brood over our trials, we add mistake to mistake. Perhaps we wouldn't if we had a quiet word from some one who has experienced a similar confusion. On this page the women who want to know may get in touch with the women who have found out. "Let's Talk It Over"—all sides of it.

If an immediate personal discussion by mail is preferred, send stamped addressed envelope to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

DEAR Winona Wilcox: What do your letters from women tell you about the chief cause of woman's woes?" questions SUFFERING HUSBAND. "We men are not entirely to blame. You could not read these intimate communications without discovering a general reason for the unhappiness of which woman complains. Please, what is it?"

Her craving for emotional stimulation. Her unwillingness to control, modify or regulate her emotions. It is not the hard facts of existence which make women most wretched. The majority of the sex are genuine heroines in the hour of battle, murder or sudden death.

But in daily life, it is woman's surplus and excessive emotion, misdirected and misapplied, which gets her into trouble. She loves madly, idealizes unreasonably, sacrifices futilely and all ends wretchedly when she might have been sanely happy had she done these things moderately.

No human being can live at the top of his bent for long. Great moments are only—moments. There must be periods of calm between them. When excitement peters out, when emotion dwindles as it is bound to do at fairly regular intervals, woman feels bored and wronged. Fate, or some man, isn't treating her as she deserves. She has hysterics or nerve sprees. She pleads piteously that she wants so little! She only wants a good time!

Probably the way to avoid an emotional slump and inevitable tears is to refuse to seek, look or listen to overstimulating temptations in the beginning. It can be done. It is being done all of the time by the steady reliable persons who stabilize society and keep this world livable.

"But I am entitled to a good time!" This indignant protest against the common lot has come to me so often that lately I asked for a definition of "good time." Below is a small sample of the returns:

Dear Winona Wilcox: In my own experience, I discovered the very essence of a good time. It happened this way: My parents were the world's best objectors. I gave up the man I loved to please them. I grieved about this a long time, then I left home. I went to work far away, across the continent.

For six long wonderful blissful years I worked for my living. Sometimes I was very poor, often I endured hardship, but always I was perfectly happy because what I did was of my own choosing, and never was chosen for me by my parents or anyone else—E.

And an office girl writes:

Dear Winona Wilcox: A lot of us girls in our teens talked over a definition of a good time. We agreed that we can find it in any atmosphere different from school, home and office. We are repressed all day. As we are live human beings, we have to work off our extra spirits or watch some one else do it, as at a show. When I get home after office hours, I feel like jumping all over the place, shouting and jabbering. I want to let myself go but my parents won't stand that, so I join friends who feel the same and we have a good time.

But don't think that nonsense is all we care for. We like concerts, operas, books and magazines. The point is that we're never satisfied until we have got rid of our excess energy. Doing so, we have a good time. This letter is jumbled, I think you'd better throw it into the waste basket. I couldn't, after all the work put into writing it—A. S. D.

A young matron gives her idea of a good time:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I am thirty years old. I have a husband, a home, babies and a good time. Why, all my life I've had a good time! My mother made our home a mecca for young folks, and still "hands off" was my middle name. I kept myself untarnished for the man who is the father of my babes and yet I had a splendid good time.

Today I cook, mend, dust, wash dishes, care for my babies, make a home for the best of husbands and the dearest of children, and I enjoy every minute of my work. I'm having the best kind of a time with life.

I don't put much thought on recreation but of course we have it; we belong to clubs, we entertain friends old and new.

I can't frame my definition of a good time except this way: if our minds are pure, our bodies clean and our hands busy, we never will need to wander slippery paths in search of a good time; it just naturally comes to us at home, at school, at work or play.—H.

By a man:

Dear Winona Wilcox: "Do just what you please all the time!"

This I recommend to every man, woman and child. I am a married man, thirty-three, and father of four. I ran away from home when I was fourteen, earned my way through high school and college, have been in the employ of one firm for ten years.

If I wanted to go to South Africa tonight, I would go. Still I am what you would call "steady."

I do as I please. That is why I do not drink, gamble, smoke, swear, or trifle in love. The persons who are unhappy, continually and consistently, are not doing as they please—R.

Big sister recently asked how to help little sister who is afflicted with the new era discontent. The following suggestions were sent by a teacher of nineteen years experience, a woman whose "heart aches with sympathy for both sisters." Her theory is condensed into a few lines but in it is material to occupy thinking parents for months, if they try to apply it.

Dear Winona Wilcox: "She hates to stay at home." "She refuses to be improved." It sounds to me a great deal like what the youngsters call "Dingdonging" at them.

What is there in the house to make her want to stay there? Does she have a room of her own for the care of which she is responsible, and in which she is allowed freedom of arrangement? Is she allowed freedom of experiment in sewing and cooking, her successes praised and her failures not too severely criticised? May she have her friends in occasionally and is she given help in planning their entertainment?

Is there some one in town willing to be a Camp Fire or Girl Scout leader? Or some one who would just take the girls on hikes and teach them the joys of knowing the birds and flowers and the delights of cooking over a camp fire? Could that older sister interest the younger in the use of a camera?

She does have a right to be herself and to have a good time, but it should be her best self and the best kind of a good time. And these things must be taken up in the spirit of giving little sister a good time, not in the spirit, "This is going to improve you!"

None of us, old or young, big or little, wants to be improved by other people.—M.

The incompetency of some wives who once showed promise of being good ones has been talked over on this page by tortured husbands and others. Now comes a girl to remind the men that they might have chosen more wisely:

Dear Winona Wilcox: Those men who write about their exquisite wives who are such beautiful failures don't get much sympathy from me. My observation has been that the more "Bohemian," the more devoted to her appearance, and the more free from any exhibition of housewifely traits a girl is nowadays, the more popular and sought after she is, and the better her chance of getting a high grade position as a wife.

On a trip to Europe this summer, I came to the conclusion that it is fatal for a girl to betray any trace of common sense, ability, or intelligence. The extreme flappers, Eton cropped, cigarette smoking, drinking, bizarre in dress, grotesque in dancing, whose sole conversation consisted of slangy, purposeless nonsense were absolutely the rage aboard ship.

The reserved, well bred, intelligent, normal-living girls, even though they had good looks, nice clothes and could dance, were left severely alone.

On a par with the extremely popular flapper type is the girl whose only mission in life is the exquisiteness of her own appearance, she who spends every cent she earns on clothes and cosmetics and toilet novelties and beauty fads. Yet "$40-a-week" men marry this type and expect them to become cooks, efficiency experts, laundresses and sometimes—mothers!

I am a good dancer and pianist, have a responsible position, have been trained in housekeeping since I was twelve, yet in the vicinity of and in competition with flappers and exquisites, I am a total loss. And as I said before, the other girls of my type on board were just as badly off. Frankly, I wish my mother had brought me up to be nothing more than an amusement and an ornament—T. T.

Health you stop to look at!

Half sick—tired—despondent—
then . . . *released from their ills—*
filled with new energy and ambition

"WAS taking a purgative daily"—"Literally wore a *distressed* look"—"Developed a variety of skin eruptions, pimples and blotches"—"Thought my stomach could last little longer."

The troubles that afflicted these men and women are all too common today. But surely, naturally, they banished their ailments, found vigorous health again.

The way is easy—a simple, fresh food.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine; it is a unique corrective food. It cleanses the whole digestive tract surely, *naturally*. It counteracts the poisons of constipation; strengthens weakened intestinal muscles. It contains elements that aid digestion. It clears the unhealthy skin. It literally tones up the whole body.

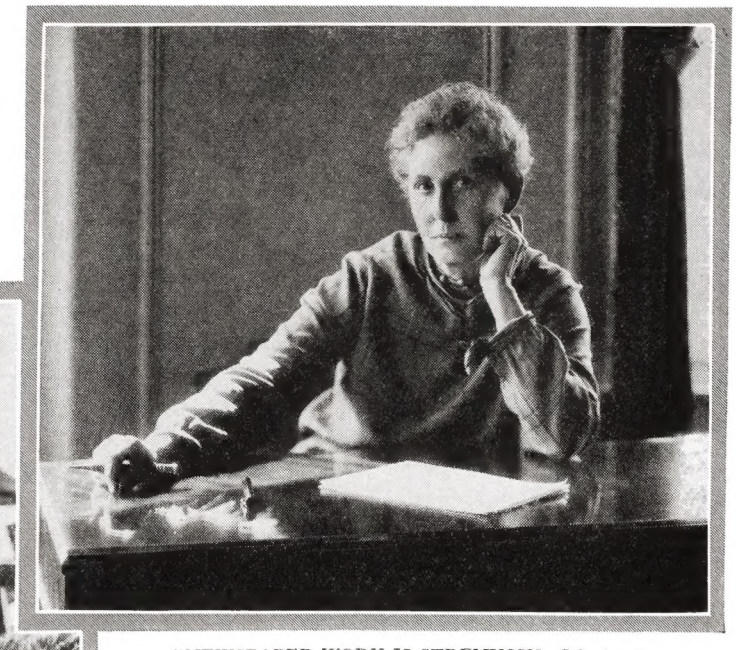
Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk—or just plain. *For constipation eat it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime.* You can buy Fleischmann's Yeast at all grocers. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-38, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

The Hon. JEAN H. NORRIS, LL.B., LL.M., for seven years a City Magistrate; three years President, National Women Lawyers' Assn.; Member of the American Bar Assn.

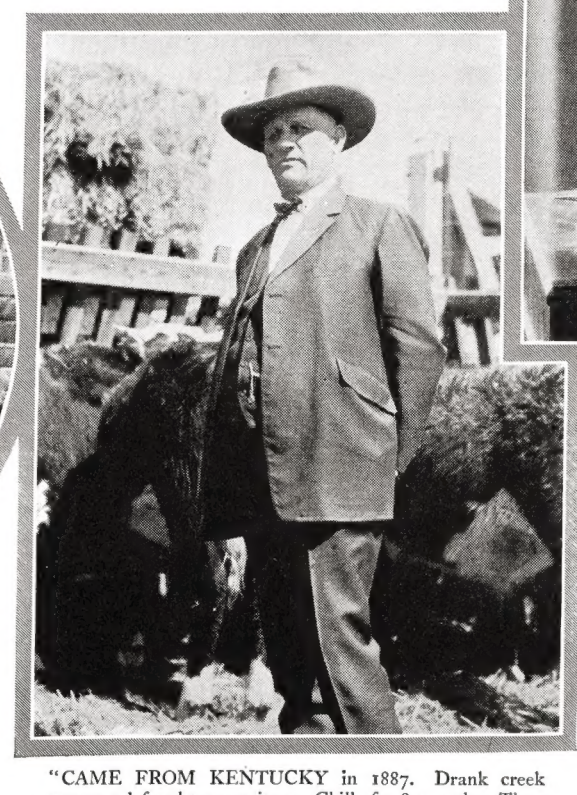
"MY JUDICIAL DUTIES in the New York City Courts call for the expenditure of a great deal of nervous energy. The criminal courts in which I preside are open 365 days in the year. One must keep fit. Insomnia caused by indigestion has frequently prevented me from getting an adequate amount of sleep and threatened the impairment of the abundant energy with which I have been blessed. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast—sceptically enough in the beginning but thankfully at the expiration of only two weeks, as the improvement in my digestion resulted in more restful sleep than I had had for years." JEAN H. NORRIS

New York City's Only Woman Judge

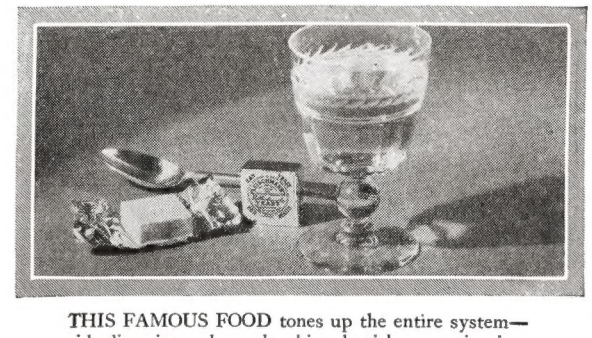


"NEWSPAPER WORK IS STRENUOUS. I had a feature column every day—and, besides, took care of the service mats and did some desk work . . . I was tired, run down—I literally wore a *distressed* look. Then I read about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating Yeast—kept it up. Today—well, in a word, today I am healthy and strong."
ORRA JOHNSTON, Denver, Colo.

"DAILY I SPENT HOURS below the ground; my work was in a basement. Perhaps it was because the air was bad that my health was affected. And I developed a variety of skin eruptions, disagreeable pimples and blotches. . . . Then I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I started eating two cakes every day. In three weeks my whole body was feeling immensely better! My skin cleared up neatly, the pimples faded away. Today I am a very happy fellow—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."
PAUL E. DES ROSIERS, Springfield, Mass.



"CAME FROM KENTUCKY in 1887. Drank creek water and fought mosquitoes. Chills for 8 months. Then constipation troubles began. At 35 was taking a purgative daily. In 1920 thought my stomach could last little longer. Began with Yeast—ate it freely. In 3 months cut down medicine. In one year health so good had quit medicine."
J. E. WRIGHT, Ft. Worth, Texas



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

ADVICE *for* ASPIRING POETS

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD

"Whatever form of writing you try, persistence and courage will win. Remember that success lies just around the corner. She keeps us forever chasing her. Therein lies the lure of writing."

AN EXCERPT FROM GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE

ONE thing to remember when you write is to make your work vital and forceful; whatever it is, put your whole heart and soul into it; give it your undivided attention. Go slowly and carefully; in this age we are prone to be in too much of a hurry. Make your characters real people that live and move and have red blood in their veins; do not make them merely puppets that move when you pull a string. Forget yourself and your own point of view, and try to think and feel as the people you wish to read your story think and feel. Obviously, when you are dealing with several characters in a book or story, they cannot all be like you, they cannot feel or think or act as you would; the attraction in your story comes from developing characters differently, they must not be alike. Your characters should present something new and fresh to the public, something with a flash of wit and a sparkle of mischief, something intriguing that will catch them from a different angle, and hold them by unusual interest.

But do not be afraid to express your own personality and individuality; each writer has to do an individual thing in order to make a personal place for himself, and to win a personal audience. If your writing comes from your heart, it will be simple and spontaneous, and therein lies the power of individual expression. Write what is in your heart, what knocks at your door most urgently for expression; write first with enthusiasm, and then consider what you have written with a cold, critical eye; revise it, rewrite it, and cut it unmercifully; write it thirteen times over if necessary, as did Robert Louis Stevenson with much of his early work.

If you want to write poetry, you have a much more arduous task ahead of you than if you write prose. Poetry has laws which must be followed; there are rhyme, rhythm, feet, and meter; the syllables are supposed to conform to certain rules. The mechanics of poetry are intricate and difficult. Merely wanting to write poetry does not prove that you have a talent for it, nor that you can do it, and it is generally conceded that poets are born, not made. But after they are born, they have a long and tedious job ahead of them.

If you think you have the natural ability for self-expression in a poetical way, and an individual style, the best thing you can do is to study and prepare yourself for the profession of writing poetry, just as you would prepare for any other profession. Certainly I would not dream of undertaking to be a nurse without having taken a course, and having passed examinations entitling me to pursue that occupation. I do not believe that you can write successfully without making a study of the profession, and doing some very hard work to learn its requirements.

Even though poetry is more exacting than fiction, it is fascinating. One's imagination may roam at will, for one must have more fanciful visions to write poetry. I do not wish to discourage writing poetry, but it is a sad fact that poets are poorly paid. This is because there is more demand for fiction and less demand for poetry. The majority of magazines will not pay much for poems. Magazines especially devoted to poetry are very few, and do not pay very well. There are even poetry magazines that expect you to pay for having your work published! This is all very well if you have the money to indulge in your favorite work, but if you have to earn a living, or if there is anyone dependent on you, I would not suggest that you attempt poetry.

To me it is a very pitiful thing that some of the greatest artists we have are practically going hungry, in fact, being forced to neglect the great work of genius which they can do because they have to spend most of their time and strength at some sort of work for which they are wholly unfitted in order that they may live. This is true more among painters, sculptors and poets than among fiction writers. It is an unfortunate circumstance, because nothing is more beautiful than the rhythm and swing of real poetry. I love poems, and I have written a few, but the returns do not compensate for the time and work they require.

You are extremely fortunate if you have sympathetic and understanding parents, or a true friend to whom you may confide your ambitions, and to whom you may look for encouragement. The wise parent who detects talent in his child, cultivates in him that particular art, so that when maturity is reached he will have the training as well as the ability to realize his ambitions.

ONE'S IMAGINATION MAY ROAM AT WILL; FOR ONE MUST HAVE MORE FANCIFUL VISIONS TO WRITE POETRY

I am aware that a few rare souls have had work accepted without much experience or preparation; but as a rule successful authorship is the result of a natural aptitude from birth, and years of study and work which enables one to write with ease and grace. The thing that makes the big difference is that boys and girls all their lives will remember that Mother and Father were interested, that they all worked together, and that they received their education and entertainment as much as possible at home. I know this world has furnished a few prodigies, but I am not strong on the prodigy subject. I really believe that the worthwhile work comes through having been born with some degree of talent, followed by careful cultivation. Once the mechanics of poetry are successfully mastered, the brain can be trusted to soar as it will.

When a man buys a painting, he pleases his eyes; when he listens to music, he pleases his ears; when he reads a poem, he expects it to do both of these things. He demands that a poem shall make him see pictures, hear music, smell perfumes, and dream dreams. He wants it to have that rhythm which carries his personality either rolling or blowing with it at the will of the author. It must not be commonplace, preachy, or stodgy; it must have a glint of wings, a breath of fragrance, dancing lights, and glimpses of lovely landscapes. You must learn to paint a whole picture in one line; you must infuse into your work something of your own personality, but without making it dominate. Do it delicately, but have that something in it which is a part of you that makes your work pertinent to others, and particular to yourself. Here are a few lines for you to think about, whimsical and simple, yet the picture is perfect.

"I went into my garden at break of delight,
I went into my garden when all the world was green,
To see how many cucumbers had happened in the night,
And whether all my lettuces were glad, and cool, and clean."

What do you see? What do you smell? What do you hear?

You will need figures of speech in your poetry, metaphors, similes, and their like. It is a good thing to practise speaking correctly and easily; if you speak clumsily, you will write laboriously; if you speak easily, you will write with facility. Think of your audience, and never make them feel inferior.

The *Bible* has been so powerful because it is so easily quoted. Such phrases as, "The Lord is my Shepherd," "Blessed are the merciful," "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills whence cometh my strength," these stick in the mind because they mean much and are so simply expressed. Strive for simplicity as this is most important and one of the hardest things to achieve.

You have written successfully when your readers begin to wonder what kind of a person lies behind your writing. Clear and arresting phrases will stimulate the readers' curiosity, and awaken anticipation, and there will not linger in their minds a confusion of ideas.

Above all the poet must not forget his rhythm. His lines must move with a sweep and a swing; the rhythmless writer gives us work that is not satisfying. It is difficult to read; many of us do not realize that the reason for it is lack of rhythm.

Writing for children is where you may allow your imagination to take wings. Personally, I feel that writing successfully for children is about the most difficult thing in the world. The dainty little dears adore streams of blood, seven-headed giants, and all sorts of magic and witchcraft which it requires a brilliant imagination to conjure. You may not believe this but it is true. Go to any library or reading room where children gather and you will find the majority of them engrossed in tales of blood and thunder. The exceptions to this are the children whose reading is guided by older persons.

I have many little children in my own family, and in the families of my friends. When they read what they really *like* you will find them off in a corner with Western Stories, tales of wild adventure, savages, giants, sea monsters, Indians, cannibals, pirates, and no fairy story is too grotesque or too weird. With wide-open eyes they follow the adventurer all over the world, and they love to shudder and thrill with fear and excitement. This may not be good for them, but in most instances, it is what they prefer.

But whatever form of writing you try, persistence and courage will win. Remember that success lies just around the corner. She keeps us forever chasing her. Therein lies the lure of writing.

How to Give Your Hair Extreme Loveliness—and make the Modern Styles of Hair Dress most attractive

How to Bring Out All the Natural Life, Wave and Lustre. How to obtain that Wonderful Gloss and Silky Sheen which makes Your Hair so much admired.

THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective ONLY when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the REAL BEAUTY, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly. While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mail This *Coupon and* Try it FREE 27-M-3

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1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

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In Canada address THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ont.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Easy Way to Bring Color *into your* Home

Think of being able to do over a floor or a piece of furniture in any color, and have it ready for use in less than an hour!

With Valspar Lacquer, you can do this very thing. With Valspar Lacquer you can bring beauty of color and finish into your home—you can quickly transform shabby, mismatched chairs, tables and woodwork so that they harmonize with the decorative scheme. And you can do it at small expense.

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Valspar Lacquer may be obtained in the lovely colors shown on this page. These colors, chosen by experts for their decorative value, are reproduced as nearly as printers' ink can duplicate them. Each color has a key number so that you can find its name in the list below. Select the ones you would like to try and use the coupon to order them.

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